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MY TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS."

THE HERO OF WATERLOO.

The Hero may sound invidious to those who attach the title indiscriminately to the thousands of brave fellows who fought and fell on the field of Waterloo. At any rate, it may be insisted that the distinctive epithet appertains, *par excellence*, to him who commanded and conquered on the glorious day, in honour of which so many a ton of powder has exploded, and so many a pipe of port been drained. But if I can prove, as I think I can, that one great unknown exists, greater than the greatest of all who have been slain or sung, buried or bepraised, it will be admitted that I do an act of individual justice, in placing at the head of Fame's muster-roll the name to which the real place of honour, the greenest laurel wreath belongs. Let the many who lie covered with glory and quicklime find their bards, as Achilles found his. *My* hero shall be honoured in plain prose!

There are few travellers, with any pretensions to research or sentiment, who have failed to make a pilgrimage to Waterloo; a shrine from which mementos are carried away, instead of being hung up there; an uncovered temple, over which Fame will flap her noisy wings as long as memory may cheer or imagination brighten the human mind. Yet few, according to my theory, see Waterloo aright.

To him who has visited the place as it ought to be visited,—in silence and solitude, at least with no sounds but the moaning blast sweeping from the forest, and no society but the carrion crows wheeling round and round, as if tradition had told them the tale of former feasting,—to him who thus sees Waterloo, how disgusting is it to mark the carriage-loads of unsympathizing entity that rattle along the road, and trip across the cornfields and meadows which compose the awful spot! There has not been one given day during seventeen summers that has seen Waterloo left free from the intrusion of crowds, heterogeneous in all the mixture of worldly distinctions, yet essentially alike in that empty curiosity which each individual possesses in common with the rest. This moral idiopathy, which neither proceeds from nor depends on any other disease,—this itch for seeing memorable places, from which its possessors relieve themselves instinctively, as cattle rub against a post, is peculiarly English. It is like the celebrated sweating sickness of Queen Elizabeth's days, by which, it is said, all Britons were attacked at the same time, and they alone,—be they in what part of the world they might. But that was a passing epidemic,—this is a chronic malady;—and it is as much our own as the "home," and the "com-

fort," or any other of the distinctive enjoyments of which we are so justly proud.

And so it is that nine-tenths of the "pilgrims" pay their devotions at this immortal shrine; going there not for its sake but their own, just to have to say they saw it,—which, barring the immorality, they might as well say without doing *. But this was not my way. I have been over and over the ground full twenty times or more; that is, over the valleys, and plains, and rising slopes, which were the scene of the fight, and which will go down to the latest posterity as the *field* of Waterloo. But I have also seen, and examined well, many an accessory spot which are all necessary links in the chain of general interest, but which not one traveller in a thousand ever dreams of looking at.

Can the hasty inquirer, who goes his *gallopade* across the battle-field, in the care of that commonplace automaton called a "*guide*,"—that curse of the intellectual observer,—rightly understand the philosophy of such a scene? Is it in an hour's run across the surface that he can read the deep-buried lessons of that vast gymnasium, where he who thinks may be self-taught on all the grandest topics of politics and morals?

I neither deserve nor claim any particular merit for seeing Waterloo as it should be seen. I lived in its neighbourhood for a long time, and I was probably its visitor less frequently than I should have been. Thousands come away disappointed, unmoved by the scene; and so might I, had I visited it in the usual hop-step-and-jump manner of the many. I remember once standing in the very centre of the field with an eminent poet, but a poor philosopher, for he is a narrow politician. No man, however, has a finer imagination, or is more likely to be affected by whatever is rich in mighty inspiration: yet he was totally unaffected and quite uninterested by the place, and knew not a thrill of feeling nor a shudder of awe, while

"Treading on a nation's dust!"

He told me that "he was never moved by any site, however memorable for deeds done upon it, that did not present some feature of natural beauty." I could not exactly understand such want of susceptibility to the moral sublime. But I am sure that had he wandered previously through the forest-paths of Soignies, or the delicious defiles between Wavre and Waterloo, let his mind grow redolent with images of the past, and his fancy conjure up the myriads of bright spirits that wait upon its spell, he had found the field too acutely exciting, instead of being, as it seemed to him,

"Flat, stale, and unprofitable."

It was after such a ramble as I here allude to, gun on my arm and dog at heel, that I burst suddenly from the forest, in pursuit of a covey of partridges, in the very place where Bulow first appeared to the deceived and then desperate gaze of Imperial Napoleon. The season was advanced. It was September; and I had abundant proof in my game-bag that I had not spent my day for nothing, but that if I had been wandering in a mood of sadness, "*shooting* had physicked care."

* Most people have heard (but some may not) of Sheridan's characteristic reply to his son's assertion that he went down into a coal mine, merely that he "might have to say he did so."—"Ah! Tom," replied the father, "you might have easily said it, without committing the folly of doing it."

Just as I emerged from the forest the sun was going rapidly down. The western horizon was filled with the mixture of haze and light that forms so indescribable a beauty of the hour,—which the pen may talk of without telling, and the pencil may daub but cannot paint. The lion, that fine emblem which should teach the nations who adopt it that dignity is joined with true courage, stood evident on his earthen mound, formed of the very floor that had echoed the tramp and turmoil of the fight. This noble monument was fully lighted by the sunbeams, projected towards it in triangular shapes, and giving to the whole an effect of vapoury yet brilliant architecture, quite indescribable, yet often attempted, in pictures which, while meant to be holy, are but mockeries of heaven.

"Just at this hour," thought I, "on that great day of battles, the whole English line sprang up and rushed to the charge,—just at this hour the Prussian columns, flushed with the memory of disgrace which had, for two days, defied even the temporary oblivion of sleep, and parched by the double thirst of vengeance and fatigue, deployed in merciless vigour on the broken foe—just now the worn-down French, frantic in hopeless heroism, gave way and fled! Now let me tread the ground, uninterrupted, alone, while imagination acts again the awful scene in all its grand details. To heel, Carlo! To heel!"

I had then most assuredly began to moralize,—to poetize, perhaps,—had not my attention been suddenly called away from images of the past, by a figure of palpable existence, little in unison with those which had been filling my mind's eye. It was that of a man on horseback. When I first observed him he was careering at full gallop along the sloping ground in front of the spot where "Wellington's Tree" had stood, till some speculating Vandal cut it down to make snuff-boxes. I was astonished at his speed; but more so still when I saw him, a little beyond the farmhouse of *La Haye Sainte*, turn suddenly down the valley; and when he reached the lower extremity of the orchard hedge, just where Shawe, the life-guardsman, fell and was buried, (after despatching four of his assailants to prepare his billet in the next world,) he pulled up his horse, and, with all the rapidity of the riding-school or drill-yard, he went through the semblance of a series of manœuvres, such as might have been acted on the spot by the brave bruiser over whose grave he was careering.

I had by this time clambered up the rough pedestal of earth which supports the little obelisk raised to the memory of the slain of the German legion. I leaned against the pillar, and watched my man. I very soon concluded that he was mad,—but not without method either;—for he went through, in the course of half an hour, a whole series of evolutions, formed columns, squares, and lines, advanced and retreated, charged, ran away, and went through the whole mimicry of the great battle, as evidently and as perfectly as any single individual could possibly do. He was capitally mounted on a chestnut horse of true English breed, showing age, but much blood, and displaying a speed that might, in days of yore, have carried away many a cup and plate. The man rode admirably for one of his nation, with quite the air of a dealer in the animals he knew how to manage so well.

After some time I attracted the attention of this solitary evolutionist, and he came towards me as though he intended to take the monument by storm. But when he reached the high road which runs at its foot,

he pulled up, and in good jockey-like style took his position with his horse's head up the hill, and (what I afterwards discovered) his blind eye turned from me.

I had then an opportunity of a close personal examination. The cavalier was a fine specimen of second-rate Belgian dandyism. He wore a whity-brown hat, with broad brim and of most clumsy shape; a green frock-coat of a vile cut, lined with a flaunting-patterned plaid—the front flaps and skirts thick studded with large brass buttons, each bearing the figure of a stag, fox or hare, horse or hound; his waistcoat was of the same stuff as the lining of his coat; his pantaloons of sky-blue cloth; long brass spurs of a most ungainly curve; a yellow silk handkerchief twisted knowingly round his neck, and a row of many-coloured buttons decking his shirt front. His hands were ungloved; and while one of them held the reins, and wielded a long-thonged and hammer-handled whip, the other patted the neck of his steed, which showed in every nerve and vein its fine condition, high blood, and past exertions. The man looked more blown than the beast. He was stout—not fat—strong-built, comely-faced, and about forty-five years of age. As he took off his hat to salute me, his sable-silvered hair hung loosely round his face and on his shoulders.

"Well, Sir, what do you think of her? is she not a mare for an English sportsman to be proud of? *Sabre de bois!* What do ye say of her? *Pistolet de paille!**"

Such was his first address, wound up by a short, convulsive laugh. He spoke in fluent French; but his accent was broad Belgian, and his idiom plainly marked him a Walloon.

"She is handsome and good," said I.

"I believe it!" replied he, with a nod, a wink, and a peculiar chirp produced by turning up his lip, and pressing his tongue against his teeth, as though something had stuck between them. It was a very knowing combination, approaching more to the generic attributes of English jockeyism than anything I had ever seen abroad.

"Monsieur has been in England?" I observed.

"Never, d'ye see†; but I love England, and Englishmen, and English horses—as well I might! *Sabre de bois!* I never see one of your countrymen that I don't long to shake him by the hand, and my house is always his home as long as he likes it. *Pistolet de paille!* what a fine dog you have there! Ah, I like those *dzetters*‡ (nod, wink, and chirp). I had a noble one myself last year, but I gave it to an Englishman who spent five weeks with me."

"What was his name?" asked I.

"His name? *Sabre de bois!* I never asked that; for in the first place I don't care a fig for any man's name if I like himself; and, in the second, I couldn't remember it if he had told it to me. I never

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* *Sabre de bois!—Pistolet de paille!* Sabre of wood!—Pistol of straw! favourite, innocent, and very unexplainable oaths common in the mouth of my hero.

† "*Voyez vous*" and "*Savez vous*" are the most usual expletives of Belgian conversation.

‡ I can make no nearer approach to the orthography of the word setter, as pronounced by my hero.

could pronounce the name of an Englishman but General B——'s—but I had good reasons for knowing that."

"And what were they?" asked I, finding that I had to deal with a familiar spirit, who might amuse myself and others.

"*Sabre de bois!* you shall know that, but not now (nod, wink, and chirp). I'll tell you what, I am a man of few words (chirp); but I can speak to the point. Look there to the south-east; do you see that elm-tree standing alone in the distance? there, far away—ay, that's it; my château is at the foot of that tree. I have good quarters there for a friend, and good shooting all round. I am at home over eight thousand arpens (nod and wink) d'ye see. Will you come with me? Supper will be ready, and there is always enough for a chance comer or two. *Pistolet de paille!* say yes—come along!"

I had no notion of saying no. I was too much pleased with my subject to let it slip. "Yes," answered I, "I'll go with great pleasure."

"Right, that's right! *Sabre de bois!* I never knew an Englishman refuse an offer of shooting. If I had only asked you to supper you wouldn't have come?"

"Yes, I should, though; for I like hospitality even better than shooting." But I did not add that I liked the study of such an original even better than hospitality.

"A man after my own heart! Pray come down from that mound, that I may shake you by the hand. *Sabre de bois!* I'll ride up if you're not quick, d'ye see—(nod, wink, chirp, and laugh altogether). So, you'd have come to supper even without the shooting?" continued he, grasping my offered hand, as I sprang down into the road. "That's devilish unlike Englishmen in general, though. They'll sport with you as long as you like, kill every hare in your covers, and thin your partridges without mercy, d'ye see, and be hail fellow well met all the time; but ask them to breakfast, dine, or sup, and unless they can give you a return, either at Brussels (if they live there) or at the 'King of Spain' at Genappe, hard by here, they'll refuse you, with a stiff bow, *parbleu!* as though you had done them mortal ill, or were not as good a gentleman, although you may be a better shot and a better fellow (no offence!) than themselves."

We had by this time turned in the direction of my companion's house, and as we went along he continued—

"That's a thing I never could understand in Englishmen. Why the devil do they lay such stress on the obligation of a dinner? Is eating a matter of such importance with them that a man is disgraced if he does not give bit for bit? How unsocial it is! How unworthy the spirit of hospitality and good fellowship! *Sabre de bois!* If I share my meal with a man to-day, is he to bend down under the shame, when I may accept the same from another to-morrow? *Pistolet de paille!* it seems to me a very false sense of dignity, that would raise the instinct of eating, which the very brutes enjoy, to a height of such moral consequence. Excuse me, Sir, but I love the English for all that—the very sight of this field here makes me forget their failings."

I liked the shrewdness of these remarks, and I longed to chime in with some of my own on the same subject; but he gave me no time, and I was not sorry, after all, that he had turned into the channel with which I felt sure he had some particular connexion.

"You served at Waterloo, no doubt?" said I.

"Served! *Sabre de bois!* But for me the battle had never been gained—no, nor fought, d'ye see. Served! *Pistolet de paille!*"

A peculiarly emphatic chorus of nod, wink, and that most inimitable chirp, followed the speech; while my hero—for such he was now avowed, on the best authority, next to his valet, if he had one—turned suddenly off the road, put spurs to his horse, and clearing the hedge of La Haye Sainte's orchard, galloped furiously over a considerable portion of the adjoining scene of the most terrible conflict of cavalry on the memorable day. There was in my hero a dash of that wild originality, that wandering from the beaten path of manners and conduct, which may be called symptomatic of insanity, but which is not the less amusing for all that. It is infinitely more common on the continent than at home; and I have often wished that foreigners of this stamp might sometimes bite a group of statue-like Englishmen, whose stiff good breeding and formal elegance show so ungracious a contrast to the more natural negligence and picturesque urbanity which surrounds them. I do not hold up the "Hero of Waterloo" as a model of French or even Belgian politeness; but he hit my fancy marvellously for the nonce, and I was resolved to let him fool himself "to the top of his bent." He soon returned to my side.

"*Sabre de bois!* that charge did me good—that was the last done by the gallant Greys. What a glorious moment! There stood Napoleon—there Wellington—here swept along the cavalry—there thundered the cannon! Yonder came the Prussians—what a crash! Once a week, Monsieur, for a dozen years past, I have gone through the manœuvres of the fight. You caught me at it just now; and as long as I live, I will thus keep up the memory of my own glorious work."

"You served in the cavalry, doubtless?"

"The cavalry! *Pistolet de paille!* I made the cavalry."

"The Belgian, of course," said I, now firmly believing that I was cheek-by-jowl with some general officer on half-pay, who had done good service to the cause; and I was prepared, from many an instance, particularly Prussian and Dutch, to hear that any one but he who really won the battle was entitled to all its fame.

"Belgian, Dutch, Hanoverian, English—all, *Sabre de bois!* Monsieur, but for me Napoleon would have been this day emperor of the world; but for me you, and every other Englishman, would be a slave; but for me, I tell you again, the battle had never been won or fought. But, never mind, you shall hear all about it by-and-by. We must now think of supper. You have dined to-day, perhaps?"

"I have," replied I, with a smile.

"That's more than I have then, *Sabre de bois!* I was *jolliment* taken in for a dinner. Monsieur, if there are two things I hate most in the world they are a priest and a doctor. Now, our sneaking *curé* has been for years asking me to dine with him, in hopes of getting a permanent plate at my table. But no; *Pistolet de paille!* a thousand times no! His jesuitical face would sour my wine, and kill my appetite as sure as a carbonade of beef. *Sabre de bois!* I little thought he would ever have entrapped me to his den; but he caught me to-day in that heavy shower, about one o'clock. Ah! *coquin* that he is! He had his repast on the table; he never told me that till he got me inside, and then he and his niece set on me so fiercely that I could'nt resist. *Sabre de bois!* 'twas

a fine dinner for a man—stock-fish and white beans! Nothing else, as I live. There's little fear of the gout coming after such hermit's fare, and so I'm in less danger from the doctor; that's some comfort. But here we are, at the cross-roads. Now, do you keep that path to the left, by the little chapel there, down the valley, up by yon farm-house, and so on, towards the old elm. I'll rattle on here, at five leagues an hour, *Sabre de bois!* and when I have told Rose that you are coming to supper, I shall be back to meet you on the top of the hill. Adieu! good appetite. You may meet some hares, or a few coveys, on your way; but, at any rate, I promise to show you fifty before breakfast to-morrow."

With these words he galloped off. "*Some* hares—a *few* coveys—*fifty* before breakfast!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible delight. "That *does* sound well—that looks like sport. Come along, Carlo; cheer up, old lad; we may be repaid for many a false promise yet." After half a league's walk I reached the top of the hill, and had a full view of the elm, the "*château*," and its master, who waited for me in the *chaussée*, in a gaudy cabriolet, drawn by a fine, high-spirited English horse. I stepped in, and, but for the honour of the thing, might as well have crossed a couple of newly-ploughed fields on foot, for we were, in less than ten minutes, at the gate of "Turk Castle." Such was the name of his abode, but never was title less in sympathy with a place. "Turkey Cottage," or "Goose Lodge," would have been much more appropriate. It was a small, neat, whitewashed, modern-built country-house, of one visible story high; the hall door, approached by a flight of stone steps, the kitchen on the ground floor, the front court-yard surrounded with a low wall, and a straggling assemblage of cattle, poultry, pigs, and dogs, giving evidence of an irregular sporting and farming bachelor establishment, where a positive notion of loose hospitality was blended with an uncertain idea of wealth.

"*Sabre de bois!* Joseph, be quick," exclaimed my host, to a wild-looking young fellow, in a blouse (Anglicè, smock-frock) who lounged up to the horse's head. "Here, take the reins, the whip, this gentleman's game bag. Quick, *Sabre de bois!* Fly, jump, skip; that's my way—*Pistolet de paille!* Well, Rogier, how are the dogs? Fit for to-morrow, at five—eh? Let Juno be coupled with Victor, d'ye see, and the mottled bitch with Hercule—*Sabre de bois!* See that all's right, the guns and powder-flasks, and your own bugle. Is the crack mended? Let the young black pointer wear his muzzle; and, *Pistolet de paille!* see this gentleman's *dzetter* well fed and bedded;—that's my way, d'ye see."

The bluff old fellow (also *en blouse*) to whom this speech was addressed, replied to every word, by a word; to every nod, by a nod; to every wink, by a wink. He was in manners a perfect fac simile of his master and model. Various other persons were standing about, in a sort of feudal attendance, on the coming of their chief. An old woman, who acted as portress and poultry-keeper, was prominent; and a coarse-looking wench, called a *fille de quartier* (housemaid) took me under her especial care. We were received on the steps by Rose, the handsome, slatternly, fine-dressed, doubtful-looking house-keeper, who bade me welcome, and returned her master's kiss by cordially slapping his cheek. And just as we entered the door, a huge raven, from the Ardennes, thrust his beak out of a large wicker cage that hung beside, and croaked

some horrid sound of recognition to my host, who patted it on the head, swearing that Jacko spoke as well as any Christian, and that he loved him as well as if he were his own child; while Jacko, holding a crust in his twisted talon, threw a sidelong and quick-glancing look at his master, like a deaf man, listening with his eye.

I soon disencumbered myself of all unnecessary appurtenances, which I placed in a very snug sleeping-room, well provided; and before I had completed my ablution, a summons from mine host called me to supper. Rose was our attendant. She had cooked the repast, and now placed it on the table, serving with a familiar and not ungraceful courtesy, as though conscious that she was above her menial station, but insensible to any debasement in her elevation. She occasionally sat down, putting in some observations, without seeming to think them an intrusion. She supplied me with plates, knives, glasses, and the other accessories, as if she did an act of hospitality rather than servitude.

Towards her lord and master there was an easy bearing, such, at times, as a daughter might have shown to her patriarchal sire under the tents of Canaan—occasionally a look of kindness as conjugal as Hagar or Sarah might have bestowed on old Abraham; but I never observed a meretricious glance, or heard a bold phrase, such as no doubt garnished the bearing of the thousand unmentionables who shared the unwedded dignities of David, or lovingly twined their fingers through the side curls on Solomon's temples.

Our meal was befitting a sporting lodge, though not in keeping with my early notions of "Turk Castle," or such as were warranted by my entertainer's grandiloquence. It was not exactly "*toujours perdrix*," for quail and hare varied the monotony. We had the latter in every imaginable form—*roti*, *sauté*, *mariné*, *au civet*, and *au chaudron*,—every way but in soup—Rose, alas! knew nothing of that *chef d'œuvre* of Scotch cookery—while the volant victims of my host's nearly unerring aim were also served up in ingenious varieties of culinary taste. I made a capital supper, although we had neither fish, fowl, nor flesh, technically so called, for *game* holds a distinct and honourable place of its own in all manuals of the kitchen, from the *Almanach des Gourmands* down to Mrs. Glasse. But the wine *was* really and truly all that an epicure could wish for, or that money and a good palate could buy or choose. The Bordeaux, the Burgundy, the Champagne, were alike excellent—*prime*. Bottle after bottle appeared and disappeared. I had not drank so much for years before, nor have I since in any six evenings together, as I did at that sitting; yet no one bad effect was produced, barring, perhaps, an occasional twinge of envy of him who had a cellar so well stored, and such means of showing his hospitality.

"You walk lame," said I, as my hero hobbled across the room for a cork-screw, Rose having left it on a side-table as she glided away in search of some biscuits.

"Yes, *Sabre de bois!* but I wonder what the devil it is that ails me. Our stupid doctor calls it gout; but that it can't be; I take too much exercise, and my father never had it."

"But perhaps *his* father had."

"Ah! that I don't know, *Pistolet de paille!* my knowledge goes no farther back than the last generation, and *Sabre de bois!* he is a wise man, as Solomon says, who can swear to that. Yet that booby bolus-

maker at Genappe would persuade me that it is the gout. I was obliged to send for him a month ago. I had a swelling just here on my great toe-joint, as red as a turkey-cock's gills, and pins and needles shooting all through it, so that I roared with pain. 'Now, you know, doctor,' says I, as he put his assassinating face in at the door, 'you know I have a great contempt for your skill, and hate your physic, *Sabre de bois!*—that's my way—so what do you think ails me?' 'The gout,' says he. 'It's not true,' says I. 'It's the gout,' says he. 'You lie,' says I. 'It's the gout, the gout, my friend,' says he again, quite coolly. 'I am not your friend, nor you mine, to tell me such bad news as that,' says I, 'and I do not believe you; I won't believe you; it's not, it shan't be the gout. But, *Sabre de bois!* it's something, so what must I do for it?' 'Get rid of that bottle of Burgundy,' says he, 'and clap on ten leeches.' 'Here goes,' says I, (as soon as his back was turned,) 'for the first part of the prescription;' so I emptied the rest of the bottle, which was about three parts full, into this goblet; this way, d'ye see.'"—He here did as much by a flask of champagne that stood beside him,—"'and I swallowed it off at a draught, *Sabre de bois!* d'ye see—so, that's my way—*Pistolet de paille!*" He now filled a huge beer goblet that stood on the table, and as the effervescent dose of champagne frothed down his throat, he grew crimson in the face, his eyes became bloodshot; I was terrified. I thought the gout had suddenly flown up to his head, not stopping to kill him on its way through his stomach. "For God's sake!" says I, imploringly, and catching hold of his arm.

"*Sabre de bois!*" exclaimed he, smacking down his glass against the table, so forcibly as to break it into shivers, "*Sabre de bois!* and *Pistolet de paille!* that's my way, d'ye see. That's my way of getting rid of a bottle! Here, Rose! champagne, d'ye see—bring a couple of bottles, one in each hand. *Sabre de bois!* my brave Englishman, that's the way we go it at *Château Turc!* Well, as I was saying, 'Clap on ten leeches,' says he. 'That I will,' says I; so I sent to the apothecary's in the village for twenty. They kept sucking all night, *Pistolet de paille!* and I was near fainting before Rose and the old woman could stop the blood. 'Well,' says the doctor, in the morning, 'how do you feel now?' 'Worse,' says I. 'That's odd,' says he—'did you put on the leeches?' 'I did,' says I. 'And what did you do with the wine?' 'I drank it,' says I. 'I thought so,' says he; 'you must put on eighteen more leeches, and drink nothing to-day but water, or I don't answer for the consequence.' 'Drink nothing but water!' says I—'no, *Sabre de bois!* I'll not consent to that; but let me have my fair share of wine, and I'll put on six-and-thirty leeches instead of eighteen.' 'Nonsense!' says he, walking out of the house. 'Good sense,' says I, uncorking a bottle of *clos vaugeaux*—so I filled my glass, and sent for a fresh flask of champagne and another phial full of leeches. There were about forty altogether; so I stuck them on all over my foot; and as fast as they sucked, *Sabre de bois!* so fast did I keep filling, and luckily for me too. For, *Pistolet de paille!* d'ye see, I had most certainly been a dead man but for the wine, which replenished the blood. But, *Sabre de bois!* it was the leeches that died, and not me. The doctor found fifteen of them at the last gasp, and as many more reeling drunk, on his next visit; and as for myself, I have never had a clear notion since of what passed—it is a curious thing how bleeding takes away a man's memory, and makes

his head turn. But never mind, I got over the thing; that is to say, over that fit, but I've been weak on this leg ever since, and can't bear to put it to the ground—it is an odd affair altogether, but I'll never acknowledge it to be the gout. No, no, that was never in the family."

Just at this moment he gave me another proof of the amount of his medical skill, which, let me observe in passing, all foreigners have a smattering of, in a small way, quite unknown to John Bull. The window close behind my host had been left about an inch open, just wide enough to allow a sharp-edged breeze to come in, and cut insidiously through every impediment of clothing and skin, until it found its way to the very citadel of my hero's kidneys. From time to time he put his hand to his back, and rubbing it, with a satisfied smile and his eternal chirp, he exclaimed,—

"*Sabre de bois!* I like that, *c'est la digestion qui se fait!*"

"Lucky discovery," thought I, "which might save, if men knew but all, many a box of dyspeptic pills, by merely placing one's loins before a current of air." But, before I could tell my friend the truth of his position, he cried out,

"*Sabre de bois!* you don't drink; come along then, I'll show you my library."

I rose and followed, as he limped away to a room adjoining, which was a fine specimen of a Noah's Ark kind of confusion; pure things and impure being mingled together, and most of them in pairs. Implements of sporting were tossed about promiscuously; a pair of pistols, with pairs of pantaloons, shoes, hats, guns, dog-whips, collar and couples, powder-flasks, shot-pouches—all in braces; my host declaring he "liked every thing double barrelled, from his fusil to his musical snuff-box."

"But there, there," continued he, with reiterated chirpings, "that's what I pride myself on most of all; look at my library—what do you think of that?"

I looked about for books, particularly in the direction of the mantel-piece, to which he pointed; but nothing caught my eyes on the walls save a large collection of tobacco-pipes—between twenty and thirty—of many varieties of shape and feature, most of them composed of that particular kind of stuff called *ecume de mer*, which from pure white grows mottled into handsome shades of reddish brown, from the force of being smoked through. These were, as I found by my host's delighted laugh at my embarrassment, what he designated his "library"—the critical point of which pleasantry I was not able to ascertain; but I do him injustice, in hastening over many other of his peculiarities and sayings, which had all at least *good* humour to recommend them.

"Recollect," said I, "you have something to tell me about Waterloo."

"Come then, and drink another bottle."

"Not a drop."

"Then I'll tell you nothing, *to-night*."

"Then I must wait till to-morrow," and so we parted; he, however, taking every possible care for my comforts, and Rose seconding him with all the assiduities in her power.

My host, on a moderate calculation, had drank three times as much wine as I, besides sundry glasses of *liqueur*, and the smoking of various pipes of tobacco (an abominable custom, enough to stupify the brains

which drinking has inflamed); yet he was up at day-break the next morning, giving orders among his workmen, and preparing for the *chasse*, with as much coolness, and as clear a head, as if he had gone to bed at sunset, to digest a supper of the most primitive frugality. I rose quickly, equipped myself, roused up Carlo, and joined my entertainer (in all senses of the word), who received me in the court-yard with a shout of greeting, and a discharge of both barrels, that set the dogs barking, turkeys gabbling, hens cackling, and raven croaking, in a fine chorus of animal discord.

Preceded by Joseph the groom, who sounded an old cracked bugle, that seemed greatly to rejoice two couple of beagles which he held in leash, and followed by Rogier the game-keeper, who carried a brass-barrelled carbine, and led an old greyish spaniel, and the young black pointer alluded to the evening before by my host,—he and I stepped forward,—I freshly, and in high hope, with Carlo at my heel, and *he* shuffling along like

"Tardy-gaited Time, that like an ugly witch doth limp,"

without half as many good reasons for it as my friend,—for he could count one at least for every bumper he had despatched for years agone.

Our first operations commenced in a three-acre square of very late, standing oats, which, like most of the corn in those immense plains, was unfenced, or marked by any line except the edges of the clover and potato patches, which flanked it on all sides.

"I marked a covey of forty couple of young birds into this oats last night," said my host.

"A covey of forty couple!" exclaimed I.

"Hush!" cried he, and the dogs dashed in, the beagles excepted, which were sent off with Joseph to wait on the skirts of a little wood hard by. After some minutes of anxious suspense, (my great fear being the insufficiency of my powder-flask for the blazing away which I anticipated,) my dog appeared at the farthest end of the oats, having carefully beat it without the least effect; but the young black pointer raised a crow from one of the angles, and set off after it full speed, as any puppy would do the first or second time of his being brought into the field.

"*Sabre de bois!* what a rascally dog that is!" exclaimed my hero, after much whistling, roaring, and screaming, which Pluto paid not the least attention to. "*Pistolet de paille!* what a pretty present to make me! Why, his carriage from Ostend here cost me a Napoleon, and he is not worth a sous. That's what one gets from one's English friends. No offence, d'ye see?"

I saw he was in high wrath, and I strove to console him, by saying that all young dogs had the same fault.

"No! a thousand times no!" exclaimed he. "No offence, though. But my grey bitch there, of the true Flemish breed, from a month old up to to-day, never went out of a trot in beating a field, or followed any bird on the wing, game or carrion. *Sabre de bois!* she will run fast enough after a hare, though—ay, and many a one she has caught a league off in the forest, with the beagles, and brought it back, when I thought she had only ran off to the house for her dinner. Ah! that's

the true breed of a sporting spaniel; not like that shambling, lanky, long-tailed beast yonder. *Sabre de bois!* here he comes back. I'll teach him how to break a young dog of bad habits; that's my way, d'ye see. *Pistolet de paille!*"

With this he put his gun to his shoulder, and, to my horror and dismay, he let fly both barrels at poor Pluto, at about sixty yards' distance, tumbling him over and over, severely hit—not mortally, thanks to the gentleness of Belgian gun-making. The poor victim rolled himself up again, and ran away howling, cured most effectually, and for ever, of all chance of acting ill or well as a sporting dog; for, as I afterwards learned, he could not bear the sight or sound of a gun from that hour, but pined away, degenerate and broken-spirited, till he was finally hunted to death one day, like a common cur, by the village blackguards, with a canister tied to his tail.

After this specimen, we had not much sport. As to the fifty coveys of promised partridges, they dwindled, in reality, to *one*, of about seven brace, and a few straggling birds, some of which we bagged, I shooting very indifferently, but my companion killing every shot. He, however, missed one at a hare, which I, to his evident mortification, knocked over; and great difficulty I had in rescuing it from the fangs of his infernal grey spaniel bitch. But the greatest enjoyment of the day was one which few thorough-bred, high-going English Nimrods would tolerate. It was when the beagles found another hare, in one of the little woods on my host's property, many such dotting most picturesquely the varieties of hill and vale which compose the face of the country—"beauty spots on the face of nature, as my brother, Lord Lofty, says." The music of the dogs, and the wild sound of Joseph's horn, echoing through the woods, and carried on from hill to hill, was a relief from the fag of mere shooting. And well do I remember the voluptuous anxiety with which I lay on some of the grassy hillocks commanding a view of the country, watching the two couple of beagles as they followed the scent keenly from cover to cover, cheered on by the men, and aided by them in beating the little coppices that hung in picturesque patches on the rising grounds, over valleys as pastoral as fancy could frame.

The murderous habit of watching at the wood-skirts, and shooting the worn-down hares as they bolted, was not followed on this occasion. My hero limped far away after a bevy of quails, which I heard him from time to time popping at in the distance, during some hours, as I lay stretched at length, with my gun at one side and Carlo at the other; while the beagles having no chance of killing the hares they chased, there never was, perhaps, a purer specimen of the joys of sporting, without any of its drawbacks, than that which I so indolently tasted in those often-remembered hours.

We returned home to a late dinner, which offered pretty nearly the same features as the supper of the preceding night. My host, however, was not in such full feather as he had been then: his symptoms of gout were growing outrageous; and he was evidently vexed at the poor display of game which stood in the place of his promised fifty coveys, and the *non est inventus* account of that particular one of forty brace which he had himself *counted*. I was determined, however, to press him on the subject of the battle, and find out his claim to the title which I had

made up my mind to give him, and which stands at the head of this page.

"*Sabre de bois!* 'tis true," said he energetically to one of my inquiring observations on the part he had performed—"true, as I told you, that, but for me, the battle had never been gained nor fought; and I'll tell you how it was, d'ye see? I furnished the whole allied army with horses—5369 had I at once upon my hands. Never was such a contract made so quickly, or fulfilled so well: it was the affair of five minutes between General B—— and myself. *Pistolet de paille!* that was a man for doing business and drinking champagne: here's to his health in a bumper!—off with it. So, d'ye see?—*Sabre de bois!* that's my way! Yes, our contract was prompt and to the point. 'Furnish six thousand horses,' said he, 'in three weeks, at five hundred francs a horse.' 'I will,' said I; and so I did. But, *Sabre de bois!* I bought them for four hundred at most, and many for less; the balance was mine—make money of that—and here I am in Château Turc! That's my way, d'ye see?"

"Five thousand, three hundred and sixty-nine all on your hands at once?" said I.

"Ay, and not a cent of the money paid me, and I over head and ears in debt for the whole; for the English guineas, d'ye see, hadn't come;—and, worse than all, it was reported that the emperor had crossed the frontiers."

"And what would you have done if he had?"

"Done! *Sabre de bois!* and *Pistolet de paille!* I'd have met him half way, and said—Sire, here are your Majesty's horses, ready for the remount of your army. I was well prepared for your coming, and have risked all I was worth in the world to be ready for your imperial and royal wants. The English would have given me five hundred francs a-piece for every horse, mare, and gelding; your Majesty shall have them for four hundred. *Sabre de bois!* that's my way, d'ye see? I'm frank and above-board. So another bumper: fill up. Here's success to horse-dealing, and the memory of Waterloo!"

This was the last memorable speech of my hero which fixed itself in my mind; for, tired after my day's fatigue, and perhaps somewhat of him, I felt sleepy, and lost much of his subsequent lucubrations. I had learned his secret; and there was no longer an incitement sufficient to bear up against the monotony of a comedy with the plot discovered.

I took my leave the next day, with many a cordial invitation to repeat my visit, but without any demand for my name, or without one chilling drawback of selfish expectancy that I should ever give a *quid* for the many *quos* he had so profusely lavished on me.

SEASONABLE DITTIES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

NO. II.—THE MONTH OF OCTOBER IS BAD!

I.

The month of October is bad
As the month of September can be;
"Oh, there's not in the wide world" a beau to be had;
Some are shooting, and some are at sea!
A lonely life woman endures,
Deserted for pointers or yachts;
With some at their moorings, and some at the moors,
Mad for cruises or gunpowder plots!

II.

Sir Charles leaves his mate *Hymeneal*,
To sail with the mate of his yawl!
Of an *amateur* sailor the true *beau ideal*,
Blue shirt, jacket, *booky*, and all!
Of quicksands hid under the tide
He dreams as he lies in his berth;
Once he thought of no *quicksands* save those wont to glide
Through Time's glass in a season of mirth!

III.

His *cab* for a *cabin* neglected—
(The *gig* that he has *is a boat!*)
The nobleman seaman would blush if detected
In wearing a gentleman's coat!
His books, lest his lingo should fail, are
The maritime novels alone;
Chamier's clever "Life of a Sailor,"
Or Marriott's matchless "King's Own."

IV.

For no prima donna he cares,
He gives up his box and his stall;
And all recollection of Malibran's airs
Is very soon *lost in a squall!*
"Oh, her form is divine!" he may cry,
But the form that he means *is a ship's!*
And e'en Taglioni unnoticed trips by,
Superseded by *nautical trips!*

V.

When snug in Cowes harbour he's brave,
And he sings as he paces the deck,
And feeling a mere Lilliputian wave,
He recklessly laughs at a wreck.
But at Cherbourg, when tempests assail,
He wishes he never had sail'd;
And if he should happen to weather the gale,
He'll take care he is never *re-galed.*

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LATE EDMUND KEAN*.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ.

I HAD resolved on going again to the south of France this year (1817), and had taken my berth, and arranged for my passage, in a merchant-ship lying in the river, and bound for Bordeaux. The very day previous to that fixed for the sailing of the vessel from Gravesend I was dining with one or two old military friends at a coffee-house in the Strand, when, to my great surprise, a relative of mine walked in, just arrived from Ireland, and not knowing that I was in London. He had never seen Kean perform; he had an ardent desire to see him. Othello was luckily to be played that night; so, leaving the dinner-table early, we repaired to Drury Lane, and took our station in one of the front rows in the pit. My relative was greatly delighted and astonished at Kean's acting, and I was determined to gratify him by an introduction. I accordingly took him round to the private entrance, and we mounted the stairs to Kean's dressing-room.

We found him, as was usual after the performance of any of his principal parts, stretched on a sofa, vomiting violently, and throwing up quantities of blood. His face was half-washed—one side deadly pale, the other deep copper colour. He was a very appalling object, certainly, even to those who were accustomed so to see him; my relative was quite shocked and alarmed, from the apparent danger of the tragedian. But *he* gladly hailed my appearance, believing I had left town for France; and when I presented my companion, of whom he had heard me speak, he insisted, in the most pressing way, that we should sup with him at one of the neighbouring taverns, as a farewell to me, his old acquaintance, and a welcome to his new one. We consented; he was soon himself again; and a very pleasant hour or two was passed at the supper table. But by dint of desperate potations of brandy-punch Kean became gradually very drunk; and a couple of his friends, actors, whose names I forget, took advantage of this to intrude themselves into the room, under pretexts of business with him. Drinking and singing became the order of the night; and the morning peeping in at the windows saw no likelihood of any abatement in the orgies. Not a little disgusted, my relative and myself slipped away, leaving the man whose splendid talents had, a few hours before, filled a whole audience with delight, utterly brutified, and almost unconscious. It was upwards of seven years from that night before I again saw Kean.

* * * * * *

On a summer's day in 1824, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where I was then living with my family, I was surprised to see Kean enter my house. Having for so long a period made no attempt to revive my personal intercourse with him, I was truly glad to see him. He was on his way to England, from a tour through Switzerland and a visit to Paris, accompanied by his wife. He had heard of my being in the place, found out my residence, and come to pay me a visit. The steam-packet for Dover, which was to sail in a couple of hours, had already received his

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* Concluded from our last, p. 16.

carriage and baggage among its freight; and he and Mrs. Kean, much fatigued from the effects of their journey, having travelled all the preceding night, were impatiently waiting the signal for departure.

While he hastily gave me this sketch of his situation, an old actor, Penley, well known in France and Flanders, and who was, at that time, with his company, proving their *familiarity* with Shakspeare, by taking considerable liberties with him at Boulogne, rang at my door, having traced Kean to the house. He was admitted, and made a most moving appeal to all the great tragedian's better feelings; depicted the poverty of his *troupe*, and the anxiety of the natives and visitors to see Kean perform; and dwelt on such topics as were likely to touch his humanity or excite his ambition. He also tried another inducement, which, with some men, would have been of itself conclusive; he offered Kean half the receipts of the house for his night's performance.

Kean at length consented. The intended departure was postponed for a day. Carriage and baggage were allowed to proceed under his servant's care; and placards were quickly posted all over the town, announcing Mr. Kean's appearance that evening in the part of Shylock.

The theatre was crowded, although the prices were doubled. The play was got up very respectably, considering all things. Kean's acting was admirable. The size of the theatre allowed every play of his features, every glance of his unrivalled eye, to be seen and felt. I never was more delighted with him. I always thought Shylock his best part, and his performance of it as near as could be to perfection. He knew that of old; and I believe he was not sorry to prove to me that he retained all his pristine vigour. He certainly played the Jew that night with "desperate fidelity;" and the effect he produced on the *Boulonnais* was immense.

Old Penley and his *troupe* were in ecstacies with the result of the representation; and particularly so when Kean, the following morning, refused to take a shilling of the proffered share, which he left to be divided among the company. This was a generous thing, undoubtedly; but a trifling instance of his character, in comparison with his subscription of the whole profits of his benefit for the starving Irish in 1822.

Kean told me on this occasion of the pending trial between himself and Alderman Cox. He spoke of the affair as one which gave him no uneasiness; said he had no fears for the result; and he seemed quite unconscious of the ruinous risk that awaited him. I was rather impressed with the idea that he did not dislike the approaching contest, which was to display him to the world as a man of gallantry.

A few weeks more brought the whole *esclandre* to light, and never was there a more revolting display of bad taste and libertinism. The only consideration which at all palliated Kean's grossness was the redeeming sentiment scattered through the "love-letters"—if the profanation may be admitted—of attachment and regard to his wife. He deserved severe reprobation, no doubt; but the burst of over-acted cant which drove him from the London stage on this occasion, produced, as might be expected, a powerful reaction in his favour. But public justice came too late: Kean sunk under his punishment before its rigour was reversed; and I am convinced he never recovered from the tumult of suffering which then assailed him.

I called on him in London, on my arrival there, soon after the busi-

ness had subsided, and when he was on the point of his self-exile to America. I never saw a man so changed; he had all the air of desperation about him. He looked bloated with rage and brandy; his nose was red, his cheeks blotched, his eyes blood-shot; I really pitied him. He had lodgings in Regent-street; but I believe very few of his former friends, of any respectability, now noticed him. The day I saw him he sat down to the piano, notwithstanding the agitated state of his mind, and sang for me "Lord Ullin's daughter," with a depth, and power, and sweetness that quite electrified me. I had not heard him sing for many years; his improvement was almost incredible; his accompaniment was also far superior to his former style of playing. I could not repress a deep sentiment of sorrow at the wreck he presented of genius, fame, and wealth. At this period I believe he had not one hundred pounds left of the many thousands he had received. His mind seemed shattered; he was an outcast on the world. He left England a few days afterwards, and I never dreamt of seeing him again.

There was, no doubt, a latent feeling of selfishness mixed with my regret, and for the following reason. I had written, some years before, (long previous to my having attempted the prose writings which afterwards met such unhoped-for success,) a tragedy, the most prominent character of which was meant for Kean.* Other pursuits, however, turned my attention from it, (and, fortunately for myself, from poetry altogether,) and the MS. lay by me for several years, almost forgotten, until I met with Kean at Boulogne, as before stated, in 1824.

My attention to it was revived by this *rencontre*, and his asking me if I had never thought of writing for the stage? I told him of my early attempt, and promised to have it copied and forwarded to him to London; he, in his turn, assuring me of every exertion on his part to have it brought forward with all possible advantage. The ruin which followed his trial with Alderman Cox frustrated the whole project, and I gave up every hope of ever seeing the play represented.

Within two years of this time, Kean, to the surprise of every one, returned from America, having reaped a full harvest of dollars, much of which he had prudence enough to transmit to London before him. The furious outcry against him had subsided. The public longed for him once more; and he came back (to use his own not inexpressive phrase) "as the representative of Shakspeare's heroes."

When I heard of the brilliant success which attended his reappearance, I immediately sent over the MS. of "Ben Nazir, the Saracen." I soon followed the MS., and found it literally in Kean's hands. He had read it with avidity; and, placing to any account that may be chosen, the enthusiastic terms in which he spoke of it to *me*, one fact proves the value which he really set on it. He chose it out of five or six, which were put before him by Mr. Price, the manager, (one of them being Mr. Knowles's "Alfred,") as that in which he would make his *regenerated* appearance in a new character before a London audience.

* This admission of having written for a particular actor may appear, in the common view of the case, very servile; but my opinion on that subject differs from the generally received one. I have somewhat developed it in an article on the "Living French Poets," in the "New Monthly Magazine;" and I shall content myself with quoting from that essay, that "the disgrace does not lie in writing up to genius, but in writing down to grimace."

His whole situation, appearance, and conduct at this critical period of his career were very remarkable and characteristic. He presented a mixture of subdued fierceness, unsatisfied triumph, and suppressed debauchery. He had, in a great measure, recovered his place before the public; but he had lost all the respectability of private life. He lived in the Hummums Hotel, Covent-garden: his wife occupied obscure lodgings in Westminster, and was, as well as his son, quite at variance with him. His health had been greatly shattered during his American campaign, chiefly, I believe, from his mental sufferings. He told me he had been *mad*, at Montreal or Quebec, for several days, and related an incident which proved it, namely, his having mounted a fiery horse, dressed in the full costume of the Huron tribe of Indians, of which he had been elected a chief; and, after joining them in their village or camp, haranguing them, parading them, and no doubt amusing them much, being carried back, by some pursuing friends, to the place from whence he came, and treated for a considerable time as a lunatic.

The recital of such adventures seemed to gratify him much. He evidently gloried in the singularity of this conduct, unconscious of its buffoonery.

When I first called on him at the Hummums, one day early in 1827, he was sitting up in his bed, a buffalo-skin wrapped round him, a huge hairy cap, decked with many coloured-feathers, on his head, a scalping-knife in his belt, and a tomahawk in his hand. He was making up his face for a very savage look. A tumbler glass of white-wine negus stood at the bed-side; two shabby-looking heroes were close by, with similar potations in their reach; and a portrait painter was placed before an easel at the window, taking the likeness of the renowned *Alanienonideh*, the name in which the chieftain (most sincerely) rejoiced.*

I was announced by a black boy in livery. I saw Kean's eye kindle, somewhat, perhaps, with pleasure at my visit; but more so, I thought, from the good opportunity of exhibiting himself in his savage costume. He gave a ferocious roll of his eyes, and a flourish of his tomahawk; then threw off his cap and mantle, and cordially shook me by the hand, producing from under his pillow the part of "Ben Nazir," written out from the prompter's book.

The painter quickly retired; the satellite visitors soon followed, having first emptied their tumblers, and paid some extravagant compliments to their patron. Left alone with Kean, he entered fully into his situation. There was a mortified elation in his bearing which it is hard to describe. He explained the hoax under which he had been led to leave America so abruptly, and showed me the letter on which he had acted. This purported to be from Mr. Price, the manager of Drury-lane, and proposed to Kean to return forthwith, to take possession of the management of the theatre, which was only held by him (Price) in trust for "its true inheritor"—Kean.

This preposterous humbug was greedily swallowed by Kean, who arrived in London in the full belief that he was about to enter on the functions and the fancied profits of manager. The mortification of find-

* Kean made use of visiting-cards at this time, with his own proper name engraved at one side, and this adopted one, with a miniature likeness of himself, "in character," on the other.

ing himself duped would have been dreadful, had it not been an engagement for twelve nights at 100 guineas each, followed up by a reception from the public which amply atoned for former suffering and present disappointment.

When I first entered the room, Kean told me he had the gout in his foot; but when the painter and the others retired, he acknowledged that he was confined to his bed by a very bad sore leg, for which he was daily attended by surgeon Carpue, who prescribed the strictest regimen, and abstinence from all strong liquors, which Kean was endeavouring to obey as well as he could. By nursing himself in this manner for two days together, he was enabled to play three times a week; but still, in the exertion of acting, suffering considerable fatigue and pain.

My visit that day was interrupted by the arrival of two other persons, gloomily dressed and closely veiled, who were introduced by the black boy with suitable mystery, but whose sex was less doubtful than their character. Kean took care to inform me (in a stage whisper, which they must have heard in the adjoining sitting-room) that they were sisters—lovely creatures—the daughters of a clergyman of high respectability; that they had both fallen desperately in love with him, and came up to London together with the most unlimited offers for his acceptance. I had no wish to pursue the subject further, but left him with the sentimental pair. I paid him several visits afterwards, alone, and to meet Mr. Price, and talk over the preliminary arrangements for our common affair.

Kean felt deeply the importance of this projected appearance in "Ben Nazir." He knew that a crisis had arrived in his professional fate; the whole tide of public feeling was with him. He had regained his place at the head of the acted drama. To confirm him there, beyond competition or cavil, there was only wanting one vigorous display of power in a new part, and that part was now ready written to his hand. Nothing, in short, could exceed the ardour with which he undertook the study of "Ben Nazir." He carried it away with him on the provincial tour on which he set out after playing his dozen nights in London to enthusiastic audiences; and his being prepared to appear in the play, in the second week of the next May, was one of the stipulations in his renewed engagement for twenty nights, to begin at that period.

It may be supposed that I followed with some anxiety the accounts of Kean's progress on his provincial expedition. I had every reason to believe that he was working hard to perfect himself in his new part; that he lived abstemiously; and was gradually recovering his health and spirits.

The newspapers contained a copy of the address spoken by him on his benefit night, in Dublin, in the character and costume of an Indian chief; but the private accounts transmitted to me by some friends, who inquired about him, neutralized the apprehension excited by that absurd display, and convinced me he had no actual relapse of his Canadian complaint.

In due time Kean arrived in London, enthusiastic, and, as he said, *perfect* in his part; and his leg, which a thousand sinister reports and prophecies should long since have deprived him of, so far recovered as to enable him to "strut his hour," either on the stage or in the streets, with perfect ease. I repaired to London. My first visit, on my arrival,

was to Mr. Wallack, the stage-manager. Everything I heard from him was most encouraging. I next saw Mr. Price, who confirmed all I had heard from his second in command. Mr. Wallack was indefatigable in every way.

Kean's confidence in the part and in *himself* was sufficient to deceive a less sanguine temperament than mine. He repeatedly said that he hoped to reap as much fame from it as from Maturin's "Bertram," and that he reckoned on playing it a hundred nights. His portrait in the part was to be immediately engraved. A new wherry, which Kean was then getting built for his annual prize race on the Thames, was to be called the "Ben Nazir." The dress in which he was to appear was to be the most splendid possible; and a notion may be formed on that head, from the fact that Kean was to pay 50 guineas for it, over and above the allowance from the Theatre. I might cite many other proofs of his enthusiasm.

In the mean time the rehearsals were going on admirably. Every one was already perfect in their parts, with *one* exception, but this one was, unfortunately, out of control, and consequently beyond discovery. Kean attended but two rehearsals, and both of these with the written part in his hand. On one occasion he read his part with great energy and effect. It was every thing I could wish; no one had a shadow of doubt as to the impression it would produce on an audience. Congratulations were poured on me on all sides, with premature profusion.

Kean now claimed the privilege of absenting himself from the subsequent rehearsals, alleging his unwillingness to lose time from the close study he wished to give to the minutest details of his part. It was thought better to let Kean have everything his own way, in a matter into which he had so evidently put his heart and soul, and which was of infinitely more importance to him than to any one else. I was quite satisfied, for I saw him almost daily, and witnessed the unceasing industry with which he laboured at the part. He used regularly to order his carriage after breakfast, and set off for Kensington Gardens, where he studied a couple of hours. Frequently he sailed in his boat on the river, and there spouted away to the free benefit of the watermen and the Naiades. I often called on him at night, knowing that my presence would keep away others; and about ten or eleven o'clock he invariably went to bed, "and went to bed sober."

At his suggestion I made several slight alterations in the play, and one material one; the object of the latter being to gratify Kean's desire of speaking the last word, and ending the play by his death. He wanted the whole impression made on the audience to be *his* work. This was in the spirit of some former conduct of his, years before, which made him so many enemies, and did him such mischief with the public.

I also conceded many minor points to the judicious suggestions of Mr. Wallack, who deserved every consideration on my part. I had been led to expect great annoyance from the performers, from the report of authors, who were probably more tenacious of their rights than I was: but I really met nothing of the kind; I was willing to take advice from the experience of the actors, and what they did offer was with modesty and good sense, particularly Mr. Cooper, who was assiduous to the whole business of the scene.

The night of representation was at last fixed. Up to the preceding

week Kean persisted in assurances that he was quite prepared; still, however, declining to appear even at the last rehearsal, under the pretext that it would only confuse and annoy him, and perhaps destroy the effect which he wished to reserve for the public performance of the part. All this, rather obscurely put forward, began to give us some uneasiness; at length it was absolutely necessary either to announce "Ben Nazir" from the stage, or to substitute some other play, and put it off for a few nights longer. It was nine o'clock that evening before I finally put the question to Kean. He consented to the postponement, at the same time persisting in his readiness to perform on the night first fixed, and an announcement was made of the postponement of "Ben Nazir."

The night at length arrived. Every thing was ready: I saw Kean in the morning; he expressed himself with the utmost confidence; strutted about his drawing-room in his lodgings, Duke-street, Adelphi, decked out in his magnificent dress; and declaimed with great vigour some of his favourite passages—*the book in his hand.* Notwithstanding all this I had serious doubts of the night's result. I was certain he would be *imperfect;* but I reckoned fully on his giving the principal passages with ample effect; and I calculated on subsequent representations repairing any defects which might appear on the first.

In this mood I took leave of Kean, resolved not to interfere with him further; and I prepared to go to the theatre, in a state of some anxiety certainly, but one more pleasurable than the contrary. Mr. Wallack had secured me a private box behind the dress circle, to which I repaired about half an hour before the play began. The house was crowded in all parts; and I may here observe that not one friend of my own was there by my solicitation. The manager had not offered me, nor did I ask, a single free admission.

I certainly felt considerable satisfaction as I sat, quite unseen, and contemplated the crowded house. The chief of my literary longings had ever been for dramatic success; and although I had always looked on my present play as a very indifferent drama, a mere experiment in fact, and rested its whole chance on the performance of the chief part, I was greatly strengthened in my hopes of it by the various concurrent reasons before detailed. A fair share of applause was given to some of the early passages; and the audience seemed well prepared for Kean's appearance, with which the third scene was to open.

He did at length appear. The intention of the author, and the keeping of the character, required him to rush rapidly on the stage, giving utterance to a burst of joyous soliloquy. What was my astonishment to see him, as the scene opened, standing on the centre of the stage, his arms crossed, and his whole attitude one of thoughtful solemnity! His dress was splendid; and thunders of applause greeted him from all parts of the house. To display the one and give time for the other, were the objects for which he stood fixed for several minutes, and sacrificed the sense of the situation. He spoke; but what a speech! The one I wrote consisted of eight or nine lines; *his* was of two or three *sentences*, but not six consecutive words of the text. His look, his manner, his tone, were *to me* quite appalling; to any other observer they must have been incomprehensible. He stood fixed, drawled out his incoherent words, and gave the notion of a man who had been half-hanged and then dragged through a horse-pond. My heart, I confess it, sank deep in my breast.

I was utterly shocked. And as the business of the play went on, and as *he* stood by, with moveless muscle and glazed eye, throughout the scene which should have been one of violent, perhaps too violent, exertion, a cold shower of perspiration poured from my forehead, and I endured a revulsion of feeling which I cannot describe, and which I would not for worlds one eye had witnessed.

I had all along felt that this scene would be the touchstone of the play. Kean went through it like a man in the last stage of exhaustion and decay. The act closed—a dead silence followed the fall of the curtain; and I felt, though I could not hear, the voiceless verdict of "damnation."

I soon recovered myself and sat out the *butchery* to the end; it is needless to describe it here. In a short preface to the printed play, which was published a few days afterwards, I stated a few of the facts attending the representation. The account, which appeared in the next number of the "New Monthly Magazine," was a very faithful one. I believe it was from the pen of a now eminent barrister, and the then chief writer of the admirable dramatic articles in the work.

When the curtain fell, Mr. Wallack, the stage manager, came forward and made an apology for Kean's imperfection in his part, and an appeal in behalf of the play. Neither excited much sympathy; the audience was quite disgusted. I now, for the first time during the night, went behind the scenes. On crossing the stage towards the green-room I met Kean, supported by his servant and another person, going in the direction of his dressing-room. When he saw me he hung down his head, and waved his hand, and uttered some expressions of deep sorrow, and even remorse. "I have ruined a fine play and myself; I cannot look you in the face—" were the first words that I caught. I said something in return as cheering and consolatory as I could. I may say that all sense of my own disappointment was forgotten in the compassion I felt for him. Mrs. West, Miss Smithson, and Miss Kelly were among the group present at this meeting. Nothing could exceed their good nature towards me. The whole company seemed to consider the calamity as a domestic one. Every one was indignant with Kean; Wallack particularly so. He told me that previous to the commencement of the play he had sent three summonses to him to come down from his dressing-room; and at last on going to seek him himself, he found him weeping, and in total despair. Why then persist in attempting the character? Why ensure the ruin of the play, and risk my reputation as a writer? Why not withdraw, and acknowledge the loss of memory which he had at length become aware of? This was Wallack's reasoning. He had, it seems, urged Kean to apologize in person to the audience; but that he declined, saying that if he attempted it he should have burst into tears. Wallack subsequently proposed to him, through a friend, to publish a letter in the papers on the subject. That he refused also, preferring to let the fault lie wholly on the author's shoulders. In fact poor Kean had lost all his former energy. He never could have been deficient in generous feelings: but he was worn down; and he had not the courage to confess it. That is the whole truth.

It was then I resolved to publish my Preface to the play, in which, as every one who read it thought, I dealt too lightly with the culprit. I should certainly be sorry to lean more heavily on him *now*. In the mean time I bore my disappointment as well as I could; returned my thanks

to the other actors for their exertions; renounced dramatic writing for ever, and paid a short visit of leave-taking to Kean, who seemed, as he well might be, overwhelmed with sorrow, whether for my sake or his own I do not attempt to decide. The total loss of the power of study, (as it is technically called,) thus so fatally betrayed, prevented his attempting any new part since that day, which formed a crisis in his professional career. I have never seen him since; and I trust that I may be excused for having entered so far into detail on what is so very personal to myself, in this remarkable episode in the life of (with perhaps Talma's exception) the greatest actor of my times.

I have abstained from mentioning several anecdotes of his early life and professional career, related to me at different times by Kean, from the belief that some authentic biography of him will be given to the world. Indeed he told me repeatedly, during my intercourse with him in 1827, that he had then made considerable progress in the preparation of his own memoirs.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

FROM MELEAGER.

As Love was fluttering through the azure sky,
He saw, delighted saw, Timarion's eye:
Straight he renounced the regions of the air,
And settled, rested, dwelt for ever there.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Drink, as I drink, rosy wine;
Sing, as I sing, comrade mine;
Toast, as I toast mine, thy fair;
Wreathe, as I wreathe mine, thy hair.
Now I'm mad, be mad with me:
Some time I'll be wise with thee.

PLATO (MOST PROBABLY, THE PHILOSOPHER.)

Thou gazest on the stars, my star,
Thyself a brighter being far!
Oh, that I could become that heaven
To which thine admiration's given,
Then would mine eyes in myriads shine
And multiply their gaze on thine!

THE SAME.

On a Statue of Pan playing on the Pipe.

Hush'd be the whispering leaves, the murmuring rill,
The mingled bleatings of the flock be still.
From Pan's own pipe the magic sound proceeds,
His moist lip running o'er the row of reeds.
The nymphs around him close, a graceful band;
Stopp'd in mid dance, the tiptoe Dryads stand.

INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

No. I.—A Great Man in Retirement.

The greatest man in these parts (I use the word in the sense of Louis le Gros, not Louis le Grand), the greatest man hereabouts, by at least a stone, is our worthy neighbour Stephen Lane, the grazier—ex-butcher of B——. Nothing so big hath been seen since Lambert the gaoler or the Durham ox.

When he walks he overfills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Indeed a malicious attorney, in drawing up a paving bill for the ancient borough of B——, once inserted a clause confining Mr. Lane to the middle of the road, together with waggons, vans, stage-coaches, and other heavy articles. Chairs crack under him,—couches rock,—bolsters groan,—and floors tremble. He hath been stuck in a staircase and jammed in a doorway, and has only escaped being ejected from an omnibus by its being morally and physically impossible that he should get in. His passing the window has something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern. He puts out the light like Othello. A small wit of our town, by calling a supervisor, who dabbles in riddles, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the Poet's Corner of the county newspaper, once perpetrated a conundrum on his person, which as relating to so eminent and well-known an individual, (for almost every reader of the "H——shire Herald" hath, at some time or other, been a customer of our butcher's,) had the honour of puzzling more people at the Sunday morning breakfast-table, and of engaging more general attention than had ever before happened to that respectable journal. A very horrible murder, (and there was that week one of the very first water,) two shipwrecks, an enlèvement, and an execution, were all passed over as trifles compared with the interest excited by this literary squib and cracker. A trifling quirk it was to keep Mr. Stacy, the surveyor, a rival bard, fuming over his coffee until the said coffee grew cold; or to hold Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantua-maker, in pleasant though painful efforts at divination until the bell rang for church, and she had hardly time to undo her curl-papers and arrange her ringlets; a flimsy quirk it was of a surety, an inconsiderable quiddity! Yet since the courteous readers of the "H——shire Herald" were amused with pondering over it, so perchance may be the no less courteous and far more courtly readers of the "New Monthly." I insert it, therefore, for their edification, together with the answer, which was not published in the "Herald" until the H——shire public had remained an entire week in suspense:—"*Query*—Why is Mr. Stephen Lane like Rembrandt?"—"*Answer*—Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow."

The length of his shadow, although by no means in proportion to the width,—for that would have recalled the days when giants walked the land, and Jack, the famous Jack, who borrowed his surname from his occupation, slew them,—was yet of pretty fair dimensions. He stood

six feet two inches without his shoes, and would have been accounted a tall man if his intolerable fatness had not swallowed up all minor distinctions. That magnificent *beau ideal* of a human mountain, "the fat woman of Brentford," for whom Sir John Falstaff passed not only undetected, but unsuspected, never crossed my mind's eye but as the feminine of Mr. Stephen Lane. Tailors, although he was a liberal and punctual paymaster, dreaded his custom. They could not, charge how they might, contrive to extract any profit from his "huge rotundity." It was not only the quantity of material that he took, and yet that cloth universally called broad was not broad enough for him,—it was not only the stuff, but the work—the sewing, stitching, plaiting, and button-holing without end. The very shears grew weary of their labours: two fashionable suits might have been constructed in the time, and from the materials consumed in the fabrication of one for Mr. Stephen Lane. Two, did I say? Aye, three or four, with a sufficient allowance of cabbage,—a perquisite never to be extracted from his coats or waistcoasts, no not enough to cover a penwiper. Let the cutter cut his cloth ever so largely, it was always found to be too little. All their measures put together would not go round him; and as to guessing at his proportions by the eye, a tailor might as well attempt to calculate the dimensions of a seventy-four-gun ship,—as soon try to fit a three-decker. Gloves and stockings were made for his especial use. Extras and double extras failed utterly in his case;—as the dapper shopman spied at the first glance of his huge paw, a fist which might have felled an ox, and somewhat resembled the dead ox-flesh, commonly called beef, in texture and colour.

To say the truth, his face was pretty much of the same complexion—and yet it was no uncomely visage either; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff, massive, English countenance, such as Holbein would have liked to paint, in which great manliness and determination were blended with much good humour, and a little humour of another kind; so that even when the features were in seeming repose, you could foresee how the face would look when a broad smile, and a sly wink, and a knowing nod, and a demure smoothing down of his straight shining hair on his broad forehead gave his wonted cast of drollery to the blunt but merry tradesman, to whom might have been fitly applied the Chinese compliment, "Prosperity is painted on your countenance."

Stephen Lane, however, had not always been so prosperous, or so famous for the breadth of his shadow. Originally a foundling in the streets of B——, he owed his very name, like the "Richard Monday" of one of Crabbe's finest delineations, to the accident of his having been picked up, when apparently about a week old, in a by-lane close to St. Stephen's churchyard, and baptized by order of the vestry after the scene of his discovery. Like the hero of the poet, he also was sent to the parish workhouse; but, as unlike to Richard Monday in character as in destiny, he won, by the real or fancied resemblance to a baby whom she had recently lost, the affection of the matron, and was by her care shielded not only from the physical dangers of infancy, in such an abode, but from the moral perils of childhood.

Kindly yet roughly reared, Stephen Lane was even as a boy eminent for strength, and hardihood, and invincible good humour. At ten years old he had fought with and vanquished every lad under fifteen, not only in the workhouse proper, but in the immediate purlieus of that respect-

able domicile, and would have got into a hundred scrapes had he not been shielded in the first place by the active protection of his original patroness, the wife of the superintendent and master of the establishment, whose pet he continued to be; and in the second by his own bold and decided, yet kindly and affectionate temper. Never had a boy of ten years old more friends than the poor foundling of St. Stephen's workhouse. There was hardly an inmate of that miscellaneous dwelling, who had not profited, at some time or other, by the good-humoured lad's delightful alertness in obliging, his ready services, his gaiety, his intelligence, and his resource. From mending Master Hunt's crutch, down to rocking the cradle of Dame Green's baby—from fetching the water for the general wash, a labour which might have tried the strength of Hercules, down to leading out for his daily walk the half-blind, half-idiot, half-crazy David Hood, a task which would have worn out the patience of Job, nothing came amiss to him. All was performed with the same cheerful good-will; and the warm-hearted gratitude with which he received kindness was even more attaching than his readiness to perform good offices to others. I question if ever there were a happier childhood than that of the deserted parish-boy. Set aside the pugnaciousness which he possessed in common with other brave and generous animals, and which his protectress, the matron of the house, who had enjoyed in her youth the advantage of perusing some of those novels,—now, alas! no more,—where the heroes, originally foundlings, turn out to be lords and dukes in the last volume, used to quote in confirmation of her favourite theory: to wit, his being nobly born, as proofs of his innate high blood;—set aside the foes made by his propensity to single combat, which could not fail to exasperate the defeated champions, and Stephen had not an enemy in the world.

At ten years of age, however, the love of independence, and the desire to try his fortunes in the world, began to stir in the spirited lad; and his kind friend and confidant, the master's wife, readily promised her assistance to set him forth in search of adventures, though she was not a little scandalized to find his first step in life likely to lead him into a butcher's shop, he having formed an acquaintance with a journeyman slayer of cattle in the neighbourhood, who had interceded with his master to take him on trial as errand-boy, with an understanding that if he showed industry and steadiness, and liked the craft, he might, on easy terms, be accepted as an apprentice. This prospect, which Stephen justly thought magnificent, shocked the lady of the workhouse, who had set her heart on his choosing a different scene of slaughter—killing men, not oxen—going forth as a soldier, turning the fate of a battle, marrying some king's daughter or emperor's niece, and returning in triumph to his native town, a generalissimo at the very least.

Her husband, however, and the parish-overseers were of a different opinion. They were much pleased with the proposal, and were (for overseers) really liberal in their manner of meeting it. So that a very few days saw Stephen in blue sleeves and a blue apron—the dress which he still loves best—parading through the streets of B——, with a tray of meat upon his head, and a huge mastiff called Boxer—whose warlike name matched his warlike nature—following at his heels as if part and parcel of himself. A proud boy was Stephen on that first day of his promotion.

Years wore away and found the errand-boy transmuted into the apprentice, and the apprentice ripened into the journeyman, with no diminution of industry, intelligence, steadiness, and good humour. As a young man of two or three and twenty, he was so remarkable for feats of strength and activity, for which his tall and athletic person, not at that period encumbered by flesh, particularly fitted him, as to be the champion of the town and neighbourhood; and large bets have been laid and won on his sparring, and wrestling, and lifting weights all but incredible. He has walked to London and back (a distance of above sixty miles) against time, leaping in his way all the turnpike-gates that he found shut, without even laying his hand upon the bars. He has driven a flock of sheep against a shepherd by profession, and has rowed against a bargeman; and all this without suffering these dangerous accomplishments to beguile him into the slightest deviation from his usual sobriety and good conduct. So that, when at six-and-twenty he became, first, head man to Mr. Jackson, the great butcher in the Butter-market; then married Mr. Jackson's only daughter; then, on his father-in-law's death, succeeded to the business and a very considerable property; and, finally, became one of the most substantial, respectable, and influential inhabitants of B——, every one felt that he most thoroughly deserved his good fortune; and although his prosperity has continued to increase with his years, and those who envied have seldom had the comfort of being called on to condole with him on calamities of any kind, yet, such is the power of his straight-forward fair-dealing, and his enlarged liberality, that his political adversaries, on the occasion of a contested election, or some such trial of power, are driven back to the workhouse and St. Stephen's lane, to his obscure and ignoble origin (for the noble parents whom his poor old friend used to prognosticate have never turned up) to find materials for party malignity.

Prosperous, most prosperous, has Stephen Lane been through life; but by far the best part of his good fortune (setting pecuniary advantages quite out of the question) was his gaining the heart and hand of such a woman as Margaret Jackson. In her youth she was splendidly beautiful—of the luxuriant and gorgeous beauty in which Giorgione revelled—and now, in the autumn of her days, amplified, not like her husband, but so as to suit her matronly character, she seems to me almost as delightful to look upon as she could have been in her earliest spring. I do not know a prettier picture than to see her sitting at her own door, on a summer afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grand-children,—all of them handsome, gay, and cheerful, with her knitting on her knee, and her sweet face beaming with benevolence and affection, smiling on all around, and seeming as if it were her sole desire to make every one about her as good and as happy as herself. One cause of the long endurance of her beauty is undoubtedly its delightful expression. The sunshine and harmony of mind depicted in her countenance would have made plain features pleasing, and there was an intelligence, an enlargement of intellect, in the bright eyes and the fair, expanded forehead, which mingled well with the sweetness that dimpled round her lips. Butcher's wife and butcher's daughter though she were, yet was she a graceful and gracious woman,—one of nature's gentlewomen in look and in thought. All her words were candid—all her actions liberal—all her pleasures unselfish—though, in her great pleasure of giving, I am not quite sure

that she was so—she took such extreme delight in it. All the poor of the parish and of the town came to her as a matter of course: *that* is always the case with the eminently charitable; but children also applied to her for their little indulgences, as if by instinct. All the boys in the street used to come to her to supply their several desires; to lend them knives and give them string for kites, or pencils for drawing, or balls for cricket, as the matter might be. Those huge pockets of her's were a perfect toy-shop, and so the urchins knew. And the little damsels, their sisters, came to her also for materials for doll's dresses, or odd bits of ribbon for pincushions, or coloured silks to embroider their needle-cases, or any of the thousand-and-one nick-knacks which young girls fancy they want. However out of the way the demand might seem, there was the article in Mrs. Lane's great pocket. She knew the tastes of her clients, and was never unprovided. And in the same ample receptacle, mixed with knives, and balls, and pencils for the boys, and doll's dresses, and sometimes even a doll itself, for the girls, might be found sugar-plums, and cakes, and apples, and gingerbread-nuts for the "toddling wee things," for whom even dolls have no charms. There was no limit to Mrs. Lane's bounty, or to the good-humoured alacrity with which she would interrupt a serious occupation to satisfy the claims of the small people. Oh, how they all loved Mrs. Lane!

Another and a very different class also loved the kind and generous inhabitant of the Butter-market—the class who, having seen better days, are usually averse to accepting obligations from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their inferiors. With them Mrs. Lane's delicacy was remarkable. Mrs. Lucas, the curate's widow, often found some unbespoken luxury, a sweetbread, or so forth, added to her slender order; and Mr. Hughes, the consumptive young artist, could never manage to get his bill. Our good friend the butcher had his full share in the benevolence of these acts, but the manner of them belonged wholly to his wife.

Her delicacy, however, did not, fortunately for herself and for her husband, extend to her domestic habits. She was well content to live in the coarse plenty in which her father lived, and in which Stephen revelled; and by this assimilation of taste, she not only insured her own comfort, but preserved, unimpaired, her influence over his coarser but kindly and excellent disposition. It was, probably, to this influence that her children owed an education which, without raising them in the slightest degree above their station or their home, yet followed the spirit of the age, and added considerable cultivation and plain but useful knowledge, to the strong manly sense of their father, and her own sweet and sunny temperament. They are just what the children of such parents ought to be. The daughters, happily married in their own rank of life; the sons, each in his different line, following the footsteps of their father, and amassing large fortunes, not by paltry savings, or daring speculations, but by well-grounded and judicious calculation—by sound and liberal views—by sterling sense and downright honesty.

Universally as Mrs. Lane was beloved, Stephen had his enemies. He was a politician—a Reformer—a Radical, in those days in which reform was not so popular as it has been lately; he loved to descant on liberty, and economy, and retrenchment, and reform, and carried his theory into practice, in a way exceedingly inconvenient to the Tory member, whom

he helped to oust; to the mayor and corporation, whom he watched as a cat watches a mouse, or as Mr. Hume watches the cabinet ministers; and to all gas companies, and paving companies, and water companies, and contractors of every sort, whom he attacks as monopolisers and peculators, and twenty more long words with bad meanings, and torments out of their lives, for he is a terrible man in a public meeting, hath a loud, sonorous voice, excellent lungs, cares for nobody, and is quite entirely inaccessible to conviction, the finest of all qualities for your thorough-going partizan. All the Tories hated Mr. Lane.

But the Tories formed but a small minority in B——; and amongst the Whigs and Radicals—or to gather the two parties into one word, the Reformers—he was decidedly popular; the leader of the opulent tradespeople both socially and politically. He it was—this denouncer of mayors' feasts and parish festivals—who, after the great contest, which his candidate gained by three, gave to the new member a dinner so magnificent as he declared he had not only never seen, but never imagined—a dinner like the realization of an epicure's dream, or an embodying of some of the visions of the old dramatic poets—accompanied by wines so aristocratic that they blushed to find themselves on a butcher's table. He was president of a smoking-club; and vice-president of half-a-dozen societies where utility and charity come in the shape of a good dinner; a great man at a Smithfield cattle-show; an eminent looker-on at the bowling-green, which salutary exercise he patronized and promoted by sitting at an open window, in a commodious smoking-room, commanding the scene of action; and a capital performer of catches and glees.

He was musical, very—did I not say so when talking of his youthful accomplishments? playing by ear "with fingers like toes" (as somebody said of Handel) both on the piano and the flute; and singing, in a fine bass voice many of the old songs, which are so eminently popular and national. His voice was loudest at church, giving body, as it were, to the voices of the rest of the congregation; and "God save the King," at the theatre, would not have been worth hearing without Mr. Lane; he put his whole heart into it; for, with all his theoretical radicalism, the king—(any one of the three kings in whose reign he hath flourished, for he did not reserve his loyalty for our present most popular monarch, but bestowed it in full amplitude on his predecessors, the two last of the Georges)—the king hath not a more loyal subject. He is a great patron of the drama, especially the comic drama, and likes the stage-box at the B—— theatre, a niche meant for six, which exactly fits him. All-fours is his favourite game, and Joe Miller his favourite author.

His retirement from business and from B—— occasioned a general astonishment and consternation. It was perfectly understood that he could afford to retire from business as well as any tradesman who ever gave up a flourishing shop in that independent borough; but the busybodies, who take so unaccountable a pleasure in meddling with every body's concerns, had long ago decided that he never would do so; and that he should abandon the good town at the very moment when the progress of the Reform Bill had completed his political triumphs—when the few adversaries who remained to the cause (as he was wont emphatically to term it) had not a foot to stand upon—did appear the most wonderful wonder of wonders that had occurred since the days of Katter-

felto. Stephen Lane without B——!—B——, especially in its reformed state, without Stephen Lane, appeared as incredible as the announcements of the Bottle Conjuror. Stephen Lane to abandon the great shop in the Butter-market! What other place would ever hold him? And to quit the scene of his triumphs too! to fly from the very field of victory! The thing seemed impossible!

It was, however, amongst the impossibilities that turn out true. Stephen Lane *did* leave the reformed borough, perhaps all the sooner because it *was* reformed, and his work was over—his occupation was gone. It is certain that, without perhaps exactly knowing his own feelings, our good butcher did feel the vacuum, the want of an exciting object, which often attends upon the fulfilment of a great hope. He also felt and understood better the entire cessation of opposition amongst his old enemies, the corporation party. "Dang it, they might ha' shown fight, these corporationers! I thought Ben Bailey had had more bottom!" was his exclamation, after a borough meeting which had passed off unanimously; and, scandalized at the pacific disposition of his adversaries, our puissant grazier turned his steps towards "fresh fields and pastures new."

He did not move very far. Just over the border line which divides the parish of St. Stephen, in the loyal and independent borough of B——, from the adjoining hamlet of Sunham—that is to say, exactly half a mile from the great shop in the Butter-market, did Mr. Lane take up his abode, calling his suburban habitation, which was actually joined to the town by two rows of two-story houses, one of them fronted with poplars, and called "Marvell Terrace," in compliment to the patriot of that name in Charles's days,—calling this *rus in urbe* of his "the country," after the fashion of the inhabitants of Kensington and Hackney, and the other suburban villages which surround London proper; as if people who live in the midst of brick houses could have a right to the same rustic title with those who live amongst green fields. Compared to the Butter-market, however, Mr. Lane's new residence was almost rural; and the country he called it accordingly.

Retaining, however, his old town predilections, his large, square, commodious, and very ugly red house, with very white mouldings and window-frames, red, so to say, picked out with white, and embellished by a bright green door and a resplendent brass knocker,—was placed close to the road-side—as close as possible; and the road happening to be that which led from the town of B—— to the little place called London, he had the happiness of counting above sixty stage-coaches which passed his door in the twenty-four hours, with vans, waggons, carts, and other vehicles in proportion; and of enjoying, not only from his commodious mansion, but also from the window of a smoking-room at the end of a long brick wall, which parted his garden from the road, all the clatter, dust, and din of these several equipages—the noise being duly enhanced by there being, just opposite his smoking-room window, a public-house of great resort, where most of the coaches stopped to take up parcels and passengers, and where singing, drinking, and four-corners were going on all the day long.

One of his greatest pleasures in this retirement seems to be to bring all around him—wife, children, and grand-children—to the level of his own size, or that of his prize ox,—the expressions are nearly syno-

nymous. The servant-lads have a chubby breadth of feature, like the stone heads, with wings under them (*soi-disant* cherubim), which one sees perched round old monuments; and the maids have a broad, Dutch look, full and florid, like the women in Teniers' pictures. The very animals seem bursting with over-fatness: the great horse who draws his substantial equipage labours under the double weight of his master's flesh and his own; his cows look like stalled oxen; and the leash of large red greyhounds, on whose prowess and pedigree he prides himself, and whom he boasts, and vaunts, and brags of, and offers to bet upon, in the very spirit of the inimitable dialogue between Page and Shallow in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," could no more run a course in their present condition than they could fly,—the hares would stand and laugh at them.

Mr. Lane is certainly a very happy person; although, when first he removed from the Butter-market, it was quite the fashion to bestow a great deal of pity on the poor rich man, self-condemned to idleness,—which pity was as much thrown away as pity for those who have the power to follow their own devices generally is. Our good neighbour is not the man to be idle. Besides going every day to the old shop, where his sons carry on the business, and he officiates *en amateur*, attending his old clubs, and pursuing his old diversions in B——,—he has his farm at Sunham to manage, (some five hundred acres of pasture and arable land, which he purchased with his new house,) and the whole parish to reform. He has already begun to institute inquiries into charity-schools and poor-rates, keeps an eye on the surveyor of highways, and a close watch on the overseer: he attends turnpike-meetings, and keeps a sharp look-out upon the tolls; and goes peeping about the workhouse with an anxiety to detect peculation that would do honour even to a Radical member of the reformed House of Commons.

Moreover, he hath a competitor worthy of his powers in the shape of the village orator, Mr. Jacob Jones, a little whipper-snapper of a gentleman farmer, with a shrill, cracked voice, and great activity of body, who, having had the advantage of studying some odds-and-ends of law, during a three years' residence in an attorney's office, has picked up therein a competent portion of technical jargon, together with a prodigious volubility of tongue, and a comfortable stock of impudence; and, under favour of these good gifts, hath led the village senate by the nose for the last dozen years. Now, Mr. Jacob Jones is, in his way, nearly as great a man as Mr. Lane; rides his bit of blood a fox-hunting with my Lord; dines once a-year with Sir John; and advocates abuses through thick and thin—he does not well know why—almost as stoutly as our good knight of the cleaver does battle for reform. These two champions are to be pitted against each other at the next vestry-meeting, and much interest is excited as to the event of the contest. I, for my part, think that Mr. Lane will carry the day. He is, in every way, a man of more substance; and Jacob Jones will no more be able to withstand "the momentum of his republican fist" than a soldier of light infantry could stand the charge of a heavy dragoon. Stephen, honest man, will certainly add to his other avocations that of overseer of Sunham. Much good may it do him!

THE CITY OF THE CLYDE.

LETTER FROM HENRY D'ARCY, ESQ., —TH LIGHT DRAGOONS, TO CHARLES VERNON, ESQ., RUE DE LA PAIX, A PARIS.

DEAR VERNON,—It surprises me, I own, that among the enchantments of the gayest capital in the world, you care to be informed of any impressions made on me, in exile, in the least so. But, as I agree with you that the reminiscences of *cities* are among the most striking and permanent of the results of travel, and as every city *has* something peculiar, it may be worth while to help out your list by transmitting to you my experience of the great metropolis of western Scotland; for as there are books that we rather borrow than buy, and places that we would more willingly visit in panoramas, or accept in description, than at the sacrifice of personal ease, I do not *invite* you to join me here; though, if the particulars I shall have to touch upon shall unexpectedly perform that office, I may possibly be summoned one day to your hotel, on your arrival at this πολιν οικουμενην, μεγαλην και ενδαιμονα, Yes! *cities* we are sure to remember; countries, except when they have been the scene of some memorable joy or sorrow, are seen from the coach-window and forgotten. Rocks and glaciers, waterfalls and old castles, are all alike, or differ only by a few hundred feet; but every *city* has something *sui generis*, and without question, this, in which I now most reluctantly reside, is in full possession of its share. Every city makes its first and most permanent impression through the *organs of sense*, an impression which long precedes and long outlasts any other relation we may afterwards bear to it; and as every city has of its own to be *seen* and *heard*, it is only when we have first seen all, and heard all, that we come to the men and women, the habits, customs, and dispositions of social life, compare, conclude, and depart.

As I am not going to send you an essay, but a letter, I must not be bound to any exact order in my details. Know then that like most other cities where a settlement has been made on the banks of a great river, Glasgow, consisting of main streets, many in number, intersected by others, the *first* are found to follow the course of that river, and the others are disposed at right or other angles, in relation to these. The whole city, including the new, together with the old parts of it, rises from the river upwards, to a considerable height, through rectangular streets, that take a *northern* direction, while the greater highways, in the course of a mile, are found to have attained a considerable elevation *westward*. During the perambulation of these streets, of either class, there is very little indeed worthy of remark. The churches are consummately ugly without being old, and the college is old without being imposing or venerable. Its new museum, well enough without, is within, like many others, an ill-constructed building, into which light is so penuriously or indirectly admitted, that it squints upon the contained objects and reveals them very imperfectly. They have what they call an *arcade* here, about as warm and light as the Thames tunnel, (on reflection I beg the Tunnel's pardon,) nor must I forget to mention, that the great *coercive construction*, in which men are not tenants at *will*, has all the architectural charms that could be reasonably expected, and is *admired* accordingly. The simple fact is, that there is only one *fine* building in Glasgow; and that building, the Exchange, not without defects, is really much superior to your over celebrated Bourse, with its 'mille colonnes.' It might be taken for a bit of the *Louvre*, stolen from Paris, and deposited in Glasgow by *mistake* for Edinburgh, by some of those *felonious* angels who carried off the *Santa Casa* from Palestine to Loretto.

Among the first agreeable impressions made on us in new places are those which arise from the cheerfulness and activity of the moving and out-of-door population, and from the quantity which these places may possess of natural and of artificial light. A city in the enjoyment of a good deal of sunshine, and of which the shops and streets are well lighted up at

night, may always be endured for a short time. Now as to the light of day, Glasgow is in possession of probably a smaller portion than any city in the British empire. The throats of many a score of tall and ominous-looking chimnies are incessantly discharging eructations of the densest smoke into an atmosphere almost always opaque and sunless by reason of the prevalent south-westerly winds loaded with vapour from the Atlantic; while to the cheerfulness dispensed elsewhere by *artificial* light, there is here a striking exception, in the melancholy association forced upon the mind of the prolonged labour which works by it. A huge brick parallelogram, whether rejoicing in the name of manufactory or cotton-mills, with its thousand panes of illuminated glass, is assuredly one of the most painful objects on which the eye of the stranger can rest; he knows there are no revels within; no music, but the click and buzz of the eternal machinery! Light in the gilded saloon, light in the theatre, light from the forge, nay, its feeble presentation from the solitary cottage pane, are all agreeable perceptions of this glorious element, but the traveller through the manufacturing districts has another experience in artificial light to make, and another impression to record.—In this most opaque of cities—

" Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget,

a well lighted cotton-mill, as you go to your evening party, is not an object of indifference, nor will the sojourner here during the winter months, be always able to suppress a sigh, even during the day season, that Providence has not placed him *ubi soles melius nitent.*

Before I have quite done with this luminous subject, let me tell you, that in a dark night you will be surprised at seeing the eastern horizon relieved at intervals of its obscurity, by measured bursts or gushes of vivid and diffused light, as if from some great volcano, or from a city in flames.—Don't be alarmed, it is only the Clyde iron-works!

Having thus compendiously disposed of the *sights* of Glasgow, or at least of some of the more striking impressions made upon the nerve of vision, I wish to claim your sympathy for a few of the many irritations with which it is accustomed to afflict the *auricular apparatus* of the stranger. I own that I *am* impatient of *noise.* I believe I was born without a membrana tympani (if that be a protective construction) and that harsh sounds penetrate at once into my brain. It is only by this physiological supposition that I can comprehend how it happened to me to feel a sort of physical necessity of inditing a paper (not unknown to you) in *Blackwood*, of and concerning *London* noises, in which, as you recollect, among many other particulars, the performances of certain tall fellows in livery, on pieces of *hinged iron*, attached, by the instigation of the devil, to *house doors*, for the disturbance of the inmates, invited my particular attention. Happily there are few *knockers* in Glasgow; but it is nevertheless κατ' ἐξοχην, *the* city of *discord.* Let us take them one at a time, in the order in which they present themselves. First, you must make up your mind at this season of the year, and at three o'clock in the morning, when it is difficult to make up one's mind to anything, to the afflicting visitation (curse them!) of the *waites;* next, at about seven, to the yell of "*Caller haddies;*" this double suffering will shortly be succeeded by a very peculiar, perfectly *epichorial*, and most distracting method of separating *dust* from *carpets* (of which more anon); while you must, at *all* times, be prepared for the infernal bagpipe, modulated by the blind for the benefit of the *deaf*, to say nothing of the *stridulous flute*, which it hath pleased Pan, Apollo, or Nemesis, hitherto to restrain to the classical region of the college. All these constitute an *experiment in harmonics* that cannot be enjoyed in imagination! Listen (can you help yourself?) to the watchman! *Every* watchman in every place is a monster, owing his preferment to some *nasal* or *guttural* peculiarity;—a monster whom one would too gladly bribe, were it possible to corrupt him into silence, or

slay, on plea of justifiable homicide. His duties *here* are however more than commonly exhilarating; wherefore do these excellent citizens take pleasure in having the *wet* complexion of the winter day *announced* to them some hours before they rise to enjoy it? *All* tastes are doubtless respectable, and the Scotch we know are a matter-of-fact people, covetous of *precise* information on all topics, but why convey *needless* information to one's pillow, and throw a *damp* over one's spirits by anticipation? does not every body in Glasgow know that yesterday was, and to-morrow will be a wet day? The watch-dog in the country bays and barks, or howls, by *paroxysms*; but the detestable functionary in question comes with horrid punctuality to assert his impertinent vigilance, and compel you to join in it; and while, elsewhere, his unwelcome tramp is heard but once every hour, *here*, every *half hour* does he insist on depriving you of the best gift of heaven.

Yet do not suppose that the office of the Glasgow watchman is restrained to the observation of the single element of *water*: far from unfrequently you are indebted to him for the announcement of *fire*, no *Proximus* Ucalegon forming the excuse. Fire in Nelson-street! and then a twist of the infernal crotalus or rattle, with which the demon of discord has furnished him! Presently another *rattle*-snake regales you with fire in Nile-street! Fire in the Gallowgate! Fire in the Gorbals!—all, a league or two from *your* house, which is *not* on fire, and does not intend to be! In short, the whole corps, catching the signal from one station to another, you have soon an uproar which could not well have been greater when Rome was sacked by Brennus and the Gauls!

That wherever fires are lighted, *chimneys* must be swept, is a proposition that appears to require no *limitation*; but there is a "time for all things," *except* for sweeping chimneys in Glasgow: the singularly melancholy invitation of this child of misery is, I assert it, to be heard here *at all hours*; nor can you, for your own particular relief, curse him and have done with it; for I defy anybody to curse a chimney-sweeper from the bottom of his heart, though he wake him from his most blissful dreams!—no! not even when his lugubrious treble is conveyed to your ear through the damp and dreary fog of a November morning!—on such a morning is there anything more depressing than the wheezing cough of a consumptive chimney-sweeper?—But I am forgetting the waites!—What shall we say or not say of the *waites*? those agreeable missionaries happily let loose upon us only for a season?—Are not all night noises, especially during *winter* nights, a frightful violence offered to nature? To have one's *loyalty* appealed to, at three o'clock in the morning by the "National Anthem," would, in truth, (as the king is probably sound asleep,) require us to be "*plus royalistes* que le roi." This custom, it is much to be feared, is but a remnant of those *popish* abominations which, of all British subjects, the Scotch should be the least disposed to tolerate. Who would expect to find Christmas thus heralded among the descendants of the Covenanters? That to the mere instinctive *love of music* is to be referred this patronage of a great nuisance, I confess myself disinclined to admit. In the first place I am *rather* a disbeliever in the subject of *Scottish* music at all, (a *southern* heretic may still incline to the opinion, that this divine art *came* to Holyrood with Mary, and *expired* on the harp of Rizzio:) at any rate, music is unwelcome in the hours of repose; and when the "prima quies mortalibus ægris incipit," who would exchange *it* for the finest voluntary of the organ of Haarlem, or the cadences of Pasta herself? In *some* nations, an accumulated gaiety of constitution from climate, must, I admit, explode, and it breaks forth safely as well as naturally into musical utterance; but does the sun sink into the ocean too soon for our Venetian revels? or do these inexorable perpetrators of uncouth sounds accomplish any one purpose, unless it be *that*, perhaps, of comforting the professors of divinity and church history, by the recollection, that when thus awakened in the night-watches, they have no litanies to sing and no midnight masses to perform? We can endure the Piperari at Rome: we listen not merely without resentment to the shepherd minstrels of Calabria,

when in the wild and immemorially ancient strains of their native mountains, they announce the Advent along the moon-lit streets of the Campagna Felice. *There*, the genius loci invites and justifies a custom, which *here*, is an impertinent and preposterous anomaly. It is not many nights ago that these amiable peripateties, hearing that I had just returned from London by the mail, judiciously proceeded to *tune* their instruments under my particular window, before proceeding to the concert itself: I think it required a full quarter of an hour before the instruments were of *one mind*: in another, I should have been out of mine. But should this happen again, I will pay them back their *airs* in *kind* with an *air gun*.

If midnight music be not a *pleasure*, it is a penalty—we all object to pay penalties *unequally imposed*; the thrice-blest, who enjoy *companionship* by night as well as by day, may, it is presumed, when thus restored to *consciousness*, console each other, and take sweet counsel together; while those unfortunates to whom Providence still permits the privilege, or appoints the dispensation, of lying, if it please them, *diagonally* in bed, must resort to all kinds of curvilinear figures, and in vain, for relief; that married people sleep sounder than others, *they* know very well; for me, not in possession of that heroic remedy, (on whatever *principle* it may operate,) I have tried all sorts of "poppy and mandragora" in vain, nor have I found the beautiful invocation of Sophocles in a single instance successful:

> Ἴκεν' ὑπνας ἀδὰς, ὕπνι δ' ἀλγίων,
> ἰυὰν ἀμὶν τέλεις
> ἰυάιων, ἰυάιων ἀναξ.

Seven o'clock! The sleep of exhausted sensibility, a poor substitute for that of nature, now lies heavy on the lids; but a blast is about to be blown, to which the trumpet of Alecto were a trifle, though its sounds pervaded central Italy and penetrated into the valley of the Nar!—Oh, if Saint Peter could but be induced to remove the pinch of his black finger and thumb from the shoulders of the *fish* to the throat of the vociferator! One, two, three—ten—twenty,—here they come! Hark to that fellow's *Irish trachea* of no common calibre! I know it is not *generally* thought that *Burking* will be legalised during the *first* session of the reform parliament, but really an organ of that diameter neatly suspended in alcohol, would be an acquisition to *any* museum. There is no *other* chance of getting it; for I know, by long experience, that the people who make loud noises in the streets *never die*; the cries, and of course the criers, in the highways and byways of great cities are *immortal*;—the *blind obviously live for ever*; and the orbless man who sells boot-laces in Piccadilly may have carried on that branch of commerce during the Trojan war, when, as we may conjecture from a Homeric epithet or two, the article of leathern thongs was much in request. A finer arena for the discord in question could not be selected than *Blythswood Square*, of which the four sides repeat the various inflexions of unequal voice, with singularly fine effect! As, however, in this opera, the *female* performers are *not* the favourites, and have little chance with the *males*, let me then throw out a hint:—the municipal Authorities of Glasgow, were they men of *any* gallantry, should really furnish the weaker sex, or at any rate one or two of the prima donnas employed in this engaging commerce, with *ship trumpets*; the effect would be very grand. What! has a shoal of *whales* invaded the Clyde?—what! all this explosion for *haddocks* only!—It begins, I said, at seven; it ends—no! it *never* ends. Some *tons* of the delicate fish in question have been *assimilated* and *identified* with the animal economy, while the immortal cry of "*Caller haddies*" affords the assurance that there is *still* a considerable stock on hand. Ecoutez!—a method has occurred to me by which, as far at least as the *male* sex are concerned, the evil under discussion (if it *be* an evil, but perhaps some people like it) might be brought within some bounds of moderation. If his *Lordship* the Provost, and his *Baillie* confraternity, would but consent to educate the future *heralds of the haddock mart* in an *Italian conservatorio*—(and there are

many vessels in Clyde that trade to Leghorn)—the joint assistance of the music-master and *another* functionary would, in a few years, furnish the banks of the Clyde (though the *Irish* performers might object to the discipline) with excellent soprani.

Eight o'clock;—a lull to the storm! at least to *that storm*; but imagine not that you shall even now enjoy tranquillity, and sleep one little hour in peace! —carpets are to be beaten.—Oh, that the loom in which that dust-retaining web is wrought had never been invented! The small battery of these accursed sharp-shooters now opens at either corner of the square; clatter, clatter, clatter, for a full quarter of an hour, without a moment's repose, by Shrewsbury clock! The interesting delegates who execute this order of domestic despotism, thick-legged, red-elbowed, loosely-zoned, sub-masculine figures—are perfect adepts; the rhythm is faultless; *time* is rigorously kept. *You* might wait for the dissipation of the *cloud* they raise, in the hope of beholding the *Venus* it might conceal; experience has taught me *not to do so*; and, with a certain quantity of cotton in my ears, and imperfectly articulated maledictions on my lips, I only wait for the slowly retiring step of the perspiring damsels with their folded carpets under their arms. I had almost forgotten to say, and it would have been an important omission, that the criers of *Belfast Almanacks* are among the vocal performers of this city. The *months* consist of the same number of days at Belfast as elsewhere; the predictions are as *true;* but the popularity of the Belfast Almanack consists in its being sold for *a penny*, and its not being *fletri by a red stamp*. Accidents and offences are here recommended to public sympathy or indignation by *harmonies* composed on the respective emergencies; a shipwreck in the Clyde employs and feeds a dozen very large mouths; the diffusion of any calamity through Glasgow is always a regular cantilena *for two voices;* a murder keeps many wretches alive for another week, and the suspension of one man's respiration by the hangman, prodigiously accelerates that function in some of his blackguard survivors. The *last* noise that it occurs to me to mention, but it is not peculiar to Glasgow, is that of *bells*. I was going to say *hang* all bells! but that is precisely the *reverse* of my wish. This hateful instrument (that is when its calibre is beyond that of a sheep-bell or your Spanish muleteers') is of *high* antiquity. Would that the invention had perished with the inventor! Every established church has its *gong*—not always "flat," though "stale and unprofitable." He that hath heard, as I have heard, the unearthly voice of the muezzin from the minaret, may think, as I do, that *tintinnabulary noise* is not the happiest citation to the house of prayer. The pagan temples were frequented *without* any summons; people go to change and market *without* bells to call them; they find their way to the opera, or to the agreeable dinner party, *without* clocks or alarums. Bells in taverns are really useful, and accordingly, in Scotland, out of the great cities, you seldom find them; as to the church bells *here*, they sound as if they were muffled in wet blankets, and ringing a knell at the sun's funeral!

The *ancilla* genus is very scarce and indifferent in Glasgow. Your neat, succinct lady's maid, your comely nursery-maid of the Green Park, who hath learned to keep her *eye* on the little wretches she conducts, and yet can occasionally afford her *ear* to any conversation that may interest her,—this sort of thing does not exist in Glasgow. As to the mere *nudity* of the *lower extremities*, for which the handmaidens of this city are conspicuous, were it without the reproach of *nastiness*, why as your taste and mine have been exercised a little on classical models, we are not likely to be *offended: au contraire*, while it recalls primeval manners, and puts you in mind of the *Odyssey*, it has, as I occasionally observe, certain *agrémens*. Shoes and stockings *are* monstrous inventions: and I should say, that the noiseless step of a well-turned naked foot on *Brussels* or *Turkey carpet* would be very *agreeable*, and a decided improvement in our domestic interior; a positive refinement! It is *pretty*, too, (this foot,) on the *turf* or heather—very pretty! while it positively offends when trampling in mud, or lacerated by gravel.

Now, how do you like Glasgow? Are you satisfied that *chez nous* more than one sense is in more than one way assailed? Shall I warn you from the *fleshers*, all blood and brains, like the cave of Polyphemus? from the *poulterers*, where, while you are negociating for your solitary partridge, you may be surprised

——————— at the cry
Of some strong turkey *in its agony* *?

from the *confectioners*, under the special patronage of *Libitina*, as I conjecture from the popular *affiche* in all of them, of *funeral biscuits*? from the unscavengered street-crossings, which even *voluntary* alms would indemnify for cleansing? from *contact*, if you can *help it*, with the descendants of the old Numidian family of *Tacfarinas*† (the bakers), who walk *arm in arm*, and contest the wall with you *passim*, but chiefly at the cross.

It is hard to quit an inexhaustible subject, but I must conclude; and may, or may not, in my next, slightly *perstringe* the manners and anti-cheerful peculiarities of Glasgow. In a capacity for conversation, in acquaintance with its *gentle* laws, in indulgence for its *latitudes*, the people of this part of Scotland have made very inconsiderable progress; the playfulness of the social hour you had better not expect, and *far* better not undertake to promote: the *matter-of-factists* will put down as your *sober* opinion, and the guide of your conduct, the ~~ira furiosa~~ inspired by the festivity of the hour, the *Lafitte* before you, or the *lady* by your side.

The Sunday here is most sabbatically kept. They shut up the only promenade which in the opening spring possesses the least *amenity*, the Botanic Gardens, and *prevent* some scores of people from rejoicing among the most beautiful and consoling of the works of God, in order that the *one or two* attendants may *go to church*, that is, listen to——*mais que voulez-vous?* I dare say some of the *ultras* would prevent the seed from germinating, or the herb from bursting its vegetable bonds on Sunday, if it depended upon *them*. I once knew an old woman who shut up her cock together with his concubines—(she should first have separated them)—every Sunday in a dark cellar, to perform penance, before she went to church. In this horrid place, every Sabbath brings a suspension of all that makes other dull places tolerable. Few walk; none venture to mount a horse; the steam-vessel lies like a *sleeping water-fowl on the beautiful Clyde*; the poor mechanic cannot, if he would, ventilate his lungs, or refresh his wife and children on its pure waters; pent up in his close or vennal, amidst the *fomites* of fever and dysentery, he must make the best of it. O the horrors of a Scottish Sabbath in its cities! What penances will not men impose on their own consciences!—and the results? *Je n'en sais rien.* But I *know* that the Christian exercise of voice commonly called *scandal* is not *less* practised here than elsewhere, and observe that the citizen of the Clyde pursues his diurnal interests with certainly not less intensity of purpose than other people. The same average quantity of solid virtue and social worth may, *must* exist here, as in other places, but I will say that the virtue is somewhat less seductive, and the social disposition, perhaps in the situation of the kernel of a very hard nut, which must *first be broken*, and which all will not take the trouble to break.

On the whole, I own that I should not quite like to leave my bones under one of the huge cast-iron SAFES which you see placed over the *tombs*. These safes are *grilles* of great solidity and large dimensions, which, on the first inspection, suggest a suitable accommodation for an *extensive menagerie*; you seem to have a right to expect the muzzle of a lion or the formidable claw of a tiger to protrude from beneath. Adieu, then, till we meet in spring to enjoy our pleasant walk along the Boulevards.

I remain, dear Vernon, yours affectionately,

HENRY D'ARCY.

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* ——————— the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.—*Don Juan.*

† *Tacfarinas.*—Tacit. Annal.

PAGANINI'S FIDDLE.

" Il cantar, che nell ANIMA, si sente."—PETRARCH.

" This must be spirit music, good my Lord!"—TEMPEST.

WHAT traveller who has ever visited " Genoa la Superba" can forget the Strada Balbi, with its marble palaces, its bright frescos, and hanging orange groves? Who can forget that clear blue sky, whose tints are reflected in the Mediterranean, and whose heat is tempered by the " aria marina " which there so gratefully refreshes the southern atmosphere? Bright and sunny as the picture is, still, like all others, it has its reverse; and some of the narrow lanes, which lie in the vicinity of this magnificent street, present, as if by way of contrast, scenes of dirt, desolation, and wretchedness, unequalled in any even of the Italian cities.

In one of these miserable byways, in 1810, the period at which our story commences, Nicolo Paganini, the violinist " *par excellence*," whose name has since been borne upon the wings of Fame throughout all Europe, and who has been deemed, in the judgment of the musical world, unrivalled and supreme in the arcana of his art, dwelt in poverty, unnoticed and unknown. He was the inhabitant of one of the poorest shops in the " vicolo," or narrow lane, and barely obtained enough by working as a musical instrument-maker to support himself and his aged mother, who for many years had been his sole companion. For some time past their circumstances had been gradually declining, and the little patrimony bequeathed to Paganini by his father had been dissipated and exhausted, so that the poor Genoese had been reduced from comparative independence to obtain his daily bread by his daily labour. This had not always been the case. The little shop of Paganini had at one time exhibited an appearance of comfort, and even wealth; he and his mother Brigitta had been decently clad; and as there were not many tradesmen in Genoa who followed the same occupation, he had obtained a tolerable livelihood. At that period he might regularly have been seen working cheerfully at the door of his little habitation, gaily humming some of the favourite airs of his native city, and repaying with interest the good-humoured jokes of the Genoese damsels, who often raised their veils in passing to gaze upon his thin, ungainly figure, and wild, spirit-like face. But all his bright prospects of independence had been clouded; and one unfortunate calamity seemed to doom him to continued melancholy and to hopeless poverty—he had become the victim of monomahia; a devoted prey to one unchangeable idea, which haunted him night and day, and whose impulses he blindly followed, regardless of the privations he might suffer or give rise to. His poor mother, deeply afflicted at seeing him thus dissipate his substance, in vain entreated him not to reduce her to misery. Her supplications were disregarded, sometimes unheard, and her son continued to neglect his ordinary occupation; so that by degrees all his savings, his stock in trade, his furniture, and even his very clothes, were swallowed up in the expenses incurred by the futile experiments which his monomania induced him to make. It must, however, be confessed, that if there had been any chance of his attaining his object, Paganini had hit upon an excellent speculation. Having in his possession a violin of the celebrated

Mantuan maker, Tartini, for which several amateurs had offered him extravagant prices, the idea of imitating the excellencies of that maker suddenly flashed across his mind. He calculated, fairly enough, that if he could produce a violin, copied from his model with mathematical exactness, formed of a similar description of wood, and coloured and varnished in a similar manner, his instrument would fully equal the original in tone and value. In spite, however, of all his endeavours, he always discovered some trifling differences between the copy and the model—some indefinitely slight distinctions which rendered it necessary to commence the work over again. Thus the poor instrument-maker seemed destined to the endless task of constructing new violins, and of making infinitely close approximations to, without ever reaching, the perfection which he aimed at. At last, after many experiments, Paganini's original idea became somewhat modified; he had completed a violin which, to all appearance, was a perfect copy of the Tartini, and which, nevertheless, was so wholly inferior to it, that Paganini began to suspect that some element of a superior nature, some intellectual essence above his reach, existed in the composition of that *chef-d'œuvre* of violins. "Who knows," said he, raising his tall, thin figure, and fixing his dark, unearthly eyes upon a Genoese professor, who endeavoured to solve his problem by some new application of the theory of sound,—"Who knows whether I should not seek, out of the pale of this gross material world, the solution of my doubts? Words are the representatives of ideas, are they not? Well then, when I speak of the soul of music which dwells within my violin, perhaps I may have unwittingly mentioned the obstacle which retards me; perhaps there may be a soul of music! What think you, Signor?" The Professor, with an inward conviction of the madness of poor Paganini, only answered by shaking his head in that oracular, Lord Burleigh style which means everything or nothing, and left the shop, while Paganini continued soliloquising. "Aye, the soul of music! but how is that spirit to be invoked, and to what incantations will it prove submissive? I have heard of one Mozart, a German, who has effected wondrous music with a zauberflöte, (a magic flute,) why should there not be also a magic violin? Let me consider now." His head sunk on his breast, and he only became the more deeply buried in his speculations.

One day a customer, who brought him a fiddle-bow to have it repaired, forgot in his shop a book, which remained there unreclaimed for some time. Paganini, in his hours of leisure, which were rare, (for when his hands were not engaged in manual labour his poor visionary brains were at work,) turned over the leaves. It was one of those respectable monuments of Florentine patience which the press of Messer Giulio Aliberti produced in the seventeenth century—the prototype of the modern Encyclopædias and Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge. The author of the work, which thus fell into Paganini's hands, modestly professed his intention to treat "*de omnibus rebus*, and also of many other things," and certainly did his best to fulfil his profession by making his book, like Lord Brougham's head, a universal repertorium! There a chapter upon the best form of government was to be found beside one upon the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne; and a receipt for making Cyprus wine was followed by a dissertation on the Council of Trent. As Paganini indolently turned over its leaves, the words "Transmigration of Souls" suddenly met his eye. He started up in extasy, feeling that his

hour was come, and that the great secret which he had so long sought, and sought for in vain, was on the point of being revealed to him. He devoured the chapter, which contained merely an account of the Indian doctrine of the Metempsychosis; and conceiving that a new light had burst in upon him, occupied himself in making preparations for the great physiological experiment, which he hoped would soon crown his efforts.

Three months after Paganini had perused the volume which had so deeply attracted his attention, and had become imbued with the idea of the eternal transmigration of souls, through animate and inanimate bodies, thus convincing himself of the possibility of animating an inanimate violin, the interior of the little shop which he inhabited presented a strange and unusual scene. It was one o'clock in the morning; not a sound was to be heard in the devoted streets of Genoa; and then, in a small apartment behind his shop, whose darkness was only rendered visible by one small lamp, lay Brigitta Paganini, the mother of our artist, in the pangs of her last hour, upon the very same black leather bed on which, thirty years before, her son Nicolo had been brought into the world. We would not, however, insinuate for a moment, that Paganini had murdered his mother for the sake of establishing his theory. No; he had not as yet reached so high a degree of apathetic philosophy. The respectable old lady was only dying of a cancer, which she had rendered inveterate by copious doses of rosolia. There she lay, a prey to all the agonies which that torturing disease inflicts upon its victims, speechless, and only giving evidence of her existence by deep and painful groans; and beside the bed stood her son Nicolo, pale but determined,—unnerved by the pangs of which he was witness,—not one tear glistening in his eyes,—not one muscle of his face exhibiting an expression of sympathy. No: all his faculties were absorbed in watching the expiring woman, while he applied to her dying lips a long leathern tube connected with the violin lying upon the table.

At fifty-two minutes and some seconds past one the respiration of poor Brigitta suddenly ceased; her pulse stopped,—her eye became fixed;—and her son, almost shouting for joy, having received her last breath in the tube, hermetically stopped the entrance, and forced the dying sigh down the leathern passage into the body of the violin. This, it is hardly necessary to inform our readers, was the experiment over which Paganini had so long pondered. This was the impious attempt which, with the heartlessness of ambition, he made to imprison the soul of his respectable mother in the bowels of a violin. Happily, however, the superhuman experiment was frustrated. The Indian philosophers, who fancied the last sigh, the *anima ultima*, to be synonimous with the soul, had misled him through their false system of metaphysics. The human *soul* has other modes of reaching the regions of eternal misery or bliss than through the medium of human respiration; and the result of the experiment was to imprison, not the *soul*, but the *ghost*, the surviving human breath of the estimable Brigitta, in the fiddle of her son. It must not, however, be imagined that such audacious tampering with the things of the invisible world were unattended with evil to the bold experimenter. At the moment when the great effort was accomplished, and the ghost was heard fluttering for freedom against the sides of the violin, Paganini, exhausted by the efforts which he had made, and the emotions which he had experienced, sunk lifeless upon the floor, and remained there until the sun was already high in the heavens.

When he recovered, it was only by slow degrees that the transactions of the night were presented to his mind. With a slow and trembling step he approached the bed upon which his mother lay. He closed her eyes, which seemed to regard him with a melancholy and reproachful glance; and then, throwing aside all thoughts of repentance, rushed in ecstacy to the table on which the violin lay, and, gently touching the strings, ascertained, from the soothing spiritual sounds which issued from it, that his experiment had not been without effect. His violin had at length become a something more than human!

Gradually, and by awful degrees, did Paganini venture to make use of the magic power which he had thus acquired. The place in which the incantation had been performed grew hateful to him: he quitted Genoa, where he had become an object of suspicion and envy, and went to exhibit his magic violin upon the more extensive theatres of Rome and Naples. Everywhere his music produced the most astonishing effects; everywhere he was heard with the deepest rapture, his performance striking even the most jealous of his rivals dumb with admiration. At Rome he had the honour of a private audience with the Pope at the Quirinal Palace, and had the incredibly religious audacity to perform upon the spirit of his mother for the entertainment of Pius VII. and a select conclave of Cardinals. The Pontiff, after consulting Cardinal Gonsalvi, pronounced the music to be heavenly!—a judgment which the reader must needs regard as a striking proof of Papal fallibility, as the spirit of Brigitta was not in heaven, and, at best, was subject to all the tortures of a musical purgatory,—now groaning in the *de profundis* of a bass, and now hurried aloft into the aërial wailings of E *in altissimo.* Her voice is particularly observable in his E flats. However Paganini departed from Rome covered with honours; and at Naples his success was still more remarkable. The King assigned a suite of apartments in the Caserta Palace for his use. The Lazzaroni, awakened from their usual "dolce far niente," pointed him out to each other in the streets, "Ecco il gran sonatore;" and, better than all, the Opera-house was crowded to suffocation every night of his performance, and crowns and sonnets were showered upon his head. Little did the Roman Pontiff, or the amateurs of the San Carlo, think, while they listened to the unearthly tones of the enchanted instrument, that it was spirit music sounded in their ears,—that it was the injured spirit of the imprisoned Brigitta pleading in plaintive tones for her release.

At length, thanks to the newspapers and M. Laporte, the fame of Paganini reached the good city of London, where higher rewards than even those in the Arabian tale await the inventor of a new pleasure, and where novelty calls down a golden shower more surely than the conductor attracts the electric fluid. Money was all-powerful in the soul of the Italian, and to London he went; passing, however, through Paris, where he had the good fortune of "assisting" at a grand review of the National Guard by Louis Philippe, one or two "émeutes," and about a dozen concerts. At London Paganini at last arrived; and there his unhallowed thirst for fame and gold was doomed to experience some foretaste of its punishment. It is true that his concerts were well attended; his name was the topic of every tongue; enterprising booksellers puffed his pseudo-biographies; grave physiologists wrote essays upon his physical organization; his face and figure disfigured every printshop; and sentimental young ladies (there is no nation more

romanesque than the English) laid their bewitching selves, and still more bewitching fortunes at his feet! Even the barriers of the exclusives fell at his approach! He was *fêted* at Lady Y——'s and the Duke of D——'s; and, to crown the triumph of his soul, managers vied in offering him the hugest engagements!

Sed medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

"Amidst the roses fierce repentance rears her snaky crest."

While the triumph of the violinist was at its highest, the cup of pleasure, for a time, was dashed from his guilty lips. At his last concert in the Haymarket, an old Genoese, the butler of the Sardinian Ambassador, happened to be present He had known, "dans les beaux jours de sa jeunesse," under the bright sky of Italy, Brigitta Paganini; he had known and passionately loved her; and the recollections of his early attachment had never been obliterated from his susceptible bosom. When the first sounds of Paganini's violin reached his ears, he started in amazement; a thousand recollections of youth, of home, of happiness, of the smiles and tears of former years, were excited by the plaintive tones of his early love issuing from the fiddle. Human nature could not support the shock, and old Pietro fainted. Some of his fellow-domestics, it is true, accused him of having swallowed at dinner too large a portion of that pernicious potation, so pleasing to Londoners, called gin: but Pietro stoutly maintained the next morning (for on the fatal evening he had been carried to bed in the most affecting state), that his emotion had not been occasioned by any earthly spirit, but by the heavenly spirit of his long-lost Brigitta. He immediately proceeded to 22, Regent-street, demanded an interview with Paganini, approached him with tottering steps, and, in a hollow voice, demanded, "Where is thy mother?" This question overcame the shattered nerves of the conscience-stricken fiddler. He glared unutterable things,—struck his forehead frantically,—rushed from the room, with his fiddle-case under his arm; locked the door upon the astonished Pietro,—ordered post-horses instantly,—and quitted England never to return.

Such, at least was his intention; but the love of gold is stronger than the love of one's mother, or even than the dread of her ghost. At any rate, all the Genoese think so, and some few Englishmen; otherwise so many good lessons in childhood and one's copy-book would not be so soon forgotten by the dealers in bank-notes and fiddle-notes. News was brought to Paganini that Pietro, not many hours after his interview with him, had died of a locked jaw, and that his notion of the maternal spirit had been looked upon by the incredulous English as the fancy of a disordered brain. Paganini sighed; looked at his strong box; gave a few ducats to the church of St. Siri for the repose of his mother's soul! (so inconsistent is superstition;) and set off again with that very soul in his fiddle-case for England.

"With this sauce," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, speaking we forget of what exquisite condiment, "a man might eat his father."

"With this temptation," quoth Paganini, looking at a fresh draft on a banker, with a groan betwixt rapture and remorse, "a man may, and *must*, play the devil with the ghost of his mother."

T.

THE RUINED LAIRD.

"WHAT 'ill that be, Mrs. Græme?"

"What, Aberfoy?"

"De'il take it, woman, have ye no got a pair of ears to yer head? What's that skirling and screaming among the bairns?"

"Why, how can I tell? they 're always screaming and fighting. I suppose the boys have quarrelled;—or, maybe, they 're teasing Jeanie ——"

"Weel, weel, take yere own way, Mrs. Græme; but it 's little comfort to a man to see the mother of his children, and the mistress of his house, lie daudling on a fine sofa, instead of being up and about, bestirring herself (there again! hear till't,) and preventing the little leisure poor means leave him from being spent (there again!) in flichting at the servants and correcting the bairns. It 's no for a reproach I say it, Mrs. Græme, but Aberfoy was a different place when my mother saw the sun rise every morn on Bencruach, and wanted no grumblin' lady's-maid to draw away the curtain and show when it was day-light."

The speaker was a dark, stout-made, handsome-looking man of about five-and-forty, dressed in a green plaid waistcoat and shooting-jacket; in his hand he held a paper advertising a show of cattle to be held at some distance from Aberfoy, the particulars of which he had vainly attempted to master during the succession of discordant noises which had finally provoked him to address his wife. On this lady he bent an angry and contemptuous look; but he might as well have attempted to frown away the rain from his harvest-field, as indolence from the nature of Mrs. Græme of Aberfoy. He might have sworn, stormed, scolded, till doomsday; she knew he would not beat her, and she was just the sort of woman who dreaded, or rather heeded, nothing else. Ten years since both thought they had done a most satisfactory thing in getting married. The laird of Aberfoy (who, up to that period, when the death of his father left him master of the small and barren, but beautiful place of that name, had scarcely ever been sixty miles from home) encountered his future bride at Bath,—to which place he had gone to convey a crooked and sickly sister; and as he had been chiefly accustomed to draw his notions of female manners from this, and three other more robust and consequently more active sisters, he immediately, with the natural caprice of man's heart, decided that there was a charm in the languid grace of the young West Indian widow. She had all the gentle sweetness of his sister Nanny, without the painful deformity and feebleness which made that gentleness seem only part of the disease. She had the gaiety of Catherine,—the beauty of Margaret,—the magnificent figure of Ellen, without the loud, shrill laugh, the tanned and harsh complexion, the horse and foot activity, which distinguished these young ladies. They were all well and comfortably married in Scotland: Nanny was well and comfortably settled at Bath, and the small annuity secured to her for which his father's will had especially provided: why should he not marry the divine West Indian, whose sleepy Creole eyes, so "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," were always turned upon him, and whose indolent smile had such inexpressible witchery in it? There was no just cause or impediment; and there was a temptation, besides, in the knowledge that the widow, who had but been a wife a year and a half, had inherited great part of her husband's property.

Græme of Aberfoy, though poor himself, had what is technically termed "great expectations." His uncle, Sir Douglas Græme, was one of the proudest of Scotland's proud baronets: his castle stood on an eminence, and every inmate held his or her head proportionately high; his shooting tracts were large, he could afford the diversion of deer-stalking to any friends he pleased, and it was rumoured that he actually preferred that they should succeed in bringing down a deer; an enthusiasm which all proprietors of deer-forests are said not to share. He was a kind landlord, a keen sportsman, a great breeder of cattle, and was suspected of winking at the distilling of whiskey on his wild mountainous estate; and he was withal one of the most obstinate men who ever wore tartan. Such as he was, virtues and faults, Græme of Aberfoy loved him with the strong love of habit, and thought him the only great man in his Majesty's dominions; and from the time he was an infant, and rode round the hall on the large Newfoundland dog, to the days when he carried his rifle in company with Sir Douglas, nothing but kindly words had passed between them; and still, as years rolled by, the increased respect and interest evinced by the Highland tenantry, and the increased puffiness of the sighs breathed by the fair and fat wife of the sturdy Baronet, (sighs of regret and disappointment,) pointed him out more clearly as the heir to the honours and estate of the haughty Græme. This was a pleasing prospect, and one which could not fail to have weight with the West Indian widow; who, after duly considering that so kind a brother must make an easy husband, that the air of Scotland would brace her nerves and spirits, and that he certainly was devotedly attached to her, languidly imposed silence on some envious spinster of Bath who was remarking on the broad Scotch in which that attachment was expressed, and declared her resolution to become Mrs. Græme of Aberfoy.

What a pity it is that some transmuting power, such as the witches and fairies of old possessed, cannot be exercised over those individuals who wish mutually to bind themselves in an indissoluble bond! What a pity that a change (not, indeed, of the same gay nature, but equally great and complete with that of the chrysalis) cannot take place in the mind and temper of each of the "happy couple" about to be united. *Then*, perhaps, those "days of disappointment," to which Rosamond's blue jar bears so close a resemblance, might be spared the pained hearts of many worthy and amiable individuals, fond of choosing exactly what will not suit them, and of grumbling afterwards at what cannot be undone;—then many a bitter mortification might be warded off from those who find most of what were charms in the lover's eyes, resolve themselves into faults in the opinion of the husband. The merry-hearted girl would not then be snubbed for her giddiness, nor the graceful, lounging, fine-lady-bride scolded for her indolence. The magician's wand should reverse every quality in the self-same hour that the wedding ceremony was performed.

O Love! false mirage of our deceiving life, why dost thou hide from our dazzled eyes the sands of the desert over which we have to travel? Why dost thou create in the distance that vision of a cool and quiet resting-place—a living fountain of joy? Lo! as we tread, it vanisheth before us, and the burning plague settles in heart and brain: there is no freshness in our youth—no spirit in our hope!—Be still, complaining voice!—Were the fulness of love to be found on earth, what soul

would spread its wings towards Heaven? weary with wandering over the earth in search of a home, which all seek, and none may ever find!

The magician's wand had not been exercised over Mr. and Mrs. Græme of Aberfoy, and the consequence was, that they shortly became less pleasing to each other. The indolence which had been so captivating in the Creole widow was exceedingly inconvenient in the Highland laird's wife; and the patience which Mrs. Græme had seen so unfailing in the case of the feeble and deformed Nanny seemed entirely lost when it was taxed by her own graceful, well-proportioned self;—as years rolled by, too, Mrs. Græme grew less graceful—less well-proportioned. Three successive confinements, and six years of utter inactivity, combined to change

"The form that was fashioned as light as a fay's"

to a corpulence anything but becoming in the eyes of Aberfoy; and a neglect of her once carefully-studied toilette,—that first symptom of dissatisfaction in an indolent and silly woman,—deteriorated from a beauty naturally evanescent. But these would have been "trifles light as air" in the sight of her husband, had she happened to please Sir Douglas and Lady Græme. To his mortification, surprise, disappointment, despair, not only she did not please, but she was positively an offence to their eyes—a thorn in their sides—an object of dislike and contempt. Græme of Aberfoy knew his uncle's prejudices well enough to be aware that the bare fact of his wife not being a Scotchwoman, and being chosen without reference to any one's taste but his own, would make the introduction of the divine West Indian, as he expressed it, "a kittle task;" and he frankly explained his hopes that she would take pains, and his fears that she might fail in making herself as adored as he desired by his dear uncle. And his lady, as her head rested on his shoulder, raised her sleepy southern eyes, and smiled one of those slow, fond, languid smiles, by which she was in the habit of expressing her assent without the trouble of saying "Yes." Evidently, she would attempt to please; and, attempting it, how could she fail?

Poor Aberfoy! he had not reflected, that doting parents rearing their last child, a train of black slaves, a host of yellow lovers, an indulgent husband, and, finally, a wealthy widowhood, were not exactly efficient schools of preparation for teaching his lovely wife's will to bend to that of strangers; nor did he sufficiently consider that she was the less likely to make allowance for the peculiar pride of birth common to all his countrymen, and especially observable in Sir Douglas, as she really did not know who was her great-grandfather, or whether she ever had one. A faint attempt at conciliation on Mrs. Græme's part was followed by mutual disgust and mutual coldness between the relations. Aberfoy found that gentleness of manner can be, and very frequently is, accompanied by determined obstinacy; and when his eldest son was born, it was a matter of hesitation and discussion whether the laird of the little place should ride over to the baronet's castle (where they had ceased to visit) to communicate the tidings, or whether they should await in sullen silence the notice which might be taken of the event by the family. It was not interest, it was not ambition, which prompted the decision to which the laird came, as he bent above his new-born infant's cradle,—it was *the father* which woke in his heart, and made him yearn to show the proud old man his beautiful boy; and he went.

A temporary reconciliation was the result; and, for some time, things went pretty smoothly, with the exception of the loss of Mrs. Græme's West Indian property, which hurricanes, mismanagement, and rascally agents had reduced to an empty vision. At the time, this loss was little heeded. Mrs. Græme herself, feeling no diminution of her daily comforts, wrapped in the same shawls, lying on the same sofa, bore the news with great equanimity; and Aberfoy, intent on regaining his uncle's good-will, thought nothing of importance but as it related to this grand object, and took the occasional sneers at the *do-nothingness* of his once worshipped wife with a calm philosophy, in which sympathy in his uncle's irritation, and consciousness of the truth of his uncle's severe remarks, seemed to be far more prominent than any wish to defend or excuse the defects commented upon.

But the time came when the deceitful calm, broken only at intervals by slight breezes, was to give place to the storm and shipwreck. Sir Douglas, in vouchsafing once more to smile on his offending nephew for the sake of the little pledge before-mentioned, had arrogated to himself all the privileges of father, mother, grandfather and grandmother, uncle and guardian, in one. His natural obstinacy seemed to have found a constant subject of exercise. Whether the point to be decided were great or small,—the choice of the young Græme's future profession, or of the day's dinner of broth or pap,—equally authoritative, equally determined, was the sturdy Sir Douglas. An unhappy difference—a mad disinclination on the part of Mrs. Græme to the clan tartan, and an expressed wish to substitute the royal Stuart as a proper dress for her boy, caused an open breach. Sir Douglas was bitter and haughty beyond even his usual manner;—Mrs. Græme was sick, peevish, and looking forward to the birth of another little Græme. High words were exchanged; and Aberfoy had the satisfaction, as he flung open the door on his return from shooting, to hear his languid, passive beauty's thanks to God "that she could afford to dress her child without depending on Sir Douglas," followed up by a bitter execration, pronounced by the baronet on his own immortal soul, for having ever been fool enough to countenance and protect the daughter of a black,—and a command that she would forthwith remove herself, her child, and all that belonged to her, from the castle which her presence had polluted, and her tartan predilection disgraced. The quarrel may appear ridiculous—the cause inadequate—the conduct of both parties improbable; but those only who have witnessed it can vouch for the intense fury produced by slight causes, where mutual disinclination and strong prejudice give every word a double force to wound, and make every action an offence.

Many years had passed away between the date of this dispute and the disturbing squalls of the three children, with which we opened our narrative. Many changes had taken place. Mrs. Græme had grown fatter, more indolent, and more complaining, with occasional fits of sullenness to vary her existence. Aberfoy's luxuriant black hair was beginning to be much sprinkled with grey, and his figure was losing the air of strength and activity it had formerly possessed; he had taken greatly to drinking, and gave way to sudden fits of passion, the vehemence of which was sometimes fearful. His frank, happy manner was gone, and he had that cramped cold feeling about his heart, peculiar to men whose wives do not suit them, and who cannot pay their quarterly bills. The general

opinion in the country was, that "Aberfoy would be ruined *if* Sir Douglas did not leave him his property." It was then already a matter of doubt with some, whether eventually some other destination might not be found for the gold in his uncle's coffers, and the woods on his uncle's hills. Lady Græme had long since breathed her last apoplectic sigh, and the widower had betaken himself (to the astonishment of his nephew, friends, and tenantry) to a lengthened residence in England, and subsequently to a tour on the continent. Graham Castle was now a blank in the lists of trespassers on Scotch hospitality, and Aberfoy sighed as he caught a glimpse of its grey turrets from one hill to another; and sighed too, when he looked at his two beautiful boys, as they clambered up the rock and mountain, wild, sturdy, and radiant with health, to think that their grand uncle had not an opportunity of seeing how well he was provided with heirs in a direct line. Sir Douglas at length returned for a little while. No notice was taken of the inmates of Aberfoy; but accident throwing the two children in his way, he was struck by their beauty and intelligence; took them with him to the castle; showed them hunting horns and powder pouches, stuffed deer and ptarmigan; and finally taking it into his head that one of his favourite dogs recognised in the person of little Douglas the infant so unceremoniously expelled some years before, he was unaccountably touched by the display of affection in the brute, for the child whom his domestics would have deemed it impolitic and insolent to caress while under the ban of their chief; he gave the dog to little Douglas, and told him to bring his brother to the castle whenever they liked to come. Sunshine, in all its splendour, never brightened the face of nature in the eye of man, as did the intelligence brought by the children to Aberfoy. His boys—his beloved boys—would at least be masters of the castle; his own struggles and embarrassments, petty privations and vexations,—what were they? If he died involved—if he died in prison—his boys would still be provided for. For the first time for several years, Aberfoy felt sanguine, hopeful, inspired; for the first time for many months of increasing pressure and discomfort, he smiled, jested, and tapped gaily at Mrs. Græme's window, to announce the tidings, instead of dawdling sullenly into the little old-fashioned parlour, and flinging himself into his father's high chair, with his eyes vacantly fixed on his father's old gun, as it hung above the mantel-piece. But, alas! for the obstinacy of women in general—of Mrs. Græme in particular; the indolent spirit was roused, and she declared that no child of hers should crave the capricious favour of one too proud to own himself in fault, and who refused to notice their parents; she had rather die; she had rather starve; and starve they accordingly did. The children succeeded for some time in evading their grand-uncle in his rambles across the hills; and the mother's heart might have been softened could she have seen the lone old man, as he stood gazing wistfully from the proud eminence on which Græme Castle was built, to the glen, thick with fir plantations, where the thin blue smoke might be seen curling upwards from the house of Aberfoy. Sir Douglas had never felt what it was to be *alone* till that autumn. He had had a wife and two brothers; they were dead; he had seen his brother's only son grow up, and almost looked upon him as *his* son. Now they were parted—alienated—even as strangers to each other. He had been fond of the three bright-haired, romping sisters of the disgraced Aberfoy; they had homes, and happy ones, of their own, and came rarely, and as visiters,

to the castle; and lastly, those little cheerful voices, whose shrill ejaculations of admiration and joy had sounded so pleasantly in his ears,—they, too, had deserted him! Sir Douglas Græme whistled to his dogs, and sauntered down to the game-keeper's house. Old Allan was the only one of his servants or dependents with whom he sometimes conversed familiarly.

"Allan," said he, "have ye seen the Aberfoy boys lately?"

"Na, Sir Douglas."

"They've maybe taken to playing the other side of the hill?"

"I'm na sure, Sir Douglas."

"Hoot, man, who expected ye could tell whar they were!"

There was a pause. Allan continued his employment, which was the formation of sundry flies for fishing.

"That's a perfect fly for the stream down by Cruach-side," observed the Baronet, as he watched, or seemed to watch, the handywork of his keeper; and he sighed as he said it. There was another pause. The Baronet looked across the hills—across Ben Cruach—across the silver, thread-like stream, for the fishy inhabitants of which the grey flies were destined—to the fir plantations in the glen. A vague desire to be reconciled to his nephew, and adopt his whole family, including even the obnoxious Creole, now rose in his heart.

"It's long since the boys have been up at the castle," said he.

"'Deed is it, Sir Douglas."

"I wonder I havn't seen them; they used to seem glad to come, poor laddies."

"I'm thinking they're *let*, Sir Douglas," replied Allan, without raising his eyes from the grey fly which was forming under his creative fingers.

"*What*, Sir?" exclaimed Sir Douglas, his shaggy grey eyebrows fiercely knitting over his fiery dark eyes.

"I'm just thinking they're no permitted," murmured the imperturbable Allan, with as little change in his tone as the baronet's anger might have caused in the gurgle of the trout stream over the black stones in its current.

Sir Douglas spoke no more to his gamekeeper; he strode over park and heather, till he found himself in the glen, and within a few paces of Græme of Aberfoy's children, who stood hesitating,—afraid to advance, unwilling to retreat,—sorrowful and startled. Blunt and harsh were Sir Douglas's questions—frank and simple the children's replies;—the old man spoke with increasing irritation, and, at length, setting his teeth, he said, "Ye may tell your lady mother that she's the worst enemy ye ever had, let the other be who he may; and that she'll live to rue the day she ever set eyes on Aberfoy's house or Douglas Græme's castle."

Sir Douglas again departed, and again returned; but this time he did not come alone. A lady, so beautiful, that the very piper (whose age bordered on eighty) was moved to an exclamation when he saw her, accompanied him. She spoke broken English, in a sweet clear voice, the tone of which, as Allan said, would have "wiled the flounders out of the Firth;" and clung to old Sir Douglas's arm, as though she would have crept into his heart for shelter. Even so did the lady cling to Christabel, in that exquisite poem of Coleridge's, till she had made good her entrance over the guarded threshold; and even such a mysterious influence did she exercise when once admitted:—Sir Douglas's will bent to the stranger's

wildest caprices; Sir Douglas's obstinacy melted before one glance of those passionate eyes, whose rarely-lifted lashes—black, long, and silken—made them seem so much more soft than they really were; and within a year of their arrival, and exactly six months before the birth of Græme's little girl Jeanie, Sir Douglas folded to his heart, with all the rapture and energy of a doting father, the child of his old age—the joy of his withering autumnal years—Douglas Antonio Scott Græme!—and in that embrace, as in the coil of a snake, lay crushed all the faint, lingering, half-confessed hopes still cherished for *his* children by the unhappy Græme of Aberfoy.

From the hour of her birth, Jeanie Græme never saw the smile of welcome on a human face. Whether it was that his temper was altogether soured by the events of the last few years, or that the presence of the little infant continually reminded him of the contemporary production at the castle, or a mixture of both causes, certain it is that Aberfoy disliked his daughter, even before her dawning intellect taught her to shrink from his eye and dread his anger—or before constant rebuffs and ill-usage had given her little delicate face the expression so well described by the French phrase "l'air de souffrance." Her brothers took the tone of the household with respect to her, and shunned the feeble creature who haunted their sports without strength of body or elasticity of mind sufficient to enable her to partake of them. Her mother, disturbed in her repose by the eternal rebukes of Aberfoy to the little girl, and her shrill cries when the young boys, with the tyranny natural to their age, used force to compel her to relinquish a toy, or obey a command, bestowed as much dislike as her passive nature could afford;—and the servants saved themselves a vast deal of trouble in the minor concerns of household, by sending Miss Jeanie to collect the eggs for breakfast, to fetch up milk from the farm, or go a message to the village of Pid-Muddie, three miles beyond Aberfoy. It has been said, and I believe with some truth, that "they whom none love, love none;" but to this rule Jeanie Græme must form an exception. She not only was affectionate, but she bestowed the chief part of her affections on the very individual who seemed most to repel them—she loved *her father*, that little deserted, mournful girl!—and she would steal round to meet him when the report of his rifle warned those at home of his approach, without daring to question him, with the natural inquisitiveness of a happy child, as to his day's sport; and feel a sort of pleasure in seeing him sit down to rest, and lift his blue bonnet off the short thick hair which time and vexation had as yet only partially changed. Sometimes, if he seemed *very* weary, she would venture timidly to propose mixing him some whiskey and water or Athol-brose, by way of refreshment; and when the permission was granted, it was a great satisfaction to her to "see papa so thirsty." Gradually, too, she learnt to make herself at least *not* obnoxious—she no longer followed her brothers when they drove her back; she wept softly, or choked back her tears, or wandered out—far, far, and alone—to some spot on the purple hill, where heaven only could witness her weeping. She arranged the folds of her mother's shawls, and comprehended her languid signs, which the Scotch servant-girls always required to be rendered into words, and meekly, if not cheerfully, she bore to be commanded hither and thither by all who had, and by all who had not, a right to do it.

Meanwhile Aberfoy's affairs grew more and more embarrassed, as he

seemed less able to meet his embarrassments. From his uncle he had ceased to have any hopes; and, reckless and half ruined, he defied his creditors, and oppressed his small scattered tenantry. For some time past he had, with one of those desperate and vexatious efforts at petty economy, gone to spend a week here, and a month there, in houses where, as the frank-hearted heir of the Douglas, he had been accustomed to meet a hearty welcome. Sometimes his wife accompanied him—sometimes the terms of the invitation civilly but pointedly excluded her; he was asked as "a bachelor," as "my good fellow," or "to meet a few friends who were coming to shoot;" and from these visits, where he had been daily drunken, mortified, and wretched, the ruined laird used sullenly to return to his comfortless home—to gloom over the days when *his* songs and *his* jokes were reckoned best at the board, and when his presence, like Virginia's, "made a little holiday."

One cloud still darker hung over him. Antonia, the beautiful mother of Sir Douglas's child, seemed at first willing to show him kindness; but there was a sudden coolness, a sudden ceasing even to mention his name, and strange rumours went abroad of his having endeavoured, in a letter, to poison his uncle's mind against the partner of his home, by wild and vague accusations; and still stranger reports were circulated in his defence, as if Antonia had tempted him for the express purpose of being able more entirely to embitter against him every latent feeling of dislike and resentment in the heart of the jealous old man. Aberfoy became more sullen; his house was poorer; his comforts decreased; while the heir of Græme Castle grew strong and lovely—more lovely even than the favourite Douglas of Aberfoy. From time to time his sisters, Margaret, Ellen, and Catherine, endeavoured to make a temporary residence in their own homes agreeable to him, or they asked one of the boys at a time on a long visit; but dependence is at best a bitter thing, and when he saw his wife universally disliked, and taking all favours as if it was *she* who conferred them; when he felt his popularity declining, and saw his sister's husbands severally begin to show that they were weary of helping one who in no way contributed, as formerly, to their amusement; when he knew that his fine-spirited, noble boys, worse dressed, worse clothed, worse fed than their cousins, were twitted with their misfortunes as faults, and laughed at for the disclosures they made of the poverty of their own home; when, in short, he observed the impatience of *continued* misery which exists in the hearts of the generality of men, and which prompts that most ridiculous reply, daily made to the appeal of the houseless beggar, "Why I gave you a penny yesterday!"—Græme of Aberfoy felt that he could struggle no longer; and he was preparing for his return home, with the sullen determination of an animal creeping back to its hole to die, when Catherine's husband (his host at the time) said carelessly as he pushed the silver-wheeled decanter stand down the polished mahogany table, "I wonder now, you don't let, or rather *sell* Aberfoy." Sell Aberfoy! The thing had never entered his brain—never struck him as possible. Sell Aberfoy! where his father, grandfather, great grandfather, were born and died! the home of his childhood—the home he had thought to transmit to his children's children—sell Aberfoy! At first a flush of anger passed across his brow at the suggestion; then, as he gazed round the table at the unsympathising faces of his stranger-friends, and saw only an expression of curiosity as to how he would receive the proposal, and of eagerness, as

he fancied, to determine what chance they had of being rid of him—when he saw the coral lips of his own sister Margaret part as if to persuade him, he could maintain neither fortitude nor anger; his nerves were weakened by habitual excess and unceasing anxiety, and to the surprise and embarrassment of all present, the ruined laird leaned back in his chair, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept.

—But bitterer tears were yet to flow at Aberfoy. The misery of poverty and struggling against petty privations; the dissensions at home and mortifications abroad, were to be whelmed in one awful irremediable stroke. The merry lads, whose spirit privation could not tame, whose growth privation could not check—the bright-eyed, fearless boys, so loved, so idolized by their father, were to be taken from him "both in one day." Attempting to ford the ferry at the stream by Ben Cruach (a feat which they had performed hundreds of times before by the aid of their Shetland pony) they were carried down by the rapid violence of the waters. Far below the ford they were found, locked in each other's arms; and the schemes which affection or ambition had planned for a future they were destined never to see, crumbled into dust! Long, long was it before the father would believe that both—*both* his sons were gone from him in a day, in an hour; delirious with agony, he tossed his arms wildly in the air, shouting alternately the name of one and of the other—calling to them to come back—promising pardon to the survivor for his carelessness in not having been able to prevent his brother's death. Then he would make a desperate effort at calmness, and repeat, in a woeful tone, "Hush! let me understand—let me understand; it is not Douglas who is lost! it is poor Malcolm—poor little merry Malcolm! And yet one would have thought Douglas could have procured assistance in time!" And so, with incoherent sentences, he vented his grief, at intervals reproaching Heaven for having bereaved him so entirely—for not having spared him *one* child to close his eyes and comfort his old age. And little Jeanie stood apart, listening and weeping, but not daring to fling herself into his arms, and weep *there;* for *her* existence there was no rejoicing in the hour of joy—no memory in the hour of sorrow!

It was many days after this event, that the dark-eyed foreigner who now governed all at the castle paused by the rapid stream of Ben Cruach, where, lost in miserable thought, Græme of Aberfoy sat, unconscious of her presence. "Mr. Græme," said she, in her broken tones, "I am grieved for your grief, indeed: oh! do believe that I am. And I came," continued she, after a pause, "I came to ask you whether I could do anything,"—(her voice faltered as she attempted to take his hand, and the tears fell fast from her eyes,)—"that is, whether I could not say anything to Sir Douglas for you."

The bereaved father turned and looked at her, as if seeking to read in her countenance the meaning of her words. His face was drawn and haggard; his hair was as grey as the locks of old Sir Douglas himself. He gazed on the Italian for some minutes; and then, fixing his eyes vacantly on the waters, he said, in a listless tone, "Tell my uncle Aberfoy's for sale by public roup. I'll just sell Aberfoy, and make mysel' a little comfortable. Maybe he'll like to buy it;—ony way, ye'll tell him Aberfoy's to be sold."

C. E. N.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

This is no temple where I stand, and thou
Art but the workmanship of human hands;
Yet, as I gaze upon that lofty brow,
Where the undying bay its leaf expands,
I seem to bend before some holy shrine,—
Such homage yields my spirit unto *thine!*

Shadow! whose silent grandeur stirs my heart,
Canst thou unfold the records of thy day?
Or from thy sleep of death one moment start,
To wake again the rapture-breathing lay?
Pouring impassion'd words upon my ear,
While I am thrill'd with joy akin to fear!

Speak! I adjure thee by the living lyre,
Whose earliest music was Creation's hymn;—
Speak! I invoke thee by the sacred fire
Which, heaven-descended, never can grow dim;—
Ay, by that radiance of the mind, whose rays,
Concentred round thee, shine with quenchless blaze.

By these—which I have worshipp'd from my youth—
I do entreat thee to disclose the strife
Which thou wert wont to wage in search of truth,
In the dim dream of years, miscalled thy life!
When thou wert passion-haunted, and aspired
To fame—by every child of song the all-desired!

Still thou art silent. But thy forehead high
Has furrow'd traces of deep grief and thought;
And there's a history in thine eloquent eye
Of years with sorrowful emotions fraught:
Compress'd thy lips; yet do they seem to tell
What cares of earth upon thy genius fell.

And to have wooed the Muse proclaims thy doom—
A lot of anxious joy and bitter care;
The thrill of inspiration, and its gloom
And after-languor; and the heart's despair,
As a cold world beheld thee waste thy fire
To warm *their* clay, yet reverenced not thy lyre.

What was 't upheld thee through this weary state?—
The bright revealings which thy spirit had
Of its high origin and future fate.
For thus doth Genius make her children glad—
Giving oracular dreams of joy to come
To cheer the worn soul longing for its home!

C . . .

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY *.

NO. III.

The only points in the musical progression of England (during the period we have undertaken to review) that remain to be illustrated, are the scientific attainment and character of our artists.

Three distinct *schools* of vocal science have been established, though something mixed in performance.

1. The Ecclesiastical and Orchestral.
2. The Theatrical.
3. The Italian.

But it must be remembered, that all the followers of either of them, who can lay any pretensions to science, have resorted to the Italian methods of vocalisation, (or forming the voice,) with one single and great exception. The ecclesiastical and orchestral school of England, *par éminence*, was founded by Joah Bates, with his wife, (Miss Harrop,) and Mara as examples; and, by a later descent, by Greatorex, Harrison, and Bartleman, both as examples and instructors. Mr. Bates was an amateur (we must again retrograde a little) who planned and executed the great meetings in Commemoration of Handel, at Westminster Abbey. These, after the introduction of the Italian opera, gave the impulse; we feel it now in all our music, but most in our provincial festivals. The Abbey performances gave this country a character no other has ever yet achieved for vastitude, precision, and excellence in the grander demonstrations of musical art.

The foundation of the style of this school is laid in the union of the church and the oratorio; for although Mr. Greatorex, its real head, studied at Rome under Santarelli, almost the last of the Roman musici, and there obtained the final polish, his taste was decidedly formed in the church, under his first preceptor, Dr. Cooke. His early and deep study of the old masters, but especially of Handel, imbued his mind not only with the feeling, but the manner. His engagement at the Ancient Concerts confirmed and fixed his predilections; and however sensible of the merits of the Italian method, he adhered to the original distinction of the only school that could lay any real claims to be English, and, at the same time, scientific. This distinction is that single word, compounded of so many attributes,—EXPRESSION,—a word which conveys every thing, but defines nothing. We may be pardoned if we endeavour to help the reader to a more precise apprehension of its meaning when thus applied. Expression has, indeed, been defined to be "the best adaptation of sound to sense;" and this axiom was the principle of this, the best school of English singing.

It must never be forgotten, that the compositions chiefly cultivated were grave in subject, strict in treatment; a purity of enunciation, avoiding theatrical inflation, but maintaining a sufficiently emphatic and characteristic dignity—a rejection of all glittering and false ornament—a certain refinement, chastening even the contrasts and transitions of tone which give not alone the lights and shadows, but the more delicate shades of feeling—the absolute avoidance of every thing bordering on

* Continued from Vol. XXXVIII., p. 229.

coarseness or vulgarity, yet preserving all possible strength—these constitute, at once, the essentials of the great style*, which, in this department, is also the English style.

At that period, the music even of the Opera retained much of the gravity of ecclesiastical composition. If such singers as Farinelli had shown how much *could* then be done, in spite of the universality of the complaints on that head, ornament had not become the fashion of the day; the ear had not yet superseded the heart†.

Mara was exalted into the idol of the day by her singing at the Abbey; and if the deep, but comparatively inexperienced impressions of youth may be trusted, her delivery of Handel's most sublime and most pathetic airs was exalted by a majesty and tenderness no singer has since equalled‡. Like all other great exemplars, her influence made itself felt: it was especially felt by the students of this school. Harrison and Bartleman held her in absolute reverence; so far as congruity permitted, they made her a model. To one of this generation it must be difficult to conceive how she so completely apprehended and demonstrated the power of the music; but a little reflection will bring forward a fact as natural to our knowledge of the then general style as of her application of it, namely, that there was a considerably nearer alliance and approximation between the manner of the theatre and the orchestra than subsists at present. The dignity of the one, with a very slight elevation probably, was easily converted into the sublimity of the other. They will bear us out who remember Mara in "Son Regina," and in "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Harrison, the first apostle of this school, was very limited in his powers, but his style was the most perfect specimen of the true cantabile an English singer has ever exhibited. *Tone* is the most indescribable of all attributes, for if we say it is rich, brilliant, and sweet, even to lus-

* "It is scarcely possible completely to describe in what the great style consists. In a singer, it asks a combination of all the faculties of the mind and graces of execution, which address themselves to, and command the highest feelings of nature. The elements of this style are power, pure tone, and a varied expression; an entire command of manner, correct taste, and perfect simplicity: or, in other words, that genuine sensibility, and that intellectual dignity, which enable us to embody, in their finest forms, the conceptions of the poet and the composer, and to employ, in the best manner, the powers of nature and of the art."—*Bacon's Elements of Vocal Science.*

† We are very much disposed to question whether velocity of execution has not advanced as much as any other part of the art, since that date. We strongly suspect, from what we have witnessed during the last forty years, that Farinelli himself would have stood aghast at the power, rapidity, neatness, and, above all, at the fancy of modern artists. Let any one who doubts our interpretation, compare "Son qual Nave," the most difficult *aria d'agilità* ever composed for the musico, with the bravura "Let Glory's Clarion," written for the English *tenor* Braham, by Storace, in *Mahmoud*. This song Mr. B. coursed through like light, in 1797, and even added to the notation of its densely-dotted lines.

‡ Lord Mount Edgecumbe underrates her powers. He says "Mara's talents as a singer (for she was no actress, and had a bad person for the stage) were of the very first order. Her voice, clear, sweet, distinct, was sufficiently powerful, though rather thin, and its agility and flexibility rendered her a most excellent bravura singer, in which style she was unrivalled; and though she succeeded so well in some of Handel's most solemn and pathethic songs, yet, while it was impossible to find fault, still there appeared to be a want of that feeling in herself which, nevertheless, she could communicate to her hearers." We conversed much with the veterans in art about her, at the time she so unfortunately appeared before the public in her age, and they all maintained that her majesty and feeling had no competitor, although every trace of her original manner was then obliterated.

ciousness, we appeal to other senses which have little analogy with hearing. Such, however, was his tone. Though deficient in power, it filled the ear; it satisfied the sense. Smoothness and exquisite polish, a purity of taste that rejected all but the most chaste and appropriate ornaments, the extremest accuracy of intonation, were his perfections. His defects were coldness of imagination, coincident with his restricted powers—a total want of energy and force. He wisely confined himself to songs which lay within his compass and suited his capacity, and, perhaps, his extreme range did not exceed from six to twelve. But we shall probably never again hear, with such unalloyed delight, "Alexis," and "The Soldier's Dream," "Odi grand' Ombra," and Handel's "Pleasure, my former ways resigning."

It is curious to trace, even in our amusements, how the departed great continue to "rule us from their urns." Such was the fascination of Harrison's manner, that no other has ever yet found endurance, much less acceptance and approbation, within his circle. Vaughan, and below him the minor tenors of the Ancient Concert, and of the Three-choir meetings*, are the followers of his steps, nor dare they stray beyond them. To the long and almost unbroken reign of this triumvirate—Greatorex, Harrison, and Bartleman—we owe the true, because the traditional, manner of performing the works of *our* ancients—the Madrigalists, Lock, Purcell, and, lastly, of Handel, enthroned by the dictum of Mozart himself as "the master of them all."

Harrison was, we have seen, limited by his comparatively feeble powers, for his volume was anything but large, and his compass scarcely reached a dozen really good notes. But Bartleman, the bass, gave a range and dignity to the school, which are still remembered with absolute devotion by its followers: he certainly was no ordinary man.

Whoever looks at the songs constructed for this species of voice, Italian and English alike, will perceive that the composers contemplated a large and heavy volume of tone, inflexible except according to an understood routine of triplets and quadruplets. Handel's compositions are as mechanical † as possible: we may refer to such songs as "When storms the Proud," "See the raging Flames," and "The Lord worketh Wonders," in his English; "Del Minacciar del Vento," and "Lascia Amor,"

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* These meetings are perhaps the most striking instances of a love of music, and the credit of an association bearing up against loss, of any in the whole country. The annual (or, as they are called, triennial) meetings of the choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, have now subsisted more than a century. Three clerical and three lay stewards are responsible for the expenses. The receipts at the evening performances go towards the outlay; the collection in the morning, to the charities. But the stewards almost uniformly suffer a loss of about 500*l*. Yet gentlemen are found who consent to this loss for the sake of the science and the honour of their county. The performances are never cramped by economy, but maintain their deservedly high estimation.

† We know not what odium we shall incur by the use of this word. The writer was once so unfortunate as to repeat to an organist of the old school, whom he met at the house of a country gentleman, a saying of a very excellent musician, that "Honour in Arms," in "Samson," appeared to have been written for an ass, since the passages were constructed exactly according to the skips made by that animal in his bray. "In the dead watch and middle of the night," he was alarmed by the repetition of this song in the adjoining chamber, growled by the old man to a miserable harpsichord, for the best portion of two hours, which at breakfast was explained by the poor old gentleman's declaration that he could not go to rest till he had discovered what could give occasion for such a calumny upon Handel.

in his Italian works. But justice desires us to point the attention of the observer also to the majesty given by this very mechanism to "The Lord worketh Wonders," "He layeth the Beams" (originally "Nasce al Bosco"), and the still more characteristic felicity of Polyphemus, in "Oh, ruddier than the Cherry!" A grain of allowance must also be given for (we believe) the well-founded supposition that *the time* when those songs were written was much slower than it is at present. All we have ever understood from the musicians of a former generation accords with our conjecture that bass-singing was rough, heavy, and unpolished; but still possessing a certain weight, and something of majesty from mere calibre. We just remember the elder Sale, whose singing suited this description, *maugre* the favour he was in with George III., no mean judge of that style.

The character of Bartleman's intellect and voice was in diametrical opposition to both the theory and the practice. He was of a spirited and gay temperament, and his voice was strictly a barytone. He had a compass of more than two octaves, and the tone was as penetrating as that of a violoncello, from which instrument perhaps he caught it, for it bore more resemblance to the clear, vibratory, yet stringy effect of Lindley's bass than anything else. Bartleman, too, was himself a violoncello player, which adds force to the opinion. His performance gave to bass-singing a totally new air. He enlivened and exalted its expression, and by his energy of manner informed the inert and sluggish ponderosity of heavy sound with vivacity and meaning. He lightened, improved, and enlarged the sphere of the bass. It fortunately happened that there lived a composer who apprehended the extent of the possibilities which the singer had begun to demonstrate. Dr. Calcott, by the animated solo parts of his glees, but more especially by his bass songs, written, it fairly may be said, not more for the singer than upon the model of Haydn's bass cantatas in "The Creation," "Sisters of Acheron," "These as they change," and "Angel of Life," established the fact, that the bass, rightly employed, was as capable of affecting the hearer as any other species of voice. If not so ear-piercing as the soprano, so spirit-stirring as the tenor, or so pathetic as the falsetto, it can be more dignified, more magnificent and not less soothing, more forceful yet not less polished. In execution, we shall hereafter show it is very little below the other kinds of masculine voice.

But even this extension of his boundaries did not satisfy his inquiring and ardent mind or his devotion to his art. He ransacked the old masters, Purcell especially, and rescued some of his noblest pieces from oblivion. We owe to him the remembrance of that "smooth old ditty," "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain," the lively "Hark, my Daridear!" the "Frost Scene," "The calling of Samuel by the Witch of Endor," and, superior to them all, "Let the dreadful Engines of Eternal Will*," a song which ought to be sung once a-year at the Ancient Concert, as the best possible specimen of impassionate English music—for *it is* genuine English, and there is nothing in the

* The truth is, no living English bass dares attempt it. Phillips has avoided the trial, perhaps wisely; and those below him stand aloof. There is, however, more fine transition, more of the inspiration of music in this song than in any other of English make—"Mad Bess" and "From rosy Bowers" scarcely excepted. By the way, Mara's performance of "Mad Bess" showed how nearly her genius was allied to English feelings and English judgment.

whole scope of musical passion like it. There is no such example of various and exciting recitative.

The drawback upon Bartleman's singing was his vocalization. He is "the single and great exception" we mentioned above. He had embraced a theory that the perfection of tone was its general uniformity—its homogeneity. To this intent he rounded the pronunciation of his vowels, thus making *thy* into *thoy*, *die* into *doy*, &c. &c. This swelling and sonorous system of enunciation, for system it was, corrupted the purity, and infected the whole manner with a pomposity that was very like the affectation of a superiority not absolutely certain of its claims. In Bartleman however it passed *,—in his followers it has been found intolerable, and has materially stopped their progress by stamping them for mere imitators. But the true objection is that it is wrong in principle, for, independently of the evils already noticed, it impedes execution, falsifies the articulation of words, and renders the tone impure, by introducing the instrumentality of the lips and mouth erroneously employed; yet he was unquestionably the first singer of his time, in that species. The very corruptions universally introduced by his imitators, and they have been nearly all those who have succeeded him, are the proofs. With the music, however, the manner will pass away, and the velocity, articulate pronunciation, and freedom from the affectation of pomp and all such artifices, necessary to the execution of Rossini's compositions, and others of the same manner, together with the rage for the comic songs and duets of the Italians which now pervades all musical circles, will in no very long time obliterate all but the remembrance, and with the present generation even the remembrance will pass away. The Italian method of vocalization will wholly supersede it.

Just as Mara's star was declining, that of Billington reascended. She had been known in her youth, celebrated both for her beauty and voice, and she remained before the public till 1793, when she determined to quit the profession, and went abroad. She was, however, induced to relinquish that intention, and, after making a "*furore*" in Italy, she returned to this country in 1801, certainly a very different singer to what she had departed. So eager was the struggle for her, that both theatres retained her. She was engaged for the Italian Opera in 1803, and appeared whenever there was any considerable meeting till 1809, when she finally and indeed quitted public life.

By nature Mrs. Billington was largely gifted. Her voice was of that peculiar brilliancy in tone that has obtained the appellation of *fluty*; for, with the richness and fulness of that instrument, it had a bird-like lightness and brilliancy, whilst its compass upward was all but unlimited.

* When Bartleman had reached his very zenith, he went down to a provincial meeting, and a newspaper critic pointed out these defects, but in so delicate a phraseology, that his exposition was somewhat obscure. Bartleman called upon him and requested an explanation, saying that he had sung in every part of England, and no such objection had ever been raised. A meeting was appointed, and a musical clergyman attended as a mutual friend and umpire. The pianoforte was opened: "Now," said the critic, turning to a duet in Haydn's "Creation," "listen to this passage," which he sang. "I do not like it," said Bartleman; "it is too thin and meagre—the tone is not sufficiently of one kind." "I expected as much," said the demonstrator. "Now listen to yourself;" and he sang the passage in Bartleman's exact tone and manner. He had not got beyond the first few bars, when the artist seized him by the arm, and exclaimed, with some vehemence, "Stop, sir; I see it; but you have made me miserable for life, for I shall never correct it."

Shield composed a song for her that went up to G in altissimo, a height never reached, we believe, before or since*. Her intonation was so correct, that she was hardly ever known to sing out of tune. Her execution was perfect, and her fancy suggested more than her good taste would allow her to introduce, for the age of "fiddle-singing," as it has been contemptuously termed, was then only about to commence. She, however, embellished every song she sang, changing the passages, and introduced more extensively the *expression of ornament*. But with all this power, imaginative and vocal, she nevertheless retained a chastity in her manner of executing Purcell and Handel, which made her the idol of the ancients. She united cordially with the Greatorex party; and for her, it is known, the practice of harmonizing airs was first commenced. Carter's beautiful and pathetic "Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me," was the most popular, and it certainly was an exquisite treat to hear such a voice *descanting* above the accompanying vocal harmony of Harrison, Knyvett, and Bartleman. We may here take occasion to illustrate this part of our subject, by pointing out that to this party, perhaps, is owing the polish and perfection at which madrigal and glee singing is now arrived. They sang continually together both for practice and in public, and they endeavoured to give to singing in parts the same finish that renders solo singing so superior. Each part was chastened to its utmost, and the effect of *all* together exalted infinitely, as well by the lights and shadows of tone—by alternate force and delicacy, by the contrast of loud and soft, as by the exact sobriety of the *middle tint*, so to speak, by which the general efficiency could be best sustained and enriched. They spoke *together*, sang *together*, and blended all into one delicious mass of sweet and expressive sound. This school produced several singers of a lower rank indeed, but of considerable celebrity. Miss Cantelo, afterwards Mrs. Harrison, Miss Jackson, afterwards Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, and Miss Tennant, are three examples of no ordinary attainment. Miss Parke reached, and Mrs. Wm. Knyvett retains, a still higher place. Glee parties have been maintained and supported by the Messrs. Knyvetts, Elliot, Evans, Sale, Terrail, and some others, who still flourish; indeed the choirs of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, the Abbey, and Windsor, reciprocate with the Ancient Concert, and afford each other, and the school itself, their mutual support.

Vaughan and Bellamy succeeded Harrison and Bartleman, but neither of them have attained anything like the same elevation. They were highly polished singers, but they lacked the capital distinction—originality. They were content to follow in the track marked out by their greater predecessors, and can be said to have added nothing to the science or the practice of vocal art.

The vacancy left by Billington, as an English singer, was first occupied by Mrs. Salmon, one of the very musical family of the Mahons. There was something so exquisite in the tone of her voice, that, like Harrison's, it enchanted the hearer at once. Her facility was not less delightful, but she was distinguished neither by a fervid imagination nor any commanding faculty of intellect. She continued, however, to enjoy the first place in the orchestras of England till the last five or six years, when, from some nervous affection, her voice appeared to fail.

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* The well-known high song in "*Il Flauto Magico*" extends only to F. Miss Corri sang it with ease.

We have thus run through the higher names that have dignified English art in this its true school. We must now turn to the next branch—the Theatre.

The English Theatre was at a very low ebb, scientifically speaking, at the close of the last century. Kelly and Incledon had occupied the first places. Kelly's voice was naturally bad; so bad that Dr. Arnold used to say it was like "the tearing of brown paper;" but he had been well and variously instructed, both at home and in foreign lands, and returned a prodigy for the time. Incledon was purely English. His professional life was coloured by an incident of his boyhood. He began a chorister in the cathedral of Exeter. A relative of one of the dignitaries was charged with a heinous offence. Incledon was a principal witness. The simplest way of getting rid of his evidence was to send him on board a man of war, then no very uncommon stretch of power. He was accordingly kidnapped and kept afloat for some years. Hence his predilection for sea ditties, and his success in them. But Incledon was splendidly gifted by nature; his voice was not only powerful, rich, and *ductile* as gold, but his falsette was more exquisitely toned than that of any singer we ever heard. His energy was great, his sensibility scarcely less, and, but for the vulgarity* of his manner, he was qualified to take, and would have taken, a very high place. His pronunciation was thick, and affected by something like a lisp, which proceeded from a roll of his too large tongue, when he prepared for a forcible passage, or was embarrassed by the word. In this way, too, he used to jump to his falsette by octaves, for the tone (it was that of a rich flute) was so widely different from his natural voice, there could be no junction. His singing was at once natural and national. The hunting song—the sea song—and the ballad, given with English force and English feeling, may be said to have expired with Incledon. He was the manliest of singers.

In 1797, appeared John Braham, the man who has stamped its most universal character upon the style of his age. He was first trained to sing at the synagogue, under Leoni, who was, it is said, his relation; but his real master was Rauzzini. Although he had sung both in London and at Bath, he burst, as it were, upon the musical world, in the full blaze of his powers, at the period above named. Stephen Storace wrote *Mahmoud* (his last and one of his best works) for his introduction. The writer of this article witnessed his début, and was never more astonished than by the marvellous ease of his execution and the facility with which he vanquished the most extraordinary difficulties. Every person of this age has heard Braham, but in a record of this nature, which it is hoped may attain some permanency, a more specific description of so gifted an artist is indispensable.

Braham's voice is a tenor, enlarged in compass by a falsette, and its whole range of really useful and good notes extends from A in the bass to

* It is impossible to imagine anything more conceited, or more coarse than Incledon in private life, as well as on the stage. There is an anecdote in common circulation which combines these two qualities to demonstration. Some of his theatrical companions were one day discussing the qualities necessary to the performance of *Macbeath*, when Incledon thus spoke:—"A man should be a gentleman, G— d— me, to play Macbeath; he should be a man of education (another oath); he should have fine manners (a still stronger); in short (with a most blasphemous adjuration) he must be Charles Incledon."

E in alt,—a scale of twenty notes. The tone, when not forced, approached the very best sounds of a clarinet, beautifully played, less reedy, though perhaps always *a little* lowered by that defect. It was so perfectly even and equal, and he possessed so thorough a command over it, that he could produce any given quantity or quality upon any part of it at pleasure; while, if he ran through his whole compass by semitones, it was impossible to point out at what precise interval he took, or relinquished, the falsette, though the peculiar quality of that voice, when he rose high, was sufficiently perceptible. But to this faculty (the true *portamento** of Italian vocalization) he also added the power of *colouring* his tone according to the passion,—he could increase or attenuate its volume, not merely making it louder or softer, but by a distinctly different expression of tone, so to speak. It became bold or pathetic, tender or amatory, martial or despairing, according to the passion of the song. "Whoever has heard Braham," says the editor of the "Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review," in his elaborate character of this artist, "sing the first line of 'Waft her, angels, through the skies,' (from 'Jephthah,') and recollects such first line separately and apart from the rest of the song, will have heard the perfection of his tone, and will probably admit that he can produce sounds breathing hope, adoration, and fervent piety,—sounds most touching and full of beauty. Whoever has heard him in the recitative preceding this air, 'Deeper and deeper still,' will have listened to as extraordinary changes of tone, expressing remorse, hesitation, the deepest anguish and despair, awe, heart-rending, yet firm and resolute obedience to divine power and justice, bitter thoughts urging to the very confines of madness, and finally the shuddering horror of pronouncing a sentence which fulfils an oath to heaven, and sacrifices all earthly hope of happiness. We can select no single specimen which assembles so considerable a portion of the light and shadow, of the *colouring* of tone, (if we may borrow such a a term,) as this admirable recitative and air. In the order of musical effects, it ranks, we think, with the finest efforts of Mrs. Siddons in the drama."

His volume was not less beyond almost all other voices than the quality and *adaptation* of his tone. His execution was still more prodigious: his fancy, too, was pregnant and exuberant to excess; while his attainments as a pianoforte player and musician enabled him to enrich his genius with the whole learning of the art.

Few persons possess a finer temper or a stronger intellect than Mr. Braham, and fewer still have laboured so incessantly in the pursuits analogous to his profession. All these attributes led to their extravagant employment, and he became not only the most varied, imaginative, and expressive singer, but by far the most florid. Perhaps he is right in the belief he entertains, that he was born about twenty years too soon, —that he preceded his age. The singers of Italy, of the present day, do commonly what he introduced about thirty years ago. He cannot, however, stand excused for having abused his gifts and attainments. By doing everything, he has confounded everything: he has sung at table, in the orchestra, the concert, and the theatres Italian and English;

* This term has been corrupted from its original and proper sense, "the conduct of the voice," to *the glide* by which the Italians pass from note to note, both ascending and descending.

he has ministered by turns to every taste, and revelled as heartily and as luxuriantly in the worst, as in the best parts of his art.* But let us do him justice. We are perfectly satisfied that the same judgment which has accused him of "frequently disappointing the ear at the very moment of its most intense and fervent expectation," "of quitting notes in an abrupt and unfinished state by sudden stops, and instant transition of words, and of the tone,"—of "refining too much, and pointing too powerfully," is not less correct when it pronounces that, "taken as a whole, Mr. Braham is the most accomplished singer it has fallen to the lot of the present, or perhaps any generation to hear." "He is master of every style. Not to admit this perfection, in its fullest acceptation, would be to deprive him of a part of his honours; and if he has rendered up himself to a luxuriance of ornament, to a degree of passionate expression a little above the colouring of truth, or if he has vitiated the purity of his taste, and the uniformity of his manner, by a general commingling of the styles of the church, the Italian and English theatre, the orchestra, and the chamber, it has been from a want of recollecting that the public judgment is formed by the study of such eminence as his own, and that, while it was his profession to administer to the pleasure of the age, it was his duty to preserve, and with such talents it was certainly given him to exalt, the dignity of his art."

Braham has had few competitors, no rival. During the long period of his public life (almost thirty-six years), he has stood alone;—a sufficient indication not only of his supremacy, but of the extreme rarity of the *intellectual* and organic qualifications necessary to constitute a great artist. The nearest approach to rivalry was in the person of Mr. Sapio, who possessed a beautiful voice, a good style, particu-

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* Two anecdotes will serve to demonstrate the motives and circumstances which have corrupted this extraordinary man, and made him also the corruptor of his age, when he ought to have been, and would have been but for these influences, its best guide. Being at table with some of the finest musicians in the country, his friends, when there was some doubt as to his reception with the public, one of these remonstrated with him upon his extravagancies on the stage. "Did you ever know," asked Braham, "any other singer who made eighty thousand pounds by his voice?" "And who is the singer that does this?" "He to whom the managers must grant his own terms." "And what gives him that power?" "Being encored three times." "And who encores him three times?" "The pit and galleries. To them therefore he must sing."

So much for the money-getting part of the question. Turn we to the other side. Braham was conversing with a friend concerning the merciless way in which he had been criticized, who defended his critics upon the ground of his having assumed all styles. "Do you mean to say," asked the sensitive artist, "that I should have been a better singer had my practice been less multifarious?" "I do," replied his friend. Braham sank for a few moments into a reverie, from which he broke, and speaking with great fervour, exclaimed, "I never had an audience that could appreciate me: give me such an audience, and then see how I'll sing."—The directors of the Ancient Concert, who excluded Braham with a prejudice most unjust and indefensible, from their orchestra, till his powers had sensibly declined, have much to answer for in this respect. The severe, not to say fastidious, taste of that audience would, we doubt not, early applied, have polished away the imperfections which have so deeply injured our own English school, of dramatic music especially.

Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to a singer, and exceeded only by that well-known dustman's to the Duchess of Devonshire, is thus related by Braham. He got entangled, by losing his way, in some obscure alley at the back of Bishopsgate-street. Scarcely had he entered it, when he saw four or five ruffians manifest. Nothing was left but to face them. As he passed on, he felt his handkerchief drawn from his pocket. This was no sooner done than one of the fellows who stood before him cried out, "'Tis Braham!"—the thief immediately threw it him back.

larly in the Italian, and considerable feeling. He was alike excellent in the oratorio, the orchestra, or the stage, for which his gentlemanly deportment and figure especially qualified him. Some years since appeared Sinclair, whose voice was pure in quality, of considerable volume, and extremely flexible. At first, he made some figure, and became in some sort a favourite with the public. He went to Italy, and returned perhaps the very best specimen of the very worst taste. His facility of execution led him to embellish everything he sang in the most extravagant manner, and he reappeared only to fall irredeemably. Mr. Wood has lately also enjoyed a small share of the public regard; and here may be said to end the catalogue of English tenors*, for it is a curious fact that, neither in the concert-room nor the theatre, has any one of larger promise than ordinary appeared during the successive reigns of Harrison, Vaughan, and Braham.

If there have been more diversity among the females, there has not been more excellence. One single name has stood the test of time,—Miss Stephens,—who has of late, indeed, seceded almost entirely from the practice of the profession. Miss Stephens began her career early, but did not come pre-eminently forward till about 1812. She commenced her musical education under Lanza, who proceeded to form her voice with care, but also with the slow progression of the Italian method. Subsequently she became the pupil of Welsh, who applied himself industriously to the task of fitting her for the stage, and of bringing her out. Her round, full, rich, *lovely* voice, her natural manner, her simple style, deformed by no sort of affectation, immediately won upon the public; and both in the orchestra, the church, and the theatre, she became universally admired. No female singer perhaps ever built so true an English style upon Italian rudiments. Her ballad singing was perfection. There was also high beauty, and no slight polish, in her concert and oratorio singing, and though the manner was anything but impassioned, it was sensible and graceful. Her purity rendered her performance the very model of what our nation terms "chaste singing." No one ever enjoyed more universal engagements than Miss Stephens. She sang everywhere for nearly twenty years, except at the Italian Opera; and no one adorned public life by the virtues and the natural graces of her private character more than she has done.

Miss Paton, endowed more variously, but not so highly in some respects, has, for the last few years, occupied a lofty place. Nature gave to this young lady a very beautiful person, a sweet and extensive voice, unbounded industry and emulation, and a warm imagination. She is a very fine musician†; but she has been the scholar of a multitude of masters, good, bad, and indifferent, and her scale was never rightly formed from the first; she has therefore laboured under the drawback of an unequal and imperfect vocalization. Her fancy and feeling have also

* Perhaps we ought to mention Mr. Broadhurst, if it be only for his beautiful performance of "John Anderson my Jo." Never was anything more pathetic, more exquisite than this.

† One of the strongest proofs of this truth was given by Miss Paton about five years since. She was engaged to sing at the Philharmonic; and, on the morning of the rehearsal, was requested to sing a song of Spohr's, one of the most difficult, because consisting of intervals almost unvocal, that ever was composed. She sang the song "a prima vista," with a degree of precision and excellence paralleled only by the well-known anecdote of Mara, when tested in a similar way by Frederick the Great.

of late allured her to refine too far: her pathos has become ultra-pathetic; her expression is carried, by retardations of the time, violent emphasis, and struggling after extreme effects, to a length often touching upon the ridiculous, and always liable to the suspicion of affectation. But, with all these deductions, she is still a great artist; and it would be impossible to find another English female so variously and so highly cultivated.

The place of these singers has been since occupied by Miss Inverarity (who has scarcely realized the promise she at first held out), Miss Shirreff, Miss Cawse, and Miss Romer; but none of them have yet risen to a height sufficient to place them above those who float, for a short time, like the gay bubbles of the element, sink, and are seen no more*.

The stage has rarely reared a bass singer of any mark or likelihood; the paucity and incapacity of such artists, and the few and feeble parts written for them, have operated necessarily to keep them out of sight, and repress even the talent which has appeared. Storace had the noblest voice to write for in Sedgewick that was ever heard on the English stage; but the man was heavy, dull, and irregular. Of late, however, Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Seguin (a pupil of the Royal Academy) have come boldly out. The former has highly distinguished himself, and is now esteemed, in the concert-room, the direct and only successor of Bartleman; while, upon the stage, he takes a more exalted place than any of his predecessors. His voice is somewhat heavier and rounder than a barytone, while it preserves, in a great degree, the brilliancy of tone peculiar to that species, ranges through its full compass above, and is more extended below. Mr. Phillips has a strong capacity and a fertile fancy; but he has also good taste and a sound judgment. At this moment he is the most popular English singer going; and, what has seldom been achieved by any bass, his ballad-singing is greatly esteemed. The truth is, he is simple, natural, sensible, and expressive; and, above all, content to do no more than the occasion demands, and he himself can perfectly execute.—Mr. Seguin has a noble voice and much science. His performance with Malibran in "La Somnambula" has gained him credit with the public, which industry and experience will establish.

We have thus exhibited a "peristrephic picture" of the talent nourished by the election of the country during the last thirty years. Multitudes have risen and sunk; for the trial shows how rarely persons are endowed with all the qualities that constitute a *great* artist. Organic strength—vocal, intellectual, corporeal, must all unite†; and now, the education and knowledge necessary would astound the singers of the last century. To be able to pronounce and understand, so far as the words of a song go, English, Latin, Italian, French, and German‡, sometimes

* We have not forgotten, though we postpone, Madame Vestris, because she commenced at the King's Theatre.

† The fatigue singers undergo is incredible. Pasta, not many seasons ago, played in Naples, and seventeen days afterwards appeared upon the boards of the King's Theatre in London. After the most fatiguing characters, she sometimes goes to more than one private evening concert, having sung at a morning concert, or rehearsed, or both. Mrs. Salmon, in one week, sang on the Monday night in London, Tuesday at Oxford, Wednesday in London, Thursday at Bath, Friday in London, and Saturday at Bristol. Nothing but the constitution of a horse can stand it. The private concerts of the nobility rarely *begin* before eleven o'clock at night, and end—no one knows when. The late hours are the destruction of the health of the London world.

‡ It is marvellous that no aspirant has revived Heighington's Greek Odes, or

even Spanish, seems to be all but indispensable; for all these languages have been sung at provincial festivals. To converse in French, if not Italian, is almost equally important to those who must mix so much with foreigners, and with such various society. To be able to read music with the utmost facility,—to understand its construction sufficiently, at least, to judge of the propriety of ornament upon given harmonics,—to play the pianoforte enough to accompany,—are essentials. To these accomplishments ought to be added a wide and comprehensive study of English, Italian, and German composers, both for the church and the theatre. Here is enough for the employment of a laborious life; but if the artist have not polished manners, and some acquaintance with the current literature, he or she will find little countenance in the polite world, to which, if they mix in society at all, it is their province to aspire. This is no ideal picture. We have known females,—aye, and young females,—(for they far exceed the men,) whose attainments were not far short of this estimate. Madame Caradori Allan is one of the brightest examples. To all these attainments she adds drawing and modelling to great perfection, and is, withal, amongst the most modest, sensible, and well-bred persons of her time. We know not how it is, but so it is, the foreigners excel us in the extent and variety of their accomplishments.

We have already alluded to the dearth of rising singers in certain classes. The absence of commanding talent is obvious; but perhaps so much more is now done, even by second-rates, that, to be first, implies even more than former favourites achieved. Upon the stage there are Misses Inverarity, Betts, Shirreff, Romer, Cawse, H. Cawse, Mrs. Waylett, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Wood, &c.; Messrs. Sapio, Wilson, Templeton, and Wood, tenors; H. Phillips, Seguin, and Stansbury, basses. In the concert Miss Masson has already attained high eminence; Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Bishop, and, above most others, Miss Clara Novello, afford abundant promise. But the summit is only attained by *long*, as well as painful labour.

Our notice has run to an extent which compels us to postpone the last and most fashionable, if not the most popular, item,—the portraiture of foreign excellence,—to another Number. Enough, we hope, has been said to prove that the natives of England, under judicious cultivation—give them fair play—have, at least, the power of vying with foreign artists in most, if not in all, the branches. If Italy and Germany boast their Catalani, their Colbran, their Pasta, and their Sontag, we have our Billington, our Vestris, our Salmon, and our Stephens. Braham we pronounce to be unmatched, in spite of all his sinkings. It is a question whether Italy ever produced a more perfect cantabile singer than Harrison. What, then, is wanting to the perfecting of English art and English artists? That devotion to music which England can never feel, so long as England considers politics, commerce, and general literature to have superior claims; in short, so long as Englishmen and Englishwomen prefer domestic affection and society to public entertainment, general good to personal amusement, freedom to frivolity, moderate to excessive pleasures, and reason to passion.

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set Romaic. The Russ will soon appear, now that the horn band has come among us.

THE LATE MR. TARDY.

"*Better late than never*" was the motto of that ancient family, the Tardys; that of the Loiters, "*Slow and sure.*" The deceased Sir Dawdlemore Tardy, of Neverdone Castle, Bart., father to our present subject, married Miss Evelina Loiter, sole offspring of Sir Lag Loiter, Bart., of Limpingham Hall. Certain trifling circumstances appeared to render this marriage desirable—such as equality of rank, contiguity of the family estates, the mutual affection which had long existed between the principal contracting parties, the fitness of their ages, the conformity of their habits, tastes, and dispositions, &c. Yet, maturely considered, a more injudicious union can hardly be imagined; for what, indeed, but the most disastrous consequences could be expected to result from the junction, not of the families, but of their mottoes! In the formation of character the operation of a precept frequently repeated, though imperceptible, is certain; and no one will venture to dispute that a person who can scarcely ever step into his carriage, or seal a letter, without finding the same maxim obtruded upon his attention, will insensibly become its slave. How much, then, must the case of such a one be aggravated when abandoned to the influence of *two* such monitors, both pointing the same way! Had either of the two families had for their motto, "*Delays are dangerous,*" or "*Strike while the iron's hot,*" or, "*A stitch in time saves nine,*" or "*Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.*" —though, haply, somewhat too long, or not sufficiently elegant to decorate the pannels of a carriage,—the counteracting influence of one of these sentences would have neutralized the mischievous effects of either of the others. As it was, the operation of their combined force was irresistible; and of their pernicious power the unfortunate victim was the late Mr. Loiter Lag Tardy.

The Genius of Delay seems to have presided over the fortunes of our hero even before his entrance into this world of trouble. Anxiously awaited by Sir Dawdlemore and his young and lovely wife was the period which should bless them with what is prettily termed a pledge of affection. The tenantry, also, of the two families felt a deep and natural interest in the event, for (to say nothing of the love and respect they entertained for their landlords) the birth of a child was to be celebrated by the roasting of a couple of fat oxen, and the distribution of sundry barrels of very strong ale. The heads of the most learned gossips of the village of Limpingham were at work; signs and appearances were carefully considered; time was strictly calculated; and, at length, by a general concurrence of opinions, the eighth of September was declared the favoured and fortunate day which the young stranger would most certainly honour with his first interesting squeak. The important eighth of September arrived. Certain symptoms experienced by Lady Tardy seemed likely to confirm the opinions of the old ladies of Limpingham. The ale-barrels were rolled out upon the lawn of Neverdone Castle, the fatted oxen were turned from their pastures, the ropes of the church-bells of Limpingham were already in the hands of the most expert ringers in the village, and nothing remained wanting to put all these evidences of

heart-felt rejoicings into appropriate action, but the preconcerted signal which was to announce, incontestably, an addition to the family. But the old ladies of Limpingham were, for once, at fault; and the eighth of September was disappointed of its expected honours, for the little Tardy appeared not on that day. So the bell-ringers returned to their homes, the ale-barrels were restored to their shed, and the fatted oxen to their pastures. Another day passed away, and another; a week, a fortnight elapsed, yet was the world ungladdened by the addition of the invaluable unit to its hundreds of millions. "Slow and sure," said Sir Lag Loiter. "Better late than never," responded his patient son-in-law. At last—at last—at last, on the twenty-ninth of September, (exactly twenty-one days *after* the period calculated upon,) at precisely nine of the morning, a red flag, hoisted on one of the chimney-tops of Never-done castle, gave assurance of the birth of an heir-male to the house of Tardy. All was now rejoicing! The bells of Limpingham church were set ringing, the ale was rolled out to be tapped, the oxen were driven forth to be slaughtered.

We have already said that the Genius of Delay seems to have presided over the fortunes of our hero, even (if such an expression be allowable) before his birth. His first step in the world, or, more strictly speaking, the very step he took into existence, was taken *too late!* The young gentleman, whose appearance we have announced, was *not* Master Loiter Lag Tardy! Barely had a quarter of an hour passed away, (for Sir Dawdlemore Tardy and Sir Lag Loiter were still shaking hands, and congratulating each other upon the happy event,) when the nurse burst into the room, and announced the arrival of a *second* pledge of affection! This *was* our hero. Call it indolence; call it politeness towards his fellow-brat whom he allowed to take the start of him; qualify his conduct upon the occasion in whatsoever way you please; certain it is, that by coming into the world just a quarter of an hour too late, he lost a baronetcy, with two-and-thirty thousand a year, and took in exchange the advantageous place of younger brother, with a magnificent three hundred whilst his father lived, and the chances of what afterwards the generosity of the person whom he had so kindly obliged might choose to bestow upon him on his acceding to the title and the estates.

The overjoyed father (whose delight, however, was somewhat diminished by receiving more than he had bargained for) was naturally anxious to feast his eyes with a sight of the future baronet and his brother. Accordingly, two little lumps of brick-dust-coloured putty were brought for his inspection. Not greater could have been his wonder and his admiration had a phœnix and a unicorn been exhibited to him. Apparently forgetting that such things are by no means uncommon, he gazed upon them as though they were the rarest productions of nature; and, like the bird we have alluded to, only to be met with once in a century. But the first-felt raptures of paternity must be treated with indulgence.

"Do you consider them handsome, nurse?" asked he, in a tone sufficiently indicating that *he* did—at the same time putting a couple of guineas into the hand of the matron.

"They are, positively, the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, Sir," replied she; adroitly adding, "and *so* like you and my lady!"

She then expatiated on the several charms of the things; declaring a small pimple in the centre of what she pretended was the *face* of our hero—[having no business with his brother, we shall make no further mention of *him*]—to be the very nose of her ladyship; and a gimlet-hole just below it to be Sir Dawdlemore's own mouth.

But however well-founded may have been the nurse's encomium on the beauty of the little gentleman, certain it is that that beauty was not destined to be of long duration. At the period when Mr. Tardy came into the world, that scourge of society, that foe to the quiet and comfort of mankind, the barbarous and ever-to-be-execrated Jenner, had not yet promulgated his fatal discovery of the means of counteracting that admirable contrivance, called the small-pox, for preserving the earth from being overrun with scrubby, screaming children. Then did that invaluable disease walk unimpeded through the blind alleys and the crooked lanes, in one week beneficently sweeping away a greater number of the "little unwashed" than the combined industry of war, plague, pestilence, and famine, could in a month exterminate. One morning the nurse entered the breakfast-parlour, and, with consternation painted on her countenance, informed the baronet and his lady that four virulent cases of small-pox had appeared in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle. At this awful intelligence the baronet and his lady looked aghast.

"What *is* to be done, nurse?" inquired Lady Tardy.

"O, my lady," replied nurse, "the dear baby ought to be inoculated immediately; and I have told your ladyship so for this month past."

"Slow and sure, nurse," rejoined her ladyship; "I don't think the child is in condition for the operation."

"O, my lady," continued nurse, "an angel from heaven wouldn't be fitter to be inoculated. We can never be too early in these matters; and, with my will, it should have been done yesterday."

"Better late than never," said Sir Dawdlemore; "it shall be done to-morrow."

On the evening of that very day, the unfortunate little Loiter took the disease naturally. It was a case of the most malignant character, and, for a long time, the state of the little sufferer seemed hopeless. However, he recovered; but (thanks to the family motto of the Tardys!) the beauty of his "human face divine" was obliterated for ever.

To recount the instances, in his boyish days, of young Tardy's failures and mishaps, through his indolent habit of procrastination, were endless. Was a school-prize to be contended for, his exercise, which was never deficient in merit, was always *nearly* ready about the time when it should be delivered in, yet never finished, or not presented, till just a quarter of an hour after the period when it could be received. Did he join a marauding party in an orchard, his companions would scamper away on the first alarm of detection, whilst he, too indolent to run for it, would be caught, and bear the punishment due to the whole party. Or even was he a candidate for a prize in a rowing-match or a pony-race, the slow-and-sure maxim would still prevail. "Where's the good of doing things in a hurry?" he would ask: and when, as a natural consequence of his "taking it easy," he came in just in time to lose (as he invariably did), and his successful rival sneeringly welcomed him with "a *leetle* too late, Tardy,"—he would console himself, for the loss of both money and

reputation, by quoting the family motto, "Well—better late than never."

His education finished, it became necessary to consider the means of establishing him in life. But what could be done for the poor fellow? The joint fortunes of the Tardys and the Loiters amounted, it is true, o two-and-thirty thousand a year; but this, together with the title, was, very properly, destined to illustrate the career of the elder brother. Loiter thought this hard; and once, when his settlement was the subject of discussion, he ventured to express such an opinion to Sir Dawdlemore:—

"Now I ask you, my dear father, as a man who knows what life is, what *can* I do with the three hundred a year you allow me?"

"Really, my dear boy, that's a very perplexing question."

"Now, Sir, do you think *you* could live upon three hundred a-year?"

This question being little less perplexing than the other, the baronet humm'd, and ha'd, and hesitated, and at length replied,

"Why—aw—no—I—aw—candidly speaking I don't think I could; but, you see—aw—I never was a younger brother, but—aw—if I had been, I suppose I must have contrived as well as I could with it—and—aw—that's what you must do—aw—don't you see?"——

"But, surely, father, out of an income of two-and-thirty thousand pounds something might——"

"That's nothing to the point, Loiter; be reasonable, and remember that your elder brother will have to maintain the dignity of our name—and that nothing less than that will do it—whilst you, for your part, having no responsibilities in the world, can easily——"

"Then, Sir," warmly exclaimed Loiter, "I must say I consider it a cruel injustice that I should be turned forth a beggar, simply because in our race into the world my brother happened to beat me by half a neck."

"And I must say, Sir," with equal warmth retorted Sir Dawdlemore, "I consider your complaint to be both unjust and absurd: you have no one to thank for that but yourself: why did you let him?" So saying, he angrily left the room.

In about half an hour he returned. "Come, Loiter," said he, "give me your hand. Although I can do nothing for you myself, I have not been negligent of you. Your fortune is made. By my interest at the India-House I have procured a writership for you. I have been long trying for this, but wouldn't let you know it till I could tell you I had succeeded. Read this letter."

The delighted Loiter Lag Tardy read:—

"East India House, 13th February, 179—."

"Why, Sir," said Loiter, "this letter is dated exactly ten days ago!"

"Yes, my dear boy; but slow and sure: sending a beloved son to India is, after all, a serious affair, and ought not to be too hastily determined upon. But read on."

Loiter continued:—

"My dear Sir Dawdlemore,—At length I have a nomination to a writership, which I shall be most happy to use in favour of the son of so old and so valued a friend as you. But *within three days of your receipt of this* (AT THE VERY LONGEST) pray inform me whether you are now in the mind to accept it; for, as you will readily believe, I am overwhelmed with applications for it,—and one amongst them is

from a CERTAIN PERSON *whom it would be not a little to my interest to oblige.*—Believe me, most faithfully yours,

"WALTER RICE CURRIE."

"To Sir Dawdlemore Tardy, Bart.,
Neverdone Castle, Limpingham."

"Well, my boy," exclaimed Sir Dawdlemore, exultingly; "what say you to that?"

"My fortune is made, Sir," said Loiter; "and I am grateful for your remembrance of me."

"Now, then, Loiter,—let me see,—this is Monday the 23d; w ite by to-night's post to Sir Walter in acceptance of his offer; to-morrow he will receive your letter, and on Wednesday, the 25th, we may expect an intimation of your appointment."

With his accustomed alacrity Loiter flew to his writing-case; but reflecting that, as it was now only two o'clock, and that the post did not leave Limpingham till a quarter-past seven, he thought he might as well defer the task till after his morning's ride. Accordingly he mounted his horse, and rode his usual time; and on his return home, again flew to his writing-case. After taking from it seventeen unanswered letters (of which, seven exhibited, in large characters, underscored, the appalling words, "Pray answer by return;" five, "Immediate;" and two, "Most pressing,") he thus commenced his missive to the director:—

"Dear Sir Wa——"

Having proceeded so far, he looked at his watch. "Half-past five," thought he. "There will barely be time to write this letter, for in a little while it will be almost time to dress for dinner; so I'll just amuse myself during this useless quarter of an hour with my flute, and then dress, and then——." So he took up his flute, and continued *too-tooing* till the dressing-bell warned him to his room.

Having performed the important duties of the toilet, he resumed his letter to the director; and, by a vigorous effort, he, this time, advanced so far as

"Dear Sir Walt——"

At this particular moment, or, rather, at this particular letter, he recollected that his servant had omitted to give him a handkerchief; so he rang the bell, which ring brought a servant who happened not to be his own, which servant was sent to send Robins; when, after a slight delay, the said Robins came; who, being told of the omission, went forthwith to supply it. All this occupied time, during which Mr. Tardy paced up and down the room. Presently Robins returned with intelligence that he could not open the drawer where the handkerchiefs were kept, something being the matter with the lock. Whereupon Mr. Tardy went himself to see what *could* be the matter with it; and he, after peeping twenty times into the key-hole, and blowing forty times into the key, and thrusting it into the lock, and twisting it first one way and then another, at length found himself the victor in the struggle, and marched off with the spoils of conquest in the form of a cambric handkerchief. Victories, however, are seldom gained but at some expense; and the cost of this to our hero was exactly sixteen minutes of time and a writership in India. He returned to his letter, but had scarcely taken up his pen when the dinner-bell was heard. In an emergency of this nature, however, dinner was an affair of minor consideration; and

soup, nay, even fish, might be sacrificed to a writership: so, spite of message after message from the dining-room, the energetic Loiter finished his letter and despatched a servant with it to Limpingham.

In the course of the evening word was brought that the letter had been sent just a quarter of an hour too late for that night's post, but that it would be forwarded on the morrow.

"I'm sorry for that," said Sir Dawdlemore; "inasmuch as we cannot now expect an answer before the 26th."

"No matter, Sir," replied Loiter; "better late than never."

On the 26th the expected letter arrived. It ran thus:—

"E. I. H., 25th Feb.

"My dear Sir,—It is with infinite regret I inform you that the writership in question is no longer in my power to bestow. Your letter, *dated* the 23d, (which, consequently, ought to have arrived yesterday,) I have but this moment received. From a sincere wish that *you* should benefit by the appointment, I resolved to extend the *three* days I proposed for your consideration of my offer to *ten*. But not hearing either from you or your father, I interpreted your silence on the subject into a rejection of the thing; and, at last, yielded to the pressing entreaties of my friend, Lord Snatchatall, that I would give it to his youngest son. What adds greatly to my mortification is the fact, that had your letter arrived even yesterday, the 24th, (which, agreeably to the date it bears, as I have already said, it ought to have done,) the appointment had still been yours; for it was not till last night I nominated the Honourable Hungerford Snatchatall in your stead.—Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your's and your father's very sincere friend,

"To Loiter L. Tardy, Esq." "Walter Rice Currie."

Reproaches from father to son very naturally ensued upon the reading of this epistle; and these terminated with—"Well, Sir, I have done for you all which I have it in *my* power to do. You have marred your fortune by your own fault, and must now try to mend it again in the best way you can." But as no one likes to bear blame which he can, by any means in the world, transfer to the shoulders of another, poor Robins was accused of being the primary cause of the mishap.—"Hadn't that rascal of mine, Sir," said young Mr. Tardy, "kept me blowing into a key for a full quarter of an hour, I should have just saved the post by a minute." So Robins was summoned into the room; and, with a rapidity of execution not very common with the Tardys, paid his wages and discharged.

Of many methods of improving your fortune, or of acquiring one, the readiest, if not in all respects the most agreeable, is to marry an heiress. We will not venture to assert that this expedient frequently occurs to the minds of younger brothers, but that Mr. Tardy had thought of such a thing we are certain. A few miles from the Castle there lived a gentleman of the name of Tubbs, who had "one fair daughter and no more." This young lady was the sole expectant of nearly four thousand a year. Young Tardy was a favourite with the father, and was not indifferently looked upon by his daughter Clara. For although Loiter was not handsome, (owing to the delay we have mentioned as having occurred at a very early period of his life,) yet did he possess recommendations sufficient to win the affections even of a woman beautiful and accomplished as was Miss Tubbs. But the pass-

port which gained him admission into the very citadel of her heart, was his proficiency on the flute. This will be easily understood when we explain that Clara was perfect mistress of the piano-forte, (at least her father, who was a competent judge in the matter, thought so,) and that her chief delight was to play the "Battle of Prague," the "March in Blue-Beard," and the "Overture to Lodoiska,"—(compositions much in vogue at the time in question, though, perhaps, not so frequently proformed now as they deserve to be,)—while Loiter would stand behind her and swell the harmonies with the sounds of his attendant flute. There was but one drawback to the perfection of Mr. Tardy's performance,—he was usually three or four bars *behind time*. This defect, being constitutional, could not be remedied; and when upon his concluding *too—too—too*, coming in after the last touch of Clara Tubbs had ceased to vibrate, and she would exclaim, "Charmingly played, Mr. Tardy!—only you are three bars too late,"—his reply was, as will be anticipated, "Better late than never, Miss Tubbs." The growing intimacy between the young people did not pass unobserved either by Sir Dawdlemore and Lady Tardy, or by old Mr. Tubbs himself. The Baronet encouraged it; for he really loved his younger son, and would have given anything in the world to see him advantageously settled,—except money. Nor is it unlikely that Mr. Tubbs would have consented to the marriage had Loiter Tardy made a proposal to him for the hand of the fair Clara at about this time. But notwithstanding that he was repeatedly urged by the young lady so to do, the slow-and-sure principle preponderated; till one day a formal offer was made for her by Squire Lumpy, a wealthy neighbour of Mr. Tubbs. Then it was that Mr. Tardy, conceiving there was no time to be lost, resolved upon an immediate explanation with the father of his beloved Clara. "I fear it is now too late," said Miss Tubbs; "had you declared yourself to my father before this abominable creature, with his five thousand a-year, came to put notions of aggrandizement into his head, I have reason to believe that——But, alas! I fear it is now too late."

"Fear nothing, my dear Clara," replied Tardy; "better late than never." And incontinently he proceeded to the library, where he found Mr. Tubbs, to whom he opened the business.

Having patiently listened to all that the young gentleman had to say, Mr. Tubbs thus replied: "My dear Loiter, I like you; and, to speak the plain truth, I should prefer you for a son-in-law to any man in the county, don't you see? Had you asked me but yesterday, I would have given you my daughter, fortune and all, and never have thought about what you could bring on your side, don't you know? But this offer of Squire Lumpy's has given a turn to the whole affair, you see. He has five thousand a year, eh? Clara will have four, won't she? Five and four make nine, you know. Now, nine thousand a year will make *something* of us in the county, you perceive; and, as a considerate father, I am bound to look to my child's welfare, and to do the best I can for her, and so forth, don't you understand? However, as I said before, I'd rather have you for my son-in-law, you know; so provided that—in short—to come to the point, suppose I were to give you my consent, what would your father give you, don't you see?"

"Why, Sir," replied Loiter, "he would give me *his*: but, to deal honestly with you, I don't think he would give me anything else."

"O!—ha!—Well, then, as that's the case, my dear boy, though you are a very good boy, and I like you, don't you know? it will be better for all parties concerned that this should be your last visit at Tubbs' Hall, don't you perceive?"

"But, Sir," exclaimed Loiter, "our hearts—our affections——"

"Fiddlesticks! don't you see? But, come; there's my hand, eh? And when Clara is married and safe at home with her husband, you may come and see me as often as you like, you understand,—and bring your flute with you, don't you know? So, for the last time, good bye, you see."—With this, Mr. Tubbs bowed his visiter out of the room.

Prior to Loiter's quitting the house a short interview took place between the lovers. The state of their feelings no pen can describe; but it may be tolerably well conceived from the fact that, in this interview,—brief as indeed it was, for it lasted but five minutes,—they not only resolved upon the desperate measure of eloping on the very next morning, but settled also the manner, place, and time.

"At four precisely, dear Loiter: be punctual!" were the last words of Clara Tubbs.

"To a second, beloved Clara," were Mr. Tardy's.

A chaise-and-four was ordered to be in waiting, just out of the village of Limpingham, on the London road, by three the next morning. At a quarter before three Mr. Tardy awoke. It was on the seventh of November. The morning was dark, cold, and drizzly. "No more than a quarter to three, and four is the time appointed: I can take another turn," said the impatient lover. The turret clock struck three. Tardy slowly rose, and peeped through the window-shutters. "What an in-f-f-fernal m-m-morning," muttered he; his teeth chattering with cold. "Nothing but the b-b-bliss of f-f-flying to meet one's b-b-beloved could reconcile a man to so barbarous a proceeding as leaving his comfortable bed. But I've a clear hour before me; half an hour will serve to shave and dress; a quarter will take me to the Little Park Gate at Tubbs' Hall—by running very fast—and—come, I've a quarter of an hour to spare, and may as well enjoy *that*." So he got into his comfortable bed again. The chimes sounded the quarter. "Ugh! I'll not shave; that will save ten minutes." So he took another turn. At half-past three he once more arose. "Only half an hour to four," thought he: "no matter, there's plenty of time; four for half-after—half an hour's grace, of course." At a quarter *before* the appointed hour the tender limbs of the delicate Miss Tubbs were shivering at the Little Park Gate of Tubbs' Hall; at a quarter *after* the appointed hour, Mr. Tardy left Neverdone Castle. On approaching the gate, Loiter, to his infinite delight, perceived through the thick mist, the dark outline of a human figure. "My angel!" he exclaimed, and clasped it in his arms.

"So, you are come at last, don't you know? It was by the merest accident in the world I happened to turn out so early this morning, you see; and what brought me this way rather than any other I protest I can't tell, you know. But here I found my Clara, and—Upon my soul, master Loiter, this was a close run race, don't you perceive? A few minutes earlier and you might have been off with the girl, and then I might have whistled for her, you see. As it is, my dear boy, you are exactly a quarter of an hour too late, don't you know?"

So Mr. Tubbs returned to the Hall, and Mr. Tardy went home again—to bed.

On the Thursday succeeding this event there appeared in the "Limpingham Gazette" the following paragraph:—

"Yesterday, at Limpingham Church, was married, Robert Lumpy, Esq., to Miss Julia Tubbs, youngest daughter of Onesimus Tubbs, Esq., of Box Wood. The happy couple immediately set off for Harrowgate. Their joint fortunes are said to amount to 22,172*l. per annum*. We can append to this a curious little anecdote connected with the event. About seventeen weeks ago the young lady eloped with Peter Loiter, Esq., eldest son of Sir Dawdlemore Loiter; but the parties were overtaken (fortunately in our opinion) as they were changing horses at Hounslow, within three stages of London."

In this statement our readers will perceive a slight error or two, which, however, were duly corrected in the next day's paper. The correction ran thus:—

"In our paper of yesterday we were led into a trifling mistake concerning the recent marriage. The parties, it appears, were *Simon* Lumpy, Esq. (not Robert) and Miss *Clara* (not Julia) Tubbs, *only* daughter of *Lawrence* (not Onesimus) Tubbs, Esq., of *Tubbs' Hall* (not Box Wood). The happy couple went, not to Harrowgate (though we, for our parts, cannot think that that signifies much), but to *Brighton;* and their joint fortune, as it now turns out, is only 9000*l. per annum*. The elopement did not succeed *quite* to the extent we have stated; and the gentleman concerned was not *Peter Loiter*, Esq., (for, upon inquiry, we find there is no such person,) but *Loiter Lag Tardy*, Esq., *younger* son of Sir Dawdlemore *Tardy*, Bart., not *Loiter*—and indeed we must admit that, upon a careful examination of the baronetage, no such name as Loiter appears there, at least since James I., by whom the *modern* baronetage was founded—although it is, nevertheless, possible it may have existed *prior* to that monarch's reign. To this we may add, that the happy pair were not united at Limpingham Church, (or Limpinghame, as it ought properly to be written,) but by special license, at Tubbs' Hall. We are told, also, that we were wrong in announcing the ceremony as having taken place on Wednesday, as, in fact, it occurred on *Tuesday*, (an error, by the bye, of no importance,) and the elopement alluded to was attempted, not seventeen weeks ago, but *within the last week*,—though the main point, that an elopement *was attempted*, is not denied. Hounslow, too, which we stated as being *three* stages from London, is, as our too querulous corrector informs us, only *one*. However, we were so far right, inasmuch as it is a *long* and (taking Brentford into account) somewhat a *heavy* stage. We make these corrections to satisfy what seems to us to be the over-scrupulous punctiliousness of the parties, although we were right in the main."

We have given these paragraphs at length, in order to satisfy the world that even the "Limpingham Gazette" cannot always be punctiliously correct in the interesting gossip with which it indulges its readers.

The disappointment that Mr. Tardy here experienced brought him to resolve to live a bachelor; a resolution which he maintained throughout the rest of his life.

Unfortunate in love, Mr. Tardy took refuge in politics; and a vacancy occurring at Rottenbury, he presented himself as a candidate to serve in Parliament, as one of the representatives of that independent and respectable borough. Although he had no support in the contest, save his own talents and integrity, (for his family interest, and three thousand pounds advanced by his father to serve a purpose of his own in getting

his son into Parliament, could have had no influence over the minds of the independent voters of Rottenbury,) Tardy ran his opponent, Lord George Pliant, so hard in the canvass, that it was difficult even to guess on which side fortune would declare. By his promptitude and industry he astonished all those who were aware of his usual habits of indolence and procrastination. He had, as he believed, canvassed every person who had a vote to (qu.) *sell?* for Rottenbury, except one Mr. Grubthorpe, a farmer who, living at a village seven miles off, Mr. Tardy resolved to leave till the last. Just within three hours of the time appointed for the opening of the poll, he ordered his horse for the purpose of paying a visit to the farmer. He had set one foot in the stirrup when the London newspaper was put into his hand. He opened it, and turned to the sporting intelligence. "How's this!" said he, "Bluestocking not expected to run! That alters my book; it may make a difference of sixty guineas to me. As soon as I return I'll—stop—I'll write up to my friend Snaffle upon the subject at once—no; I'd better first go over to—no; I'll write this letter, and then it will be off my mind." He returned to his room, wrote a long letter to his friend Snaffle touching this all-important matter of sixty guineas, and, having so done, he mounted his horse and rode over to solicit the vote of Mr. Grubthorpe. On his way thither he met Lord George Pliant riding towards Rottenbury. They coldly exchanged bows, and passed on. On stating to Mr. Grubthorpe the object of his visit, Mr. G. replied—"Lard, Sir, how could'ee come so leate? I ha' had twenty visits from his Lardship, nor wou'd'n promise he in hopes ye'd come, for I knows yer feyther; but as this weare the last day I didn' think ye'd come at all, so I weare obliged to teake care o' myself, and so I ha' just promised my vote to my Lard. Lard, Sir, if ye had but come the matter of a quarter of an hour ago!" At the final close of the poll the numbers were declared; for

Lord George Pliant - - - -	371
Loiter Lag Tardy, Esq. - - -	370

Hurra! Pliant for ever! Glorious majority of ONE!!!

Not long afterwards Lord George Pliant, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, (and, probably, something more,) vacated his seat; and then Mr. Tardy was, without opposition, returned member for Rottenbury:—the sole condition of his election being that he would oppose, might and main, the Rottenbury-Payment-of-Rate-for-building-a-Bridge-across-the-River-Slush Enforcement-Bill.

L. L. Tardy, Esq., M.P., went to London; and no sooner arrived there than he took the oaths and his seat. His arrival was opportune; for it happened that, on the evening of that very day, a hard struggle was expected to take place on the third reading of the Rottenbury,—&c., &c.,—Enforcement-Bill. On that same evening, Mrs. Siddons, whom he had never seen, was to play *Lady Macbeth;* so, as the Rottenbury Bill was not expected to come on earlier than half-past ten, and the other business before the House being unimportant, he despatched his servant to Drury-Lane Theatre to secure a place for him. Every place was taken; but, fortunately, at the very moment of the application, one front seat in the stage-box was given up, and this was transferred to Mr. Tardy (with the M.P. tacked to the name, of course). In order to be near the scene of action, and that no time might be lost, he took his dinner at the

Shakspeare, and, whilst sipping his wine, addressed short letters to every person of his acquaintance, principally, we believe, for the gratification of scrawling *Free, L. L. Tardy,* on the outside of them. At that period the performances commenced at half-past six. The dial in the coffee-room indicated that precise time. Mr. Tardy didn't care to hear the overture, so he called for another half-pint of port and more writing-paper. Having inadvertently overstaid the time by which, according to his calculation, the first scene of the play would be over, the loss of the second would be of the less consequence; and as, indeed, all he cared about was to see Mrs. Siddons, he could imagine no reason why he should hurry his wine. And now, having deliberately finished his last glass, he proceeded to the theatre. On passing along the lobby his ears were assailed with the awful sound of "First act over!" and the honourable member for Rottenbury reached his box-door just in time to see a long thin leg in a blue silk stocking striding over three benches at once down into the very place which, till then, had been reserved for himself. "That *is* unlucky, Sir!" said the box-keeper as he closed the door; "you are *so little* too late." "Better late than never," replied the M.P.: "I can see *something* through the glass." And he did see all the action of Macbeth, and he also *heard* some of the louder portions of the choruses. The tragedy concluded, he procured a tolerable place for the afterpiece. It was the "Spoiled Child," in which Mrs. Jordan acted the part of Little Pickle. Aware that his parliamentary duties would not allow of his seeing the whole of the entertainment, he thought, nevertheless, that he might indulge himself with the first act. The first act finishing somewhat earlier than he had been told it would, and the Rottenbury Bill not being expected to come on *before* half-past ten, (which, most probably, would be eleven,) there was no good reason why he should not enjoy a little of the second. At a quarter before eleven the piece was so very nearly at an end that it would be absurd not to wait its termination. The green curtain fell; and, gratified beyond description by the inimitable performance he had witnessed, the member for Rottenbury hurried down to the House. Full of the importance of his new position, with becoming dignity he marched up stairs towards the lobby, but, to his astonishment, the doors were closed. "Beg pardon, Sir," said one of the polite gentlemen in black, (at the same time *not* opening the door,) "after the division, if you please." "Oh!" said Mr. Tardy, and waited where he was. On being admitted, he found that the House had just then divided on the third reading of the Rottenbury-Payment-of-Rate-for-building-a-Bridge-across-the-River-Slush Enforcement-Bill; which, after an animated debate, was carried by a majority of ONE: the Speaker, in the absence of the honourable member, having decided the question by his casting vote. No sooner did the news reach his constituents at Rottenbury that the Rate-paying-Enforcement-Bill (for the express object of opposing which they had returned Mr. Tardy to Parliament) had been carried against them, and that, too, entirely owing to his absence on the division, than the free and independent electors forwarded what they called a "peremptory *request*" to their representative that he would instantly surrender the important trust, which, for the good of the British empire in general, and of the borough of Rottenbury in particular, they had confided to him. This he accordingly did, and returned un-M.P.'d to Neverdone Castle.

Years rolled on. In their advance they carried Mr. Tardy along with

them—through the prime of life—into its meridian—past it. He was now fifty-five. At this period old Sir Dawdlemore died. The elder brother succeeded, of course, to the title, the estates, and all the advantages of primogeniture. Loiter inherited a legacy of twenty thousand pounds. This bequest would materially improve his condition; for having no one to provide for but himself, he determined to lay out the entire sum in the purchase of an annuity for his own life. Arrangements for that purpose were immediately entered into; and in order that the money might be forthcoming as soon as required, it was placed in the rich, responsible, and long-established banking-house of Messrs. Spec, Smash, and Co., London. He would now be the master of about eighteen hundred a year. "It comes too late for me to enjoy it as once I should have done," thought he; "but better late than never."

Having occasion to go into the city one morning on account of some business connected with his annuity, his eye was caught by a ticket, numbered 77, in the window of a lottery-office. He walked on, and presently got into a hackney-coach: it was numbered 77. He drove to his solicitor's: his house was numbered 77. At night (naturally enough) Tardy dreamt that No. 77 was drawn the great prize in the lottery. He rose early the next morning, and sallied forth from his lodgings in Pall-mall to Cornhill, resolved to purchase No. 77. The ticket occupied the same place in the window. He entered the office, drew from his pocket twenty pounds, and——"Hold!" said he; "slow and sure; 'tis a great deal of money to throw away in a lottery speculation; I'll consider of it." He retraced his steps. At Temple-Bar, an old man implored his charity.

"What's your age, my fine fellow?" asked Mr. Tardy.

"Seventy-seven, Sir," was the reply.

This was irresistible. Back again he flew to Cornhill. Again the twenty pounds were displayed on the counter.

"Give me ticket No. 77," said he to the office-keeper.

"No. 77, Sir?" said the man; "sold it only a quarter of an hour ago, in a whole ticket, Sir."

Two days afterwards, No. 77 was drawn a prize of five thousand pounds. Even the ingenuity of Mr. Tardy in twisting "better late than never" into a consolation failed upon this occasion.

Just at the same time when he received intelligence of this unlucky miss, his solicitor called at his lodgings. The purpose of his visit was to *hint* to Mr. Tardy that, from certain whispers afloat in the city, touching the credit of Messrs. Spec, Smash, and Co., it might be prudent to withdraw his deposit from their custody. "He could not speak out—it was a delicate matter—*might* injure the credit of a long-established house—an action at law—prosecution—heavy damages;—however, he had drawn every shilling of *his* money out of their hands. Mr. Tardy would, of course, do as he pleased; yet, were *he* in *his* place, most certainly *he*—but, as he said before, he could say nothing." And having disburthened himself of these agreeable inuendos, the cautious solicitor took his leave.

Here was matter for rumination—and—slow and sure—Mr. Tardy did ruminate upon it during the greater part of the day. The firm of Spec, Smash, and Co. in a ticklish condition! The thing was impossible. A house so long established—so wealthy—so close and wary in its transactions! And then, the individual partners so affluent! Each with

his establishments in town and country; one with his yacht—another with his stud of racers!—To doubt *their* stability! Pooh! Besides, to withdraw so large a sum at a moment's notice would betray a want of confidence in those most respectable men, and wound their feelings. And yet, there was no smoke without fire. Could he but find a decent pretext for removing his account! And, fortunately, a decent pretext was afforded him. Notice was sent him that all the preliminary forms towards the settlement of his annuity being arranged, nothing now remained but to pay the twenty thousand pounds, which, if convenient to Mr. Tardy, he might do at two o'clock on the morrow. Thus were Mr. Tardy's delicate scruples regarding the tender feelings of his bankers appeased; and, with respect to the safety of his property, his mind set perfectly at rest.

At one o'clock on the morrow, Mr. Tardy, resolving to be punctual to this most important appointment, walked stoutly towards the city, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left—except to see some wherries start on a rowing-match from Blackfriars Bridge: nor stopping by the way—except occasionally to look at some of the very best caricatures ever exhibited. Thus it was three-quarters past two when he reached the place of his destination—a delay, however, which was of no importance, he being quite in time to sign the necessary papers and deeds. "I am rather late, I know," exclaimed Tardy, laughingly; "but better late than never."

As he was drawing his cheque-book from his pocket, a gentleman entered the office. "Here's a pretty piece of work!" said he. "Spec, Smash, and Co. stopt payment, and there won't be half-a-crown in the pound."

"Eh!—how!—what!—when?" said, or, rather, gurgled Mr. Tardy.

"They have been paying till within this quarter of an hour," was the reply; "but if you have any curiosity about it, Sir, you may now see their beautiful mahogany shutters up."

The wealthy, respectable, and long-established Messrs. Spec, Smash, and Co. assuring their creditors that there would turn out to be forty shillings in the pound,—in time,—Mr. Tardy, for his own part, was satisfied. After the lapse of nineteen months, a first and final dividend of eightpence three-farthings in the pound was declared, which Mr. Tardy would have received—had he not arrived a quarter of an hour too late to prove his debt.

Mr. Tardy entered his sixtieth year, yet had experience not rendered him wiser. The fatal influence of the family mottoes attended him to the very close of his existence. For several years had he kept up an insurance on his life for three thousand pounds, in favour of a young lady who was either his niece, or his cousin, or the orphan daughter of a naval officer,—for he was not consistent in his explanations upon this point. In due course he received the usual notice that the premium for the insurance was becoming due; but, fifteen days beyond the period specified being allowed for the payment, Mr. Tardy had plenty of time before him, and he saw no earthly reason why he should hurry himself in the business. The last of those days of grace arrived; and so, nearly, had the last hour. He was rather late in his payment, he admitted; but, "better late than never." So, he mounted his horse, and set off at a brisk trot towards the insurance-office. He had not proceeded far when his horse stumbled

and threw him. He was carried home senseless from a severe contusion on the head. Preparations were made for bleeding him. He recovered himself sufficiently to be aware of what was going on.

"Slow and sure," he faintly articulated; "as I never have been bled, I have a great objection to undergoing that operation now."

In vain did the surgeon assure him that his life depended upon it: remonstrance and entreaty were alike unavailing. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the surgeon, kindly taking his hand, once more urged him to submit to his advice; adding, at the same time, "Indeed, indeed, Sir, unless you instantly do so it will be too late."

"Do as you please, then," replied he, in a voice scarcely audible; "better late than never."

Even whilst the surgeon was pointing the lancet to his arm, poor Tardy breathed his last. "Had he consented to this a quarter of an hour ago," exclaimed the operator, "I would have answered for his recovery." This melancholy event occurred at precisely fifteen minutes past four o'clock, as it was sworn to, by the parties present, before a magistrate. It is important that we should be thus particular concerning the time of his death; for, at four o'clock precisely, the policy for the benefit of the mysterious young lady we have alluded to, and which till that hour had remained in force, became void and valueless! it expired—just one quarter of an hour before Mr. Tardy!

Of the life of Loiter Lag Tardy procrastination had been the bane. And as he had made his entrance into the world, even so did he quit it —a quarter of an hour too late!

P*.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.*

It was high time, we think, for a work like the present to make its appearance; at least, that an Englishman, thoroughly acquainted with the character and condition of his countrymen, should undertake to exhibit them to the world at large; and, in the spirit of enlightened patriotism, to supply them with the means of forming a just estimate of themselves with a view to the further improvement of their personal and domestic manners, as well as of their social and political institutions.

To say nothing of the trash and twaddle which scribblers of inferior note are in the habit of pouring forth on the Continent, the palpable deficiencies, the ludicrous misstatements, and the strangely erroneous opinions to which even foreigners of rank and consideration have given currency in that portion of their literature relating to "England and the English," have long demanded correction and rebuke. Yet, from these, probably, as no evil was intended, nothing practically injurious has arisen. A country that possesses the elements of greatness, and that has raised itself by inherent energy to the very highest eminence in the civilized world, has little to apprehend from the aspersions of enemies, or the misrepresentations of strangers who cannot "*examine* its condition and only glance at its surface." If danger threaten such a people, it comes not from without. Great Britain cannot be destroyed unless she consent to bring down ruin upon herself. But it is more than possible that the causes which have contributed to her prosperity, under disastrous influences, may work those changes in her habits and

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* England and the English. By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P., Author of "Pelham," "Devereux," and "Eugene Aram."

manners which, unless observed, directed, and controlled, may lead to her decline.

There are epochs in the history of nations which mark their transition from one state to another, favourable, or otherwise, to their future well-being. Every such period may be considered as a crisis. If overlooked by those who have the power of guiding and influencing the popular mind, it may produce the most fatal results; but if wisely improved,—if what is wanting in knowledge and experience be furnished,—if correctives be applied to what is redundant and excessive,—then, through whatever variety of untried being a nation may be doomed to pass, the issue will certainly be an augmentation of its happiness and prosperity.

As a nation, we have recently undergone great political changes, and we are on the eve of others equally momentous. Mr. Bulwer remarks, "those changes which have wrought such convulsions in states have begun by revolutions in the character of nations; every change in a constitution is occasioned by some change in the people. The English of the present day are not the English of twenty years ago." Our opinion, however, is, that the English are rather changing than changed; and whether the process which shall impress upon them a fixed character will be for evil or for good, is yet to be seen. Much will depend upon the new and the modifications of the old institutions which political science, in concurrence with public opinion, shall originate, and the intelligence of the people being always kept in advance of their institutions. It is only as a nation approximates to the perfection of social virtue that it is qualified to sustain the dignity and enjoy the benefits of a representative government in its simplest form. An unmixed democracy is suited rather to angels than to men; yet, perfect as they are, even angels are governed according to another fashion,—they have their powers, their princedoms, and their thrones.

When, therefore, we observe the people of England, for the most part, loud in their demands for something like Utopian perfection in the civil economy under which they and their fathers have lived for ages comparatively free and happy, we are anxious to perceive an improvement in their personal character and social state in some degree proportioned to their zeal for political renovation. In the changes already effected by the popular will, we are satisfied that the abuses which have been removed imperiously called for redress, and that we have not yet advanced beyond the intelligence of the people.

But we feel the great importance of the present crisis, and we rejoice to find such writers as Mr. Bulwer in the field. His work is as patriotic as it is seasonable; its general tone and spirit, its evident tendency to dignify the great with the true honours of nobility, and to raise the inferior classes to a consciousness of their real value in the body politic, cannot fail to recommend it to the heart of the patriot and the philanthropist. While we cheerfully make this admission in its favour, we candidly acknowledge that there are many portions of it at which we demur, some from which we altogether dissent, and others which, on further inquiry and a deeper acquaintance with his subject, we are persuaded Mr. Bulwer will himself see reason to amend.

In style, Mr. Bulwer shows himself a very Proteus. In the first book, he is all point and antithesis, as if he had caught the vivacity of the illustrious foreigner to whom it is addressed;*—in the second, he is more diffuse;—in the third, he becomes increasingly earnest and argumentative;—in the fourth, he is again discursive and occasionally eloquent;—the fifth is somewhat in the manner of a political declaimer, and has more coaxing and wheedling than exactly suits our taste; yet, in many respects, it is, we doubt not, adapted to the class for whose instruction and benefit it is chiefly intended.

* Prince Talleyrand.

It is not consistent with the limits prescribed by the arrangement of our work for us to offer anything like an analysis of these volumes. As we have intimated, they are divided into five books, which embrace every stirring question, every subject of political and social interest. Its general contents exhibit a view of the English character, society, and manners,—a survey of the state of education, aristocratic and popular, and of the general influences of morality and religion in England,—a view of the intellectual spirit of the time, and of the political state. With such a multitude of topics, and such a quantity of desultory matter, it is not surprising that the *ensemble* of Mr. Bulwer's work should appear somewhat disjointed and incomplete. It would be difficult to bring all the parts into coherence and harmony, and to make all the conclusions fairly deducible from the premises assumed. Sometimes we are inclined to think him too practical, according to his own definition of a practical man; at others, he seems to be hurried away by speculations too extravagant even for a theorist. He is radical and aristocratic by turns,—though he traces to the aristocracy the greatest of our national evils. With the same breath he lauds the church and the clergy, Robert Owen and Jeremy Bentham. He speaks of the materialism of Locke (a point not even yet determined), and complains of its injurious tendency, while to the philosophy of Mill, derived from Hartley, and founded on materialism, he refers in terms of unqualified approbation. But this by the way. We shall no longer detain our readers from the work itself, but introduce them to a few specimens of the aphorisms and the striking observations, which as brilliant points are scattered over its pages, and which force us to think in spite of ourselves.

"The man who practised it (priestcraft) in the name of the Virgin, thought it a monstrous piece of impudence to practise it in the name of Fo! In the same spirit of travel you read of an Englishwoman complaining of rudeness in America, and a German prince affecting a republican horror at an aristocracy in England."

"Travellers do not sufficiently analyse their surprise at the novelties they see; and they often proclaim that to be a difference in the several characters of nations which is but a difference in their manners."

"The passions are universally the same; the expression of them as universally varying."

"The Englishman then is vain of his country. Wherefore? Because of the public buildings? He never enters them. The laws? He abuses them eternally. The public men? They are quacks. The writers? He knows nothing about them. He is vain of his country for an excellent reason—IT PRODUCED HIM."

"The laws of a nation are often the terrible punishment of their foibles."

"The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth."

"The common sense of the ancient stoics was the sense of the common interest; the common sense of the modern schools is the sense of *one's own*."

"Sensible men never do a bold thing without being prepared for its consequences."

"Sensible men make a virtue of necessity."

"It is an old maxim enough among us, that we possess the sturdy sense of independence; yet the sense of independence is often the want of sympathy with others."

"A people who respect what they consider good, sooner or later discover in what good really consists."

"Indifference to moral character is a vice; a misunderstanding of its true components is but an error."

"It is from the fear of a concussion with persons without property that people with property hazard voluntarily a change."

"It is from the poorer classes that the evils and the dangers of a state arise; their *crimes* are our punishments. Let statesmen read this and learn to be wise in time."

"We have been a great people, because we have been always active; and a moral people, because we have never left ourselves time to be vicious."

"When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world."

"One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth."

"Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves; their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied."

Among the *sketches* illustrative of character and manners, some are exceedingly amusing; all are well drawn; and as a few are evidently portraits a little caricatured, they cannot fail to be recognized.

The following, we can ourselves attest, is true to nature, and as it is quite novel, we extract it into our pages:—

"I breakfasted the other day with M——; you recollect that two years ago he was one of the supereminent of the dandies; silent, constrained and insolent; very scrupulous as to the unblemished character of his friends—for *ton*; affecting to call everything 'a bore;' and, indeed, afraid to laugh for fear of cracking himself in two. M—— is *now* the last man in the world one could thus describe. He talks, rattles, rubs his hands, affects a certain jollity of manner; wants you to think him a devilish good fellow; dresses, to be sure, as the young and the handsome are prone to dress—*selon les règles;* but you may evidently see that he does so mechanically; his soul is no longer in his clothes. He startled me, too, by quoting Bacon. You know we never suspected he had so much learning; but, between you and me, I think his quotation is a motto to one of the newspapers. However that be, M—— is evidently no longer indifferent as to whether you think he has information or not; he is anxious for your good esteem; he is overwhelmingly courteous and complimentary; he, who once extended the tip of his finger to you, now shakes you by both hands; it is not any longer M——'s fault if he is not agreeable; he strives to be so with might and main; and in fact, he succeeds; it is impossible not to like such a gentleman-like, good-looking, high-spirited fellow, when he once condescends to wish for your good opinion. His only fault is, that he is *too* elaborately offhand, too stupendously courteous; he has not yet learnt, like Will Honeycomb, 'to laugh easily;' it will take him some little time to be good-natured spontaneously; howbeit, M—— is marvellously improved. After breakfast, we walked down St. James's Street; M—— has lost his old walk entirely; you recollect that he used to carry his eyes and his nose in the air, never looking on either side of him, and seeming to drop upon your existence by accident. *Now* he looks round him with a cordial air, casts a frequent glance to the opposite side of the street, and seems mortally afraid lest he should by chance overlook some passing acquaintance. We met two or three plain-dressed, respectable-looking persons, the last people in the world whom M—— (you would say) could by possibility have known; M—— stops short, his face beaming with gratulation, shakes them by the hand, pulls them by the button, whispers them in the ear, and tears himself away at last with a 'Recollect, my dear Sir, I'm entirely at your service.' All this is very strange! what can possibly have wrought such a miracle in M——? I will tell you; M—— HAS NOW GOT CONSTITUENTS."—vol. ii. page 176. We refer our readers to the observations with which this spirited delineation is followed up. We have here a glimpse of "the operations which the Reform Bill will ultimately bear upon the tone of manners."

In his treatment of *persons*, Mr. Bulwer seems to know no medium between adulation and invective; not that we suspect him of meanness in the one or malice in the other. Mr. * * * is his friend, and he endows him with every estimable quality—he is the ablest of writers and the best of men. Poor Sneak is his enemy, and he treats him with measureless

scorn; we are, however, at a loss to detect the cause of his more than political animosity to the Whig Administration. His abuse of Earl Grey is personal, and from one of the aristocracy somewhat out of keeping; we cannot well understand how it has been provoked. But that it is not deserved, we think even party spirit will be sufficiently impartial to acknowledge. Mr. B., as well as his friend M——, has constituents, and some of them occupy prebendal stalls and an episcopal throne.

Sir Robert Peel falls under his just rebuke; and we admire Mr. Bulwer for the manly and noble sentiments breathed in the following extract;—it is from his address to the English people.

"The most eminent of your representatives is accustomed to boast 'that he owes his station to his father's industry in cotton-spinning.' You admire him when he does so; it is but a few weeks since that you rent the air when the boast was uttered; you fancied the boast was democratic and truth-loving. It was just the reverse—very aristocratic, (though in a vulgar mode of aristocracy,) and very false. Owes his station to cotton-spinning! Observe that the boast implies a pride of wealth, an aristocracy of feeling, much more offensive than the pride of birth. Owes his station to cotton-spinning! If a man did so owe it, to my mind there is nothing to boast of, nothing very ennobling in the process of cotton-spinning. But what your representative means to say, is this:—that the industry of his father in amassing an immense fortune is praiseworthy, and he is, therefore, proud of it; and you, my dear friends, being most of you employed in money-getting, are very apt to be charmed with the compliment. But successful industry in amassing money is a very poor quality in the eyes of men who cherish high notions of morality; it is compatible with the meanest vices, with the paltriest exertions of intellect, with servility, with cunning, with avarice, with overreaching! Compatible! Nay, it is by those very qualities that, nine times out of ten, a large fortune is made! They were doubtless not the failings of your representative's father. I know nothing of that gentleman, now no more; he enjoyed a high character; he may have had every virtue under the sun; I will willingly suppose that he had;—but let us stick to the point; it was only of one virtue that Sir Robert Peel boasted, namely, the virtue of making money. If this was an aristocratic boast, if it showed a poor comprehension of morality, so, on the other hand, it was not true in itself. And your representative must have known it was not true when he uttered it. It is not true, that this distinguished man owes his station in the world to his father's industry; it is not true that cotton-spinning has anything at all to do with it; he owes his station to his own talents, to his own eloquence, to his own perseverance—these are qualities to be proud of; and a great man might refer to them with a noble modesty; but, *to please* you, my dear friends, the crafty orator only talks of the *to kalon* of cotton-spinning, and the *to prepon* of money-getting."—vol. ii. p. 260.

If Mr. Bulwer can expose and reprove with vigour, he can commend where merit calls for his praise, with a tenderness and delicacy peculiarly graceful. Take the following short and simple reference to Martin—a name we cannot pronounce without admiration.

After dwelling with an enthusiasm worthy of the subject on the great works of this inspired artist, Mr. Bulwer eloquently exclaims:—"They tell us of the genius that the Royal Institution may form—they thrust this man from its bosom; they tell us of the advantage to be found in the patronizing smiles of aristocratic favour—let them ask the early history of Martin! If you would know the victorious power of enthusiasm, regard the great artist of his age immersed in difficulty, on the verge of starvation, prying in the nooks and corners of an old trunk for one remaining crust to satisfy his hunger, returning with unsubdued energy to his easel, and finding in his own rapt meditations of heaven and heaven's imagery, everything that could reconcile him to earth! Ask you, why *he* is supported, and why

the lesser genii droop and whine for the patronage of lords? It is because *they* have no rapt meditations.

"I have heard that one of Martin's pictures was undertaken when his pecuniary resources could not bear him through the expenses of the task. One after one his coins diminished; at length he came to a single bright shilling, which, *from* its brightness he had, in that sort of playfulness which belongs to genius, kept to the last. The shilling was unfaithful as it was bright—it was taken with a sigh to the baker's, declared to be a counterfeit, and the loaf, just grasped, plucked back from the hand of the immortal artist."—vol. ii. p. 213.

We cannot follow Mr. Bulwer through the miscellaneous subjects which are treated under the grand divisions of his work. Science, literature, the drama, the arts, and the prevailing philosophy, we must, of necessity, pass over; nor can we stop to examine the accuracy of his statements regarding the political condition of the country, the state of parties, and the spirit and practices of the Reformed Parliament. Our remaining observations, which must be brief, we shall direct to the grand remedy with which Mr. Bulwer proposes to correct the abuses of the social system peculiar to the time, and which he would likewise apply as the efficient means for qualifying the people to exercise the elective franchise, with which they have been recently intrusted, so as to establish a firm and efficient government, as well as to consolidate and extend their own political rights and liberties.

Most cordially do we enter into Mr. Bulwer's views on the subject of universal education—education based on morality and religion. The people will no longer repose on the lap of ignorance; the thinking faculty is awake, and the moral wants of the community are painfully felt. But when Mr. Bulwer proposes that morality should be taught as a distinct science, however this may be suited to the tastes and habits of philosophers and scholars, we are confident that, in a system of popular instruction, it must be identified with religion, of which, indeed, it forms an essential element. On these two great subjects, Mr. Bulwer's notions are often obscure: sometimes he speaks of philosophy as if it comprehended both; then he distinguishes them from each other, and treats of them separately. He does not, as it appears to us, comprehend the nature of religion as a divine revelation of mercy to mankind. In perusing these volumes, it occasionally struck us, that Mr. Bulwer's religion is a kind of poetry—an abstraction which suffers by any admixture with human institutions; we should certainly infer this, were we not surprised by his startling remarks on the necessity of an ecclesiastical establishment, in favour of episcopacy, to the exclusion of every other form of Christianity, and as the only legitimate source from whence the religious education of all classes and sects ought to emanate. We are not about to moot the question, whether an hierarchy dependent upon the state, the creature of the aristocracy and its most effectual safeguard—that aristocracy, whose overgrown power and baneful influence is the perpetual theme of Mr. Bulwer's eloquent vituperation—we are not about to moot the question, whether such an institution ought to be abolished. As it exists, we would preserve it with the aristocracy, only introducing into both a regenerating principle, that shall purify them from their worst abuses. But we cannot forbear remarking upon the inconsistency of a writer, who, while pleading for the equal rights and liberties of mankind, would consign millions of the children of his countrymen to the immediate care, or to *the predominating influence*, of a priesthood, whose authority in religion their parents practically disavow.

Mr. Bulwer's plans of social improvement, sanctioned as they are by the spirit of the times, afford us hopes for England. We are not among the gloomy prognosticators who look upon reform as the prelude to national convulsion. We cannot discover those analogies between the progress of the first French Revolution and the measures of government

at the present moment. Our reform is the perfecting of a system good and sound at the core. Revolution has hitherto been only the downfall of that which was not worth preserving—the crash of an edifice whose foundations were rottenness.

If we do not continue a commanding and puissant nation, the envy and the admiration of the world, we shall fall, not in our weakness, but in our might; the surest presages of prosperity will change their nature, and we shall perish by the very means that are best adapted to maintain our greatness. The danger that menaces us is not from the populace, but from the privileged orders who will not discern the signs of the times; but were even these to commit political suicide, we should still have a monarchy, an aristocracy and a people. Coronets may be rent, but the constitution will survive; the leaves and the lighter branches of the oak may be scathed, but the king of the forest will lose nothing of his pristine vigour.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Loss of the Convict Ship.—One or two very extraordinary things have happened during the month, which have created powerful sensations in the public mind—one, involving a destruction of human life far beyond the general or expected casualties of the sea, has been the loss of the Amphitrite convict ship, bound to (Botany Bay, as it was formerly called) New South Wales, with one hundred and eight female convicts.

The details have been long before the public, and all people who know very little about the matter blame both the captain and surgeon for having behaved like brutes and barbarians in not suffering these convicts to land when they might have done so, and appear to feel that justice is scarcely satisfied because these two unfortunate men have simply been drowned together with their cargo.

The system upon which these convict ships are regulated is perhaps not generally known. The vessel is taken up under the auspices of what was heretofore the Navy Board, but which now is in the hands of the Admiralty Office, doing the duty at a somewhat increased expense and a decreased efficiency. When the ship is taken up, a naval surgeon of experience, and certain standing in the service, is appointed "Agent for Convicts" on board of her, and to him is delegated a very considerable power, commensurate indeed with the importance of the charge with which he is intrusted.

This agent of convicts is, in fact, the viceroy over the king; the captain over the master of the vessel; and, as it is necessary that such power should be deposited somewhere, it has been thought right, upon a principle of humanity and economy, to place it in the hands of an officer who is supposed to blend with the authority absolutely necessary on such a service, the medical skill which may be required upon so long and, in some cases, so trying a voyage.

To the charge of this officer the convicts are consigned; he becomes responsible not only for their health, but their security, and, as a reward for his vigilance, he becomes entitled to half-a-guinea a head for every individual he lands in New South Wales. When the convicts are males, an officer's guard of soldiers is embarked with them, in order to quell

any insurrectionary movements which such a set of refractory rascals, cooped up in a ship, might be induced to make.

It will be seen, therefore, that the responsibility of the surgeon is of a very serious character; and certainly it is a fact in the highest degree honourable and creditable to the gentlemen concerned in carrying on the duty, that until this horrible mishap—shipwreck it can scarcely be called—took place in Boulogne Harbour, no one ship employed in the transport service, from the first adoption of the system to the present time, has been lost.

One thing strikes us as being imprudent in the arrangement; we mean the permission granted to the surgeons to carry their wives with them. In time of war such an indulgence is not permitted to the captain of a king's ship, because it is most wisely and naturally believed, that the presence of a woman so nearly and dearly connected with him would influence his conduct in a very important degree. It appears in this case that the surgeon's wife was a very active performer in the dreadful scene, and we are quite sure that it would be for the benefit of the service if a restriction were laid upon the agents for convicts, who are upon their voyages in the exercise of a very arduous and responsible duty, similar to that affecting the captain in war time. It would seem as if the very circumstance of a crowd of depraved convicts forming the great body of passengers would of itself preclude the chance of a lady of delicate habits and respectable connexions from embarking in such vessels. Love and duty, however, overcome many obstacles; but in this case we think it should be made a point of duty for the medical pair to conquer their love, and leave the lady at home.

To show that we were not very wrong in our suggestions touching this point, we beg to give the following extract from the evidence delivered upon an investigation into the circumstances of this particular case:—

"EXTRACT FROM JOHN OWEN'S DEPOSITION, TAKEN SEPT. 10.

"The surgeon called us aft, and ordered us to hoist the boat out, his wife standing by him. *She said that she would not go in the boat with the convicts.* The surgeon *then* said, neither the boat *nor any person should go on shore that night.*

"EXTRACT FROM EVIDENCE.

"You have stated in your deposition that the surgeon ordered the long-boat to be hoisted out, but that his wife refused to go in her with the convicts; what was the wife's reason?—I don't know what else it could be but pride.

"Did the surgeon appear to have any fear of the escape of the convicts?—*No; he would have allowed the convicts to go on shore but for the interference of his wife.*

"To the Hon. George Elliott, C.B., &c.,
"Secretary, Admiralty."

FASHIONABLE CAPRICE.—The caprice of fashion, and its never-ending mutability, are somewhat hackneyed themes. It is, however, scarcely possible to avoid remarking upon the extraordinay changes in the distribution of public favour, as regards public places of amusement.

At one period, now about half a century since, Ranelagh was everything; it was as essential to the fashionable world as the Opera, and

rather more so than church. The amusements of Ranelagh were conveyed thither by the company itself, for all that was done *there* was walking round and round a spacious amphitheatre to the sound of horns and clarionets, the centre of the room being appropriated to a sort of furnace for boiling kettles, with the water from which parties made tea, and drank it, sitting in little boxes which surrounded the outer edge of the building.

After some time Ranelagh drooped in popularity, and efforts were made to amuse the visiters. A fantoccini—a concert—fireworks were introduced, and the price of admission was raised from one shilling to half a crown; this sealed its fate. The company who frequented it in its fashionable days disliked an association with those who went to see fireworks and fantoccini, and the *beau monde* withdrew entirely, leaving the field to the Goths and Vandals who seemed inclined to occupy it. The attempts, however, to amuse them failed, and in a season or two it was closed, and shortly after pulled down.

About that period Vauxhall, which had for an equally long period of time been the resort of the middling classes at the same price of admission, (namely, one shilling,) took a new turn, and the fashionable world, dislodged from Ranelagh, turned their support to Vauxhall. Gala nights, under the patronage of the Duchesses of Devonshire and Gordon, attracted the gayest of company, and night after night the walks were thronged with the *élite* of society; and this continued even so late as the retirement of the late Lady Londonderry from the world after the death of her lord.

The fashionable world, however, got tired of this, and it was thought, as it had formerly been by the proprietors of Ranelagh, that what they fancied new attractions were wanting in the shape of new amusements, and accordingly a theatre was constructed, temples were built, panoramas painted, water was laid on to combine with the fire-works; rope-dancing, tumbling, whistling, chin-chopping—anything that could be procured, from the Opera House down to Bartholomew Fair, was concentrated at Vauxhall. The result was, that it became a scene of one continued rush and scramble from one end of the place to the other; the sight-seers were excited and delighted, but those who preferred Vauxhall when it was an acknowledged place of assembly, and when, as it had formerly been at Ranelagh, the amusement was derived from their own society, gradually withdrew; so that while the vulgar were growing tired of the sameness of the exhibition, the fashionable people absolutely abandoned them, and the consequence has been that the gardens, at best scantily attended, have been latterly frequented by the worst company; the police reports affording the most powerful evidence as to their general character, by giving us details of one man picking the pockets of another while pretending to offer him *a light for his cigar*, and by the melancholy appearance of what were once supper boxes, more than half of which have been, during the past season, either closed with temporary screens, or blocked up altogether with permanent buildings.

As it was at Ranelagh, so it is at Vauxhall; and it seems that the managers, conscious of its fall, resolved manfully to meet its fate, by giving it up at a suitable price to the mobility. They have closed their season with a series of one shilling nights, which have produced them more money than all the rest of the season put together—thousands

of people have been admitted, and thousands of *pots of porter* have been consumed, and so ends the affair; because now, having lowered the price to the means of its frequenters, they never can raise it again; the pipes and the porter, the pickpockets and the policemen, have settled its character, and in another season nobody will go who can afford to pay four shillings to see and hear what has been given this year for one quarter the sum; while those who delight in its present amusements will wait till the time comes when the proprietors are obliged again to lower the price of their commodity to suit the pockets of their customers.

Some other place of amusement, of a nature similar to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, may perhaps spring up; but our belief is, that the frequency and extent of private assemblies, and balls, and *reunions* generally, have superseded the necessity which, in the earlier days of Ranelagh, the fashionable world felt of having some large place as a general rendezvous. Nor should we omit to observe, that Ranelagh itself rose into power upon the *decadence* of Marylebone Gardens, which fell to the ground in a precisely similar manner to both its successors—by efforts to amuse and surprise a previously placid and well-pleased company by the most splendid fireworks ever exhibited in this country. That space is now covered by Wimpole-street, and Cavendish-street, and Weymouth-street, and other streets and places; and the ladies' boarding school in High-street occupies the space where formerly stood the entrance to the gardens. An adjoining public-house still holds its ground. Ranelagh presents to the eye another fashionable boarding-school, a walk by a common sewer, a steam-engine, and the celebrated Dolphin; and a few years, we suppose, will show us streets, crescents, and circuses, covering the space in Lambeth at present occupied by the worshipful company of cigar-smokers and porter-drinkers.

National Gallery.—It has been officially announced that the King has been graciously pleased to approve of Mr. Wilkins's design for a National Gallery, and that that gentleman has actually laid out the ground near the late Mews, and that his Majesty proposes to sanction the undertaking by laying the first stone. We regret this, not because we disbelieve Mr. Wilkins's talents, but because we are sure that the King does not and cannot *of himself* approve of any plan, in which he persisted in an intention of blocking out the view of the most magnificent parish church in the empire with one of the ends of his proposed gallery.

That Mr. Wilkins, who has proved himself to be the most conceited man in his Majesty's dominions, should be permitted to do any thing with the National Gallery after the literary suicide which he committed, after the lashing of the "Literary Gazette" and Mr. Gwilt, seems very strange; but we suppose his views assimilate with those of the noble lord with the stiff neckcloth, who, by naturally looking over his own shoulder, may be enabled to see the portico of St. Martin's Church round the corner, while people whose heads are straightly put on will be left in the dark. Certainly the insolence and ignorance which characterise Mr. Wilkins's attack upon St. Martin's Church—in fact, the work of Wren, although said to be that of Gibbs—would, in other days, have barred the door to his employment in the face of popular

opinion. We regret to see how little the feelings of the people are just now consulted; but from such subjects we abstain while speaking of works of art, and therefore if Mr. Wilkins is to be foisted upon us, all we care about is, to endeavour to awaken the inhabitants of Westminster to the necessity of an alteration in his original plan, and the preservation of the portico, which, although second to Mr. Wilkins's splendid effort in the Long Fields of Saint Pancras, is, considering its place and purpose, just third in the estimation of the people, who admire and venerate it.

Mr. Purser, an architect who, like Mr. Gwilt, has openly taken up the cudgels against the illustrious builder of the *Cockney* College and St. George's Hospital,—an edifice as entirely inconvenient within, as it is frightful without,—pleases himself with the hope that we have got rid of the original plan of the said Wilkins, and congratulates the people of Westminster upon the triumph of their exertions in the cause. He, however, doubts of complete success, and most properly exhorts us all to put our shoulders to the wheel to avert what, really after the noble exertions of Mr. Nash to bring out the beauties of that part of the town, can be considered nothing but high treason against good taste and common sense.

Mr. Purser, speaking of this wonderful Wilkins, the mare's-nest of the Woods and Forests, says—

"It is not merely with the hope of rescuing the magnificent church of St. Martin's that I shall now attempt to reverse his critical conclusions, but also with a view to the protection of those other superb edifices which we have so long and so justly been accustomed to respect. That gentleman, not content with obstructing the view of St. Martin's Church, by placing in front of it a work of *his own*, has, under the plea of furnishing an explanation of his plan, endeavoured to give a colour to the act, by calumniating the beautiful structure which he thus proposes to conceal. He has also availed himself of this opportunity to foist upon the general reader a greater mass of false criticism than I can remember to have seen condensed into the same space, and which, applying not only to the building in question, but also to the magnificent works of Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, Sir John Vanbrugh, and others of the same school, are calculated to beget in the public mind an indifference and contempt for those splendid structures with which this country is so highly adorned, thereby paving the way to *further* acts of Vandalism."

Appositely enough, Mr. Purser calls to the mind of the reader the simple fact that Gibbs, whom Mr. Wilkins ridicules and runs down, built the magnificent Radcliffe Library at Oxford; and that he, Mr. Wilkins, built Downing College at Cambridge;—but then, Mr. Wilkins says—"*I will boldly state that the portico of the London University is universally acknowledged to be the finest in London.*" "With all due submission," says Mr. Purser, "not universally; and it may be taken for granted that Mr. Wilkins is by this time perfectly satisfied of the fact."

We do not mean here to enter into the controversy, farther than to protest, in the most serious manner, against blocking up the "vile" portico of St. Martin's by one of Mr. Wilkins's splendid achievements. Great contrivance and fortunate circumstances, arising out of the improvement of that part of the metropolis, opened to our view the most splendid parish-church in the empire;—this we repeat, without fear of contradiction even from the illustrious Wilkins himself. And are the

people of Westminster to suffer this experimental builder of porticoes—this designer of St. George's Hospital, where the pediment is supported by square columns, like so many gutter-boxes—to destroy, not the chance, but the certainty they possess of preserving this magnificent edifice to their sight? No; petition upon petition, memorial upon memorial, should go to the King to prevent this monstrous outrage upon the metropolis.

And now we come to even a stronger point of opposition. Wilkins may build as beautifully as Soane, or Gibbs, or as the Right Honourable Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor would have built, had he continued the practice of his respectable father's art; but, let him do his best, he can do no good for the town or the people by building the National Gallery where it is proposed to be. This is no fault of Wilkins's; but the site is injudicious, and, moreover, inconvenient to the majority of the population of London. The place which the National Gallery should have occupied in the metropolis is a site still available—the gardens of the British Museum. Within the gates of that structure rest the splendid collection of natural history, which is national; the magnificent library, which, thanks to the unbounded munificence of the late King, is national; the national antiques in sculpture are also deposited there; and there, forming a concentration of the highest value and deepest interest, should the National Gallery be located.

It is extremely well for those who have established that Grosvenor-square, and the circle of half a mile round its aristocratic railings, shall be called, considered, and denominated London, to talk of the British Museum as a country chateau, and consider its valuable contents nearly as difficult of access as they were before they were collected. But this is a mere fashionable cry, and one by which matters of serious and lasting importance to the nation most certainly ought not to be regulated. Who shall decide which will be considered the central point of London a century hence? Is she not spreading in all directions? and is not even fashion herself leading her votaries to the brick-fields at Bayswater, and driving them into the swamps of Pimlico? Hyde Park-terrace in one direction, Belgrave-square in another, and the Regent's Park in a third, are hourly increasing the distance from the British Museum from what is just now called the fashionable part of town; but, even in so doing, it is only making the British Museum, in point of fact, *more central.*

If it is to be said that the people of the City, of Goodman's-fields, of Whitechapel, of Broad-street, and Great St. Helen's, and Bishopsgate-street, and Finsbury-square, and Finsbury-crescent, and the London Institution, and all the wealthy contributors to our national institutions, are never to peep at a picture, finger a fossil, or stare at a statue, then put your Museums and National Galleries up alongside of your bears and buffaloes in the Regent's Park, and so exclude them by distance from a participation in the pursuits for which they pay their share. But if you wish for a central position, do not, in the present state of London, fancy Charing-cross more central than the British Museum. The Museum gate is about one mile and a half from the extreme end of Oxford-street in a westerly direction: it is two miles and three-quarters from Whitechapel-bars in an easterly direction—giving no less than a whole mile and a quarter in favour of the western extremity of the metropolis; while, as

respects the width of the town, it stands exactly midway between the Surrey end of Waterloo-bridge and the turnpike at St. James's Chapel in the Hampstead-road, being distant from either of those points one mile.

Mr. Purser, the gentleman from whose pamphlet we have borrowed some observations upon Mr. Wilkins's immeasurable vanity, advocates the locality to which we now point with much ability; and, after expatiating on the *positive advantages* of the selection, expresses his opinion that the greatest benefits, in a financial point of view, would be derivable from its adoption. The facility of appropriating the gardens of the Museum to this purpose, and of letting the desirable land at Charing-cross for the building of shops, the profit arising from which would produce a fund for the other building, is evident; while, from the nature of the ground to be used at the Museum, a power of extending the gallery gradually, as means might offer, or funds became available, would be afforded, which nowhere else presents itself.

There is much reason in all this. But upon one thing only is the population of Westminster unanimous as regards the affair, and that is, in the determination to resist to the extremest effort the sacrilege, proposed originally by Mr. Wilkins, to be perpetrated before St. Martin's Church, but which they still confidently hope he has abandoned, in order to obtain the King's sanction nominally to his doing the job at all.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.—The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, with their afflicted son, Prince George, have left town for Berlin, under the following extremely interesting circumstances:—Prince George has, after much protracted suffering, become perfectly blind; and it will be remembered that the acceleration of this dreadful privation was produced by his having accidentally struck the sound eye of the two with the steel acorn of a purse which he was playfully swinging round in his hand.

All the best advice, all the tenderest care and attention have been secured to this illustrious and most amiable young Prince, but we believe that not only Sir Wathen Waller and Mr. Travers had agreed upon the impossibility of restoring the sight, but that Mr. Alexander, who is the generally acknowledged king of oculists in this country, coincided in the opinion that the case was hopeless.

About the beginning of the month the Baron Von Graffe, celebrated all over the continent for his wonderful skill in ophthalmic surgery, arrived in England on a short leave of absence from Berlin, where he is not only in the actual service of the Prussian monarch, but in a practice of the most extensive kind. As soon as he came to London, the Duke of Cumberland, who had himself a personal knowledge of his merits, seized upon the opportunity of consulting him, and took him to Kew to see the royal sufferer, whose exalted position in the world renders all the circumstances of the case of tenfold interest. He examined the Prince, and declared his opinion that the privation of sight arose from the accident to which we have already alluded, and not from any constitutional causes to which our own eminent medical men had ascribed it.

His proposed course in consequence was asked. He had no intention of any immediate operation; nor did he mean to perform any until he should have strengthened the powers of the eye to a point when he himself should feel confident, if not of entire success, at least of having done

all that lay in his power to ensure it. This course of preparation is to consist in the continuous application of a medicinal herb, which was introduced into this country in the year 1732, by a Dr. Baker or Barker, the wonderful powers of which the Baron Graffe has already frequently and powerfully proved upon his continental patients.

The prospect held out to the Duke and Duchess, whose whole hearts are devoted to their son, by the Baron, was much too bright and too full of hope to be for a moment neglected. It appeared that the course of medicine might probably last two or three months, and that it required the constant presence of the future operator to watch its progress. The Duke made the Baron Graffe an offer of no less a sum than three thousand pounds to remain in this country till the period arrived when he thought he could perform the operation—adding that he would bring his family over here at his own expense, and consider them his guests during their stay. The Baron, full of gratitude for so munificent a proposal, was nevertheless compelled by engagements at Berlin to refuse it, and nothing remained for the anxious parents, full of confidence, under Providence, in the skill of the oculist, but to break up all their domestic comforts here, and repair to Berlin, where they might have the attendance of the Baron without overturning all his other numerous arrangements.

They have accordingly left London for Berlin; and, although everybody who knows anything of society knows that this now given, is the literally true history of the case, some of the newspapers have been indulging in their coarse and silly attacks upon his Royal Highness, who is represented to have had a quarrel with the *King* upon political matters, and to have left England at his *Majesty's* suggestion. We have not the slightest intention to meddle with politics, nor to attempt to decide who may be right and who may be wrong, but this we assert is a fact incontrovertible and undeniable, that the Duke of Cumberland, however devoted to his duties as a father, feels, in his position in the world, that a love of country is paramount, and that whether the politics he adopts are in fact advantageous or disadvantageous, he, in his conscience, believes them to be just and constitutional; and, that let Parliament meet when it will, he will be found at his post to vindicate the principles he has ever maintained; and we will superadd to this, that so far from any political differences having arisen between his Majesty and his Royal Highness, we will venture to say that Windsor Castle will afford a welcome home to the Duke whenever he returns from his almost sacred pilgrimage to the Prussian capital: in proof of which we need only observe that both the King and Queen dined at Kew with the Duke and Duchess a few days since; their Royal Highnesses leave London this day; sleep at Walmer Castle, the guests of the Duke of Wellington, and proceed on their voyage in the morning; Lord Charles Wellesley, the Duke's second son, having been specially appointed equerry to his Royal Highness during his stay on the continent.

Hungerford Market.—Amongst all the improvements of London, splendid and magnificent as they have been within the last quarter of a century, none have done more real good than the restoration, or rather new creation of Hungerford Market. As a building it is highly creditable to the architect, who has, in a masterly manner, availed himself of

the difficulties he had to encounter as to the level of the ground, in order to make a very handsome elevation and a very useful disposition of the space confided to his taste and judgment.

It is not, however, to the architect alone we are indebted; we are indebted to the projectors of the plan of bringing it into the very heart of the western extremity of the city, or even beyond that, into the city of Westminster, at the eastern extremity of the west-end of the metropolis. The results of the undertaking have been wonderful. Salmon has been selling at a lower rate than it could be purchased in Edinburgh. The effect produced by this sudden and salutary reduction is not confined to the market alone; it spreads its influence in all directions; and the dandy fishmongers, who sport their cabriolets and their claret, have been obliged to lower their exorbitant demands in order to keep pace with the salesmen in the market, and that for which they charged but the other day three shillings and sixpence a pound, they have been glad to sell for tenpence and one shilling.

The horror and indignation of these extortioners have been great. In one instance we heard of a fishmonger who gave notice to one of the best clubs in London, that if they *ever* purchased fish in Hungerford Market, he would cease to serve them at any other period; and this man is one of the body who, night after night, have been in the habit of sinking in the river Thames boat-loads of fish, which have not been sold, rather than reduce the value of the commodity by selling them at a lower price on the second day.

The infamous cheating of fishmongers has long been the theme of popular indignation; but nothing can be done to remedy it until people of the middling classes and moderate means will take the trouble to look after their own concerns, and, as it is called, "cheapen their own fish." Nobody expects that a great rich duke, like the Duke of Devonshire, or a nobleman of known liberality, willing to sacrifice thousands for the service of his country, like Lord Fitzwilliam, or such men as these, know or care whether their house-stewards and the fishmongers go shares in a great system of plunder, and divide the enormous profit derivable from the morning purchase of a turbot at Billingsgate for three shillings, and the noon sale of it in Westminster for three-and-twenty, —but we do expect, and we are glad to say we see, that ladies of delicate habits and polished manners are not ashamed of driving to Hungerford market, and making personal inquiries as to prices, and consequent purchases.

It is only by a due support and patronage that such an institution as this can subsist and flourish; and we are quite sure that we are doing good to our fellow-citizens, and, we may say, fellow-countrymen,—for the "march of fish" is very extensive,—by calling their attention to the shops in this mart, where every "combustible," as the late Lady Madcap used to call it, for the table, is to be found in profusion at easy rates, and of excellent quality.

Mr. Kean's Eye.—Mr. Kean, the very great successor of his extraordinary great father, met with a narrow escape the other day at Brighton, of having one of those hereditary expressive eyes, of which the penny-a-liners speak so enthusiastically, poked out, by the foil of a bungling opponent at one of the country theatres, where the young and unaffected

gentleman is acting. If the story is true, we are glad that, as a human being, he escaped; but we doubt these things; an actor is never happy but when he is before the public—if not on the stage let it be in the newspapers; and we are very much inclined to believe that half the fits, and falls, and broken legs, and sprained ankles, from which the Thespians of the metropolis seem more than anybody else to suffer, are, for the most part, refreshers of the public mind, without which the said Thespians think they should be forgotten. There is a theatrical story extant, of which this "palpable hit" of young Kean's reminds us. John Palmer—or as he was facetiously called in his day, Jack Palmer—was constantly the cause of apologies to the audience by negligences the most extraordinary, and impudences the most extravagant.

One afternoon—and it only shows how dangerous it is to cry "wolf" when he is not at the door—Palmer, who built and then inhabited a house which faces the traveller leaving London at the end of what is called the Grove, in Kentish Town, on the right hand side of the road, was nailing up a grape-vine which was spreading its tendrils over his porch, and, while so employed, was stung most severely in the eye by a wasp. The inflammation which was produced was so violent that his eye was closed by it, and all the surrounding parts swelled to an inconceivable extent. He sent off an express to the theatre, and an apology was made for his sudden indisposition.

Upon hearing this, a gentleman of pertinacious theatrical habits, who happened to be sitting in the pit, rose from his seat, and, addressing the apology-maker on the stage, stated that he was convinced this was one of Mr. Palmer's disrespectful neglects of the audience, in which he was so much in the habit of indulging; for that he, not two hours before, had seen him in perfect health, nailing up his grape-vine, at Kentish Town, and in active conversation with another person in his garden.

This announcement incensed the audience, and nothing would serve them but that Palmer must be sent for; and after much vain remonstrance, the manager himself—paint, pumps, and all—set off in a carriage to Kentish Town, where he found Palmer suffering much from the accident, and not "shamming." He explained the urgency of the case, popped him into the glass-coach, and carried him, as he was, to the theatre, where, in a few minutes, and in his deshabille, he made his appearance before the audience, who, seeing Palmer walk in apparently perfectly well, the lights and the distance rendering the sting he had received scarcely perceptible, began to hiss, and laugh, and cheer the obstinate little man in the pit, for having brought the culprit before them.

Palmer advanced to the front of the stage, and having assumed an imploring attitude, was at length—not till after a heavy fire of orange-peel and other missiles—permitted to explain. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Palmer, "I am aware of the odd effect my appearance here may produce after the apology which has been made for my illness, which I hardly thought it possible to describe by communication to the theatre." "No wonder!"—"Shame!"—"What's the matter?" were the cries with which this part of his appeal was received. "The fact is, ladies and gentlemen," continued he, "my illness—was—all—my eye!"

The number of shouts, yells, apple-parings, apples and all, in some instances, which followed this announcement were incalculable, and it re-

quired half-an-hour, and the testimony of one or two others of the "profession," to do away the impression made by the apt but unlucky adoption of a cant phrase which the enlightened public could not but think was used in derision. We should use the same cant phrase for young Mr. Kean's melancholy accident in fencing—these mock diamonds want *a foil* now for them to set them off.

The expectations of the Irish gentleman who had a few years ago expressed his belief that, before another quarter of a century had passed, every sporting man would go hunting on his own tea-kettle, seem to be in a fair way of being realized;—rail-roads are growing up, or rather lying down, all over the kingdom; tugs, drags, feeders, dragons, dolphins, and the other newly-named machines, are in progress; and in less than ten years we shall scarcely know where we are when we are at home, or where we may be in half an hour if we venture to go out.

It sounds so absurd, and one has seen and may still, of course, see, in the pages of philosophical journals, and in those of the most philosophical journal of all, the "Gentleman's Magazine," for the last hundred years, so many proposals and speculations for impelling, and propelling, and expelling (all of which have "vanished into thin air"), that it is difficult to admit, all at once, the possibility of the *permanent* success of the multifarious schemes and speculations now in progress, and some of them arrived at perfection.

How little, how contemptible, these improvements make man! They exalt him mentally; they give evidence of the Divine permission to expand the mind; but the physical force of the tyrant among the spiders is rendered absolutely contemptible;—a pot of hot water, with a fire under it, and a pipe sticking out of one of its corners, does the work of a hundred of us;—these improvements degrade, while they immortalize, the men who make them.

In the golden days, not of *Queen Bess*, (because those were days of ignorance and servility, tyranny and debasement, irremediable by the beefsteaks and ale of the maids of honour, or the roasted goose and sage and onion of Her Virgin Majesty herself;) but in the golden age of Anne, when art, and genius, and talent, and power abounded, those whose names are still justly held in reverence by the small fry of witlings—the wagtails of the brooks—were, with all their splendid abilities, all their accomplishments, all their imagination, looked up and deferred to as perfect—they reciprocated the acknowledgment, and with their wigs, swords, and buckles, believed themselves "perfect."

What would Addison have thought of going to the small dirty village of Brighthelmstone, at a remote distance from the Mall in St. James's Park, in a coach drawn by hot water, in four hours?—How Pope would have stared if it had been proposed to double him up and send him to "the Bath" from Hounslow in four hours and a half on a rail-road! Steele would have marvelled at their iron, and Swift have trembled at their pace: to what, then, but general debasement of man do these perpetual discoveries and inventions tend? What so effectually proves the incompleteness of our nature and the perfection of our vanity? Old Humphrey de Hornbogge, who died at St. Wolfran's in Cornwall, in the year of our Lord 1536, believed that civilization had reached its highest

pitch in Britain in that year; and the last fly-away steam-speculator of the year 1833 tells you that the science has reached its *acme*—when it has only been practically known for about fifty years; while the great-grandchildren of the wonderers at the present rapidity of intercourse will look back upon the fourth year of the reign of the fourth William as an epoch whence to date the improvement of speed, and laugh at us for our vanity as we do at old Humphrey, who took three weeks to get from the Land's-end to Marlborough, and another ten days to reach the metropolis, which began in those days at Temple-bar and ended at Whitechapel!

Some curious and extensive frauds have been committed by silversmiths and others upon the Stamps. One, a Mr. Savory—a Quaker, too—is to be tried for the offence, having moved the case by *certiorari* into the King's Bench. The Friendly Brother, however, still goes on selling cheap watches and cheap plate. The Excise, too, have been beaten by the sale of what is called "British leaf," instead of the genuine Pekoe and Bohea, and all the rest of the things for which long voyages are made and great pains taken. The hedges of Camberwell and Walworth have superseded the plantations of China; and draggle-tailed girls and shoeless boys, congregated in a cow-house, have supplanted in the London market all the Chum-Fos and Ho-Kangs of Canton and Nankin.—Mr. Barnes, a jeweller, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, has also been committed for trial; for what, we can scarcely say: all that appears against him in the police reports is having made love to a Miss Anne Vickers, who pawned some of her mistress's property, and at last, as it seems, assumed her character. As to suicides, the number during the month has been extraordinary—it seems quite the fashion: a man has a head-ache—he hangs himself to get rid of it; a lady has a squabble with her husband—she ties herself up in a pocket-handkerchief, and is found dead; a rider at Astley's "shuffles off this mortal coil" because he is jealous of his wife about a coachman, and because she had read him a letter (the equestrian not being able to read it himself) charging him with bigamy; and a man of the name of Martindale drowns himself *for fear of the cholera;* a butler of the Duke of Cumberland drowns himself because the under-butler is ordered to take the plate to London from Kew, instead of *him* (having, it should be observed, been in the habit of using the spirits of wine bought to clean the said plate—*faute de mieux*—in the way of drams). Elopements there have been few, if any; *crim. cons.*, none—found out; in short, everything appears to have taken a gloomy turn within the bills of mortality; and even there, if we look at the streets, there seems to be very little of mortality left.

It has grown into a fashion—which, by the way, we cannot entirely approve—amongst musicians, to hurry the last few bars of every piece of music, so as to give, as they believe, an increased effect at the end. We, at the close of our Commentary,—which next month we propose considerably to augment,—adopt this expedient of the knights of the crotchet and quaver;—in order to suit our space, we must condense,—and (rather because we cannot help it than in the hope of producing the desired eclat at the termination) increase our facts and abbreviate our comments.

The Duchess of Bedford—who is entertaining a select circle of talent, including Mr. Edwin Landseer, the incomparable artist, and the talented son of the veteran Mathews, at Rothiemurchus—has met with a serious accident, or rather incident: a favourite dog which her Grace was playing with suddenly made a snap at her face, and, we regret to say,—according to the accounts we have received,—has severely wounded the forehead and torn away part of the eyebrow. It is curious enough that her Grace's brother-in-law, the late Duke of Richmond, fell a victim to an unfortunate circumstance of a similar nature. In the present instance no danger is anticipated beyond the inconvenience.

Lord Beverley has left England for a lengthened sojourn. Lord Hertford's return to this country seems uncertain. The Duke of Wellington remains at Walmer during the ensuing month. The King and Queen go to Brighton on the 28th. Lord Westmoreland has not yet been at Apethorpe, although Lord Althorp has been at Althorp, where he has been very much gratified by obtaining some prizes for hogs and sheep and other animals, with the breeding of which his Lordship is extremely conversant. Lord Wellesley is by this time in Ireland—Lady Wellesley and Miss Caton at Harrowgate; and should the Marchioness continue firm to her resolution not to rejoin his Excellency, Mrs. Littleton, his Excellency's daughter, and wife to the Right Honourable the Secretary for Ireland, will assume, and admirably maintain, the functions of Vice-queen. Prince Talleyrand has lifted himself off Lord Palmerston's shoulders; and Lord Fordwich is to be married immediately. M. Thiers has left us, delighted with the civility of the people of Liverpool: he says they have not a good idea of dressing turtle, which ought to be made thinner, and have plenty of toasted bread in it:—M. d'Haussez may set this down as one Rowland for his crowd of Olivers. The charitable bequests of Hannah More are splendid, and practically refute the calumnies of those who charged the venerable lady with superficial cant;—such a *memento mori* as her will is anything but appalling.

The Yacht Club, at least such as chose to play the childish game of follow-my-leader, have been at Cherbourg. Lord Yarborough has got a gold snuff-box set with diamonds from the King of the French; and all the other members two medals each, worth about five shillings. There is not a word of truth in the story of our King having commissioned any of the party to do anything in his Majesty's name.—The people in Westminster refuse to pay assessed taxes, and many other people with equal readiness decline to pay church-rates.—There has been an earthquake at Chichester, where the earth seems to have trembled more than the inhabitants; the Duchess of Kent and her illustrious daughter remain at Cowes; and Lord Durham and his lady are gone to Lambton to receive the Duke of Sussex, who, having honoured a freemason's lodge at Nottingham with his presence, proposes visiting the noble Earl previously to a call at Howick, and a look in at Lord Brougham's.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

SIR HARRY GOODRICKE, BART.

Sir Harry James Goodricke of Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends, particularly in the sporting world, died in the 36th year of his age. He left Yorkshire a few weeks before his death, for the purpose of visiting his extensive estates in Ireland, which devolved to him on the decease of his uncle, the late Viscount Clermont, and on which he had given instructions for great improvements, benefiting a numerous and industrious class of the poorer orders. His demise took place at Ravensdale Park, on the 21st inst., and will be seriously regretted by many individuals in that country as well as in this. Sir Harry is stated to have derived a clear income of upwards of 60,000*l.* per annum from the property left him by his uncle and his paternal estates in the counties of Norfolk and Yorkshire. He was passionately fond of the sports of the field, and his stud at Melton Mowbray usually averaged between 50 and 60 of the finest hunters; at the close of last season he had 52.

The deceased Baronet was the only son and heir of the late Sir Harry Goodricke, the sixth Baronet, by Charlotte, sister to Viscount Clermont, and succeeded to the title and estates in March, 1802. He was unmarried, and the Baronetcy becomes extinct.

With the exception of a few legacies and one annuity of 500*l.* per annum, Mr. Holyoake is left the entire of his unentailed property, and constituted sole executor. This munificent bequest comprises the mansion and beautiful estate of Ribstone Hall, near Knaresborough, Clermont Lodge, and demesne in Norfolk; the kennels, stud, and all the appointments at Thrussington and Melton Mowbray; the house in Arlington-street, bought for 17,000 guineas of the Marquis of Tavistock, and on which an additional 5000*l.* was expended, and an estate in Ireland, lately purchased by Sir Harry Goodricke, in the neighbourhood of the Clermont property, to which Mr. Thomas Fortescue succeeds, under the stipulations of the late Viscount Clermont's will; and all his chattels. Mr. Holyoake had not received the remotest intimation of Sir. Harry's generous intentions in his favour, which will, at least, add to his income 15,000*l.* per annum. Mr. Holyoake entered into a matrimonial alliance some years since with the sister of Mr. Payne, of Sulby Abbey, Leicestershire, a gentleman who was somewhat celebrated six years ago on the turf.

Sir Harry had promised to join a numerous circle of noblemen and gentlemen in the Highlands during the present shooting season. Many of them have already arrived at his shooting-box, Marr Lodge, which he recently purchased of the Earl of Fife; and the feelings of the guests may be better conceived than described on the receipt of intelligence of the premature demise of their hospital host. The late Baronet was much esteemed by a numerous tenantry, to whom he acted as a liberal and indulgent landlord, and his loss will be greatly deplored.

Sir Harry was one of the most spirited fox-hunters of the day, and master of the Quorn hounds for the three or four last seasons. He was a thorough sportsman, in the fullest sense of the word, and literally fell a sacrifice to a favourite amusement—otter-hunting—in the indulgence of which, in Ireland, he caught a severe cold, and was carried off in 48 hours. Sir Harry was one of the few landlords who devoted a portion of his time and wealth to his Irish tenantry.

SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

This eminent musical composer died, in his 74th year, at the seat of his daughter the Marchioness of Headfort, in the county of Meath, where he had been for some time staying in a declining state of health. Few men were more highly gifted. His genius as a musical composer was of the very highest order; and he possessed varied qualities, seldom, indeed we might say never, found concentrated in one individual. It would be impossible to select any particular class of composition, from his multitudinous productions in all, upon which his posthumous biographist would choose to rest his fame; although the public will perhaps involuntarily turn to his "Irish Melodies," as the most popular, because they happen to be the best known. In these he may be said to have redeemed the character and established the musical reputation of his native country: and the best panegyric upon their merits will be found in this, that they are well known, and as highly appreciated in every civilized empire in the world, as their fidelity is acknowledged, and their

heart-rending pathos felt, amidst the hills and vales where their nationality is proudly recognised. The operas, glees, and other concerted pieces of Sir John Stevenson occupy a prominent position in all the musical societies in both countries, and selections from his compositions are invariably made, and are always most successful in effect, wherever festive feeling and social fellowship prevail. But his genius soared above the productions to which we have alluded, and it was when his pen took "a higher and a holier flight" that the great and extraordinary powers of his mind became thoroughly developed. His Cathedral Services and Anthems—indeed all his sacred music, including his oratorio—are splendid compositions—original in conception, suitable in dignity, and expressive in execution. In all the relations of private life Sir John Stevenson was excelled by none. With a kindly heart and a generous disposition, he possessed a vivid fancy and a sparkling wit. As a companion, he had few equals; and, unlike others possessed of social talents, he was no niggard in contributing them whenever their exhibition could tend to promote festive feeling or advance hilarity.

HANNAH MORE.

Hannah More was born about the year 1745, or 1746. She was the youngest of five daughters of a clergyman, who resided at Hanham, near Bristol. Her sister had for some time conducted a small school, in which they acquitted themselves with so much propriety, that their reputation increased, and they were enabled to venture on forming a larger establishment, and taking pupils of a higher class than they had hitherto been accustomed to educate. Patronised by several ladies of fortune and discernment, they, about the year 1765, removed to Bristol, and opened a boarding-school in Park-street. It soon became one of the most celebrated seminaries in the west of England. Hannah More accompanied her sisters on their removal. She soon attracted the notice, and acquired the friendship, of the Rev. Dr. Stonehouse, their next-door neighbour; and that gentleman not only encouraged her to write, but is understood to have corrected all her early effusions. Her first publication, which appeared in 1770, or 1772, was 'The Search after Happiness, a Pastoral Drama.' The reception which it experienced was so favourable, that she was encouraged to print, in 1774, her 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' 'The Bleeding Rock,' and a tragedy, entitled 'The Inflexible Captive,' founded on the story of Regulus. Through the kindness of Dr. Stonehouse, Hannah More was introduced to Garrick, who advised her to write for the stage—for which, indeed, she seems to have had a strong predilection. One of the early fruits of her acquaintance with the manager was 'An Ode to Dragon, Mr. Garrick's House Dog.' This appeared in 1777; as did also a volume of 'Essays on several Subjects, designed for Young Ladies." In 1778, her tragedy of 'Percy' was performed. It was well received; and, for a time, it seems to have established her fame as a dramatic writer. In the following year she produced another tragedy—'Fatal Falsehood.'

It was not long, however, before Miss More's thoughts took a more serious turn; and, in 1782, she published 'Sacred Dramas,' and 'Simplicity, a Poetical Epistle;' some of the dramas had previously been acted by the pupils of Miss More's school. The stage, however, having become an abomination in her eyes, she subsequently availed herself of an opportunity to declare, that she did not think it, in its then state, deserving the countenance of a Christian. She accordingly renounced all dramatic attempts, except as poems.

Many years since, Hannah More and her sisters retired, with an easy fortune, to Mendip, in Somersetshire. There, by the establishment of charity-schools, they effected a great alteration and improvement in the manners and morals of the colliers.

Continuing to favour the world with her literary productions, Miss More, in 1785, wrote a 'Biographical Preface to the Poems of Anne Yearsley, a Milkwoman.' Circumstances which arose out of her connexion with this Anne Yearsley, poetically designated 'Lactilla,' excited much notice and animadversion. The patroness and her *protegée* quarrelled: the latter was accused of ingratitude; and she, in her turn, told a strange story about the disappearance of a volume of her manuscripts, which had been left with Miss More. The difference, we believe, was never satisfactorily settled. In 1786, she published 'Florio, a Tale,' and the 'Bas Bleu, a Conversation,' two poems. Her 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great' appeared the same year, anonymously: for some time it was assigned to Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Porteus, and others. This was soon followed by her 'Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,' which excited much attention; 'Village Politics,' and

'Remarks on the Speech of Monsieur Depont on Religious Education,' in 1793; and 'Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education,' in two volumes octavo, in 1799.

It is said that, when the education of the late Princess Charlotte became a consideration of national importance, Miss More was consulted on the subject by the Queen (Charlotte); and that, in consequence, she, in 1808, produced, in two volumes, 'Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess.' This work was honoured with the Royal approbation, and that of a large portion of the public.

Though long confined to her bed by an excruciating disease, she continued to write, and in that state produced some of her most popular works; among others, 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' which appeared in 1809, and which ran through ten editions in the course of a twelvemonth! Her 'Practical Piety,' in two volumes, was published in 1811; her 'Christian Morals,' in two volumes, in 1812; her 'Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul,' in two volumes, in 1815; and her 'Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners,' in 1819.

For several years her health had been in a feeble and declining state; and, after a painful and protracted illness, accompanied, at times, by feverish delirium, she expired on the 7th of September, at her residence, Windsor Terrace, Clifton.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Autobiography of John Galt. 2 Vols.

Autobiography is with us a favourite species of literature; it gives us an infinitely better insight into the character of the individual than any life or memoir written by another. The man who writes his autobiography can alone unfold to us the secret workings of his mind, and without a knowledge of one's motives, principles, and feelings, the knowledge of external conduct is, philosophically considered, of but comparatively little importance.

But it is clear that the value of autobiography must, in a great measure, depend on the honesty of the writer, because he may, if he pleases, without the possibility of detection, give a very false representation of those circumstances which, in the estimation of the world, go to the constitution of his character. Rousseau's "Confessions," which may be regarded as a sort of autobiography of that singular man, derive their chief interest from the internal evidence they afford of their being perfectly honest. Of the more modern autobiographical works, there is, for the same reason, none so interesting to us as that of Hogg.

Among our catalogue of honest autobiographies, we unhesitatingly place that of Mr. Galt. We doubt not it was the conviction that he would redeem his promise to the letter of delivering "a round unvarnished tale," that led the public to receive with such unusual interest the announcement of the volumes before us. The event has shown that their confidence was not misplaced. The work bears, in every page, the clearest evidence of its emanating from an honest and candid mind. Mr. Galt not only does not "set down aught in malice" against others, but we are satisfied that he "nothing extenuates" with regard to himself. How insipid and uninteresting would have been the Life of Galt from any other hand, compared with the volumes before us! The idea of writing an autobiography was one of the happiest that ever occurred to him; it is matter of gratitude that Providence thus spared his life to carry that idea into effect.

Mr. Galt's life has been one of extraordinary vicissitude. Few have experienced to a greater extent the ups and downs of life. The latter, we are sorry to say, have sadly preponderated; still more sorry are we to find that, in appearance at least, "darkness, clouds, and shadows" hang over whatever may yet remain of his earthly existence. It is not necessary that we advert, at any length, to so melancholy a topic. The world knows, and knows with a mingled feeling of sympathy and pain, the bodily infirmities and sufferings to which Mr. Galt is subjected.

Much as we had known of the "dark days" of Mr. Galt's chequered existence, it now appears we did not know the half. Many of his adversities had their origin in what is called the course of things; others of them, we are sorry to say, arose from the misconduct of his fellow men.

It is surprising that the manifold and aggravated wrongs which Mr. Galt has suffered at the hands of men have not completely soured his temper. That they

have not had such effect proves that, constitutionally, he must have possessed the better feelings of our nature in an unusual degree. Speaking, in his preface, of the injuries he has received, or, as he himself emphatically expresses it, of the extent to which he "has tasted the bitterness of the world," his charitable mind leads him to ascribe those injuries to what he calls "the morbid secretions of the moral constitution—the workings of original sin—and surely," he adds, "the victims of disease ought rather to be viewed with compassion than as objects of hate and detestation. No man," he continues, "can change his appearance by voluntary resolution; he can only improve it a little by discipline; and with the mind it is as with the body, we cannot alter the structure, but its vigour may be increased by training, or its complexion rendered more delicate by study. He (Mr. Galt) would rather remember wrongs with commiseration than ruminate on vindictive thoughts." These are noble sentiments; they do honour to human nature. It is grievous to think that such a man should have been fated to meet with so many men of characters so different.

But we will follow Mr. Galt's example, and bury his wrongs in oblivion. It is time that we turn from himself to his book. Our opinion of it will, in some measure, have been already anticipated. It is a work of commanding interest. Among the many thousands who have looked forward to its appearance with anxiety, few, if any, will be disappointed. It is one of the few modern works which, when once taken up, will be reluctantly laid down; it will have no skimming or hopping readers. We will answer for it, that whoever reads page the first will read page the last, and also all the pages that intervene. It is a work which is suited to all classes—to readers of every taste; its every page is an illustration of the remark, that the romance of real life exceeds the romance of fiction.

Mr. Galt is a very prolific, as well as popular writer; but this appears to us to be decidedly the happiest effort he has made. The incidents are interesting in themselves, but they are made doubly so from the rich and racy manner in which they are related. It may sound strange to some when we make the remark, in reference to a man who has been so long before the world as one of the most popular of modern authors, but the facts, we are satisfied, bear us out in it, namely, that the style of Mr. Galt's Autobiography is, on the whole, much better than that of any of his previous works. This is the more singular, inasmuch as the whole of it was written by an amanuensis to Mr. Galt's dictation, while all his former works were written by his own hand.

We have said that the present volumes will be the most popular of Mr. Galt's works. We hesitate not to add, that their popularity will also be much more lasting. The Autobiography is not a book that will be read to-day and forgotten to morrow; its materials have permanency written upon them; it will be read with an interest little less than at present for years to come.

From the precarious state of Mr. Galt's health—which, we regret to say, has become much worse since he wrote his preface—there is reason to fear that the present will be the last work with which he will delight the world. Should such, unhappily, be the case, his friends will have the satisfaction of thinking, that his sun, as an author, has "had a golden set." His career, as a writer, could not have finished with a more appropriate work.

So much for the intrinsic merits of the volumes before us. A word now as to what is technically called the "getting up." His publishers have done ample justice both to Mr. Galt and the public—to the author and the reader: the printing is beautiful; the paper is of the best quality; while a portrait is prefixed to the first volume, which eminently unites the quality of the highest finish in the engraving with that of being a most striking likeness. The publishers, in short, have done all that it was possible for them to do to make the material part of the book worthy of the intellectual.

We have said so much about the work itself, and its ingenious author, as scarcely to have left any room for extracts; but there is something so touching in the account Mr. Galt gives of the death of his mother, and the reflections he makes on the event, that we cannot forbear quoting what he says on the subject:—

"While the controversy," says he, "between the Commissioners (viz. of the Canada Company) and the Colonial Office was proceeding, I was overtaken by a sorrowful misfortune. In the course of nature my mother's life was drawing to a close, and could not reasonably be expected to be much prolonged, but the sudden extinction of her intellectual faculties was not anticipated. She was, however, smitten with a severe stroke of paralysis, which at once disabled her corpo-

real functions, and, to a very painful degree, obscured her mind. The account of this event came at a time when I was not very able to pay her a visit; but, after consulting the doctor, I set off by the mail, and found her condition to be as helpless as it had been described. She lingered several months, though, to her family, she was literally no more.

"On my entering her room, she recognized me, and, in the effort to express her gladness, became awake, as it were, to her own situation, and wept bitterly, attempting, with ineffectual babble, to explain what she felt. This was her last effort of intelligence, for although she continued to recognize me while I remained, she evinced no particular recollection of herself, nor of the mere vegetable existence to which she had been reduced, indeed all her sensibilities gradually declined.

"No doubt the death of a parent is a very common occurrence, and the grief of it is mitigated by that circumstance, and by the consideration that it belongs to the inevitable incidents of humanity; but every sorrow is rendered more or less severe by the circumstances in which it takes place. In this case, when I look back on the intervening events, I cannot but regard my mother as fortunate in the time of her end; she was, in consequence, spared from many afflictions of a kind she would have felt keenly. The very obliteration of her faculties was in itself a muffling of sorrow, and though their obscurity could not be witnessed without anguish, there was a blessing in the dispensation. It in this partook of the colour of her life; full, in its privacy, of what to the female mind are great vicissitudes, it called forth exertion, and though few could suffer more intensely, still fewer could look at the worst of fortune more undismayed, when endeavour might avert the threatening.

"To myself the event was, perhaps, more influential than most readers may imagine. From my very childhood it had been my greatest delight to please this affectionate parent, and in consequence her loss weakened, if I may say, the motive that had previously impelled my energies. The world, to me, was deprived of one that I was actuated by an endeavour to gratify, and in proportion the charm of life was diminished in its power; but the misfortunes also were weakened in their pungency, and no effort was necessary to convince me, that I would suffer less by not having her anxieties to consider.

"Many years before I had lost my father; but although few could have stronger claims on the reverence of their children than those to which he was entitled, there is a difference in the filial love which belongs to the father from that which the child's heart thinks is the mother's due. The one is allied to esteem, friendship, and respect; but the other is a gentle feeling, composed of confidence, kindness, and gratitude. The one is more masculine in all its qualities; but the other, without the mind being able to say wherefore, is at once more durable and tender. Fiction has often recorded those divorces of the heart to which paternal regard is liable; but it is a rare and improbable occurrence to suppose the alienation of maternal love. I am, however, saying more than can be requisite to the reader who has survived his parents, even though he may not feel so much the curtailment of his motives to exertion."

Our space, as we have already said, precludes the possibility of further extracts. We regret this the less as we are sure that most of our readers, after what we have said, will peruse the work for themselves.

The Headsman, 3 vols. By J. Cooper, Esq.

We are of opinion that whoever writes a good novel is worthy of being considered a public benefactor. While his magic is upon us,—while we wander amid the hills and valleys which he calls before us,—or share in the joys and sorrows of his moral creations, we forget the care and turmoil of every-day existence, and revel either with what has or what might have been. Mr. Cooper, notwithstanding his national prejudices, has done much towards creating a good feeling between England and America. We cannot avoid respecting the land which gave him birth; and though somewhat of a harsh instructor, and addicted to pertinacity, we must confess that he deals largely in truth,—though it be somewhat of the roughest. He tells us pretty plainly that America is the finest and best-governed country in the universe, and that every man is a "born thrall" (however blindly contented he may be) who is not a republican; but then he gives us such useful hints, and mingles so much shrewd observation and moral feeling with his anti-English principles, that we forgive the one for the sake of the other.

The scene of "The Headsman" lies in Switzerland; and the tale is founded on the fact, of that cruel office being hereditary. Whoever remembers—and we must, in justice to the great American novelist, declare our belief, that none *can* read what he writes without remembering—whoever remembers "The Prairie," "The Pilot," "The Bravo," will readily credit that Mr. Cooper has done ample justice to this thrilling subject. His descriptions of mountain-scenery, of the sublime in landscape, find no rival: he may be termed the *Salvator* of literature. So magnificent are his pictures, so fine his conceptions of the woods and wilds, storms and tempests. He is truly a sea-king; and we almost feared his reputation would suffer by his choosing an inland country as his scene of action; but the very first chapter

of what might be termed the story set us at rest on this subject; for we found him on the borders of the Leman Lake, steering his bark, like a true-born mariner, across her blue and tranquil waters. The good boat Winkelried, bearing his *dramatis personæ*, goes gaily forward, until overtaken by one of those hurricanes which are as frequent as dangerous. In the storm-scene, this dealer in the whirlwind and the wild sea foam excels himself.

It is essentially different, both in its details and results, from the shipwreck so fearfully described in "The Pilot;" or from any of the water-scenes in "The Bravo." And yet it almost surpasses the former in awful magnificence. Nor are there wanting softer and more gentle passages to contrast with the sterner features of this highly-wrought novel.

We have observed that men, however competent to display the strength of female character, and however eloquent in describing the virtue and beauty of the gentler sex, seldom do justice to that moral refinement which is the most valuable portion of woman's nature, but which it seems impossible to define. We are caught more by externals, and therefore generally dwell too much upon them in our descriptions of female excellence. Mr. Cooper has happily escaped this error; and has combined in the heiress of Willading all the softer feelings of a woman with the dignity of a heroine,—a combination not so rare as we generally suppose it to be. "The Headsman" himself has not found the favour in our eyes which the author evidently intended he should. We cannot think it possible that one so gentle as Balthazar is described, would continue in so loathsome an office when he had the power, at all events, of expatriating himself. All young ladies who love the sound of trumpet, and delight in the free and brave, will patronize Maso, the veritable hero of the book. While others, who incline to the sentimental, will favour Sigismund, who we must confess is, without any exception, the most noble and praiseworthy lover we have encountered this many a day;—lovers in books are like lovers in real life,—most dull and uninteresting company, and when the wit of an author causes an exception to our rule, why we have much reason to be thankful.

Were Mr. Cooper a young author, we should feel it right to enter more fully into the merits of "The Headsman;" but his reputation is established, his genius is appreciated, and the novel we have perused with such increasing interest to the very last page of the last volume, cannot fail to interest our readers, who are not so hackneyed as ourselves either in books or book-making. We have forgotten our disappointment with the "Heidenmaur" in our delight with "The Headsman," which is reverentially placed upon our bookshelf between "The Pilot" and "The Prairie."

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—A Treatise on Astronomy. By Sir John Herschel, Knt.

The accomplished and scientific author of the "Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy" has, at length, after several delays and disappointments, gratified us with a "Treatise on Astronomy," a subject for which, we presume, he has an hereditary taste and talent; for he seems to "sweep the skies," and tell the number of the stars, with as much zeal and perseverance as did his venerable father, who explored the remotest limits of our system, and whose reputation will be handed down to the latest posterity as the discoverer of the planet which bears his name.

Without wasting time in giving a long history of astronomy, from the flood to Thales, and from Thales to Copernicus, or in demolishing the Ptolemaic or other erroneous systems, he proceeds to "*teach what he knows*" on the subject; (and who that has read his first treatise will dispute his competency?) and has, within the compass of a duodecimo condensed all the leading facts of astronomy, and illustrated, by diagrams, the movements of the heavenly bodies. With that modesty which is the never-failing attendant on true genius and extensive knowledge, he says, "the utmost pretension of this book is to place the student on the threshold of this particular wing of the Temple of Science, or rather on an eminence exterior to it, whence he may obtain something like a general notion of its structure, or, at most, to give those who may wish to enter a ground-plan of its accesses, and put them in possession of the pass-word."

After an excellent and concise introduction, he proceeds at once to the description of what most nearly concerns us all—the Earth, which, indeed, is the starting post of the astronomer,—its course through the boundless realms of space,—having constant reference to it for "marks and measures" by which to estimate the

changes of situation, or the relative distances of the other planets and their satellites.

The earth's diurnal motion leads him to remark, that great as the velocity of rotation is, being to a person at the latitude of London at the rate of thirteen miles and a half a minute, he is unconscious of it, because it is *continuous* and not *interrupted* motion, and becomes sensible only when it produces jerks or jolts, which are *sudden changes of motion*—while gliding on the surface of a lake under a pleasant breeze, with the eyes shut, we are unconscious of progressive motion, till the boat is interrupted by coming in contact with the shore, or some other impediment. Having spoken of the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, with its refracting powers, by which we get the beauties of sun-rise and sun-set, and the comforts of twilight, he proceeds to discuss the effects of change of latitude; to describe the poles of the earth; to estimate the distances of the stars; to speak of longitudes and sidereal time; to give astronomical definitions with their exemplifications, and thus brings us to the end of the first chapter.

The second chapter is devoted to astronomical instruments—transits, chronometers, and clocks, for the measurement of time—altitude and azimuth instruments, reflecting and repeating circles for the measurement of angular intervals, &c.

The third to geography, with all its interesting details, as they relate to astronomical observation.

The fourth takes up the subjects of right ascensions and declinations; describes the ecliptic and zodiac—celestial longitudes and latitudes—precession of equinoxes; and, lastly, gives a few problems to be solved by the rules of spherical trigonometry.

The fifth and sixth chapters are occupied with the two principal luminaries, the sun and the moon—describing their relative distances, diameters, and motions—explaining solar and lunar eclipses, and phases and occultations of stars, accounting for the variations of the seasons—each chapter ending with an interesting account of the physical constitution of the sun and moon.

But our limits will not allow of our attempting even to enumerate the various subjects discussed in the remaining chapters, all of which bear the impress of the hand of a master in the sublime science of astronomy; and as we do not know where the young student can obtain more knowledge on celestial matters, we hesitate not to direct him to cultivate an acquaintance with Sir John Herschel.

A Toxicological Chart, exhibiting at one View the Symptoms, Treatment, and Tests of the various Poisons, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal; to which are added, Concise Directions for the Recovery of Persons in a state of Suspended Animation. By William Stowe, Surgeon.

We are no advocates for short cuts to knowledge, and are quite sure there is no royal road either to the study or practice of the divine art of healing; and, therefore, we unrolled this chart with no very favourable prepossessions. On perusing it, however, we found much useful information condensed in it, relative to the symptoms produced by metallic and vegetable poisons and their appropriate remedies; as well as to the various chemical tests by which particular poisons may be detected after they have been villanously administered, or suicidally taken. The work of death is so rapidly accomplished through the instrumentality of the more corrosive or narcotic poisons, and the alarm and hurry of the moment allows of so little time for consulting elaborate treatises, that a judicious and scientific condensation of the subject of poisons may be advantageous for *immediate* reference in case of emergency, and we understand the author, who is a respectable surgeon residing at Buckingham, found the manuscript useful in his own surgery, which induced him to send it to the press. The judgment of the public has, it seems, been expressed by calls for seven editions, which renders it unnecessary for us to do more than acknowledge its receipt, and to give it our approbation.

Library of Romance. Vol. VIII. Waldemar.

The romance of Waldemar is chiefly founded on the events of the Thirty Years' War, as described by Schiller. The time chosen for the development of the story is that period of hesitation in which the Elector of Saxony, John George, vacillated between his allegiance to the Emperor Ferdinand and the maintaining his interests by joining the forces of the Swede. The story is well told throughout, but contains nothing worthy of very particular comment: there are no passages of absorbing and intense interest—nothing that makes the reader hang in breathless

suspense on the *denouement* of the proceedings. The characters are sketched—not filled in. The method of telling the story is in some portions characterized by conciseness, some quaintness, and here and there some touches of dry humour; in which respects, the first chapter of the book is, in our estimation, most deserving of praise. The chief interest is made to rest on the personal adventures of the hero, Waldemar, who, by the intrigues of one Baron Eisenfuss—a rival, a traitor, and a ruffian—is constantly placed in circumstances of imminent danger. Escapes from castles, defending passes, appeals to honour, desperate combats with fearful odds,—the right prevailing, according to our every-day experience, in rather too chivalric a manner, against the might,—distressed damsels, and hordes of bandits, making the material of the romance. One Rolandi, an intellectual, intriguing, wealthy, and benevolent Jew, is a well-*sketched* character: indeed, as we before observed, this same sketching, and leaving to the reader the filling up, is the fault of the work, and which may, perhaps, be fairly attributed to the circumscription laid down for the writer—no romance in this collection being allowed to extend beyond one volume. Something too much there is, also, of the "Ho! within there!" kind of writing whenever a glass of wine is called for, as if such a thing might not have been procured a century and a half back, as now, without a man frightening the world from its propriety with this unmannerly bellowing. The book contains also another objection, to us, of greater weight, as it tends to propagate a most heathenish sentiment. "No sooner," says the writer, "was the contest decided, and Gustavus saw himself master of the field, than he fell upon his knees, among the dying and the dead; and knowing 'that the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' devoutly ascribed the glory of that day to Him, to whom, and not to the arm of flesh, the glory was due. Would to God," continues our author, "that the example of the pious and single-hearted Gustavus had more followers among the rulers of the present day!" Now, with all due deference to Mr. W. Harrison, we think this most abominable nonsense. War, even at the best, "even when by right the cause is sanctified," is but a "windpipe-slitting art," in direct contradiction to the precepts of the Christian religion, and is never so bitter, so bloody, and so revolting, as when the holy name of God is inscribed on the banners of the belligerents. Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant Confederacy," though he professed a crusade against the Catholics, and wished the firmer establishment of a purer faith, was no better than those fanatic priests and enthusiastic soldiers who, in the name of religion, committed every atrocity that disgraces strife in their invasion of the Holy Land. Ambition was the object of the Swede, and Protestantism was merely his pass-word—it was his spell to conjure by; and when he thanked God for the victory he obtained, he only insulted that religion, the precepts of which his whole conduct had been violating. But enough of censure; the work has entertained us, and will well repay the trouble of reading to all lovers of romance. Its faults are few—its excellences many.

Historical Tales of Illustrious British Children. By Agnes Strickland, Authoress of the "Rival Crusoes," &c. &c.

Miss Strickland has long been a favourite with juvenile readers, and we are mistaken if this little work will not much increase her reputation in the honourable and very important department of literature to which it belongs. The tales have much interest, both in subject and style, the aim of the authoress appearing to have been to provide for children what the writers of the "Romance of History" have done for grown persons. They are seven in number; two of them relating to the times of the Saxons, and two others respectively to Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More. "The Royal Brothers" is perhaps the best, as it is the longest, narrative in the book; but none is better calculated to rivet the attention and excite the sympathies than "Lady Lucy's Petition." The volume is closed by brief summaries of the historical facts on which the tales are founded.

Observations on the Injuries and Diseases of the Rectum. By Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital.

The situation which Mr. Mayo holds in one of our public hospitals has given him ample scope for the treatment of diseases; and among the many ills which flesh is heir to, few are more common, or productive of more constant discomforts, not to

say suffering, than some of those which he has described. The greater number admit, if early and judiciously treated, of alleviation and complete cure; while, if neglected altogether, or maltreated, they entail a life of misery and confinement. Diseases of the lower part of the bowels are what many of our literary and sedentary friends are obnoxious to, and we should have been glad, if it had fallen in with Mr. Mayo's plan, if he had given us a chapter on prevention, which is at all times better, and infinitely less painful, in this matter, than cure. The book is not written in the *ad captandum* style, which is so much in vogue now in the metropolis, as a sort of advertisement *without duty*, by which the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of the land are instructed *where* to find relief, but in a manner calculated rather for the professional than the general reader. Some of the chapters are exclusively professional, and can be understood only by such readers; but there is much in the volume that comes home to the personal feelings and experience of thousands of the inhabitants of London.

The Teeth in relation to Beauty, Voice, and Health. By John Nicholles.

The teeth, as the author very justly observes, are intimately connected in their sound state with beauty, voice, and health. If they become foul and carious, they will suppress many a smile and laugh, from the unhappy sufferer fearing they should be noticed if she so indulges. If, from the same cause, they drop out of their sockets, or, from severe pain, they require extracting, the cheeks, from losing their natural support, fall in, and a look of premature age is thrown over the features, which would otherwise have a look of health and youth. The teeth are mainly instrumental in the formation of the voice; and on this part of his subject Mr. Nicholles discourses, and illustrates very ably the doctrines of Sir Charles Bell on the formation of the human voice. Mr. Nicholles' theory on the growth and structure of the enamel may be somewhat novel, yet not the less valuable or unworthy of perusal. Every man of science, who has the advancement of his profession at heart, will, we are sure, peruse this part of the work with pleasure. The subjects of first and second dentition, tooth-ache, tooth-brushes, and artificial teeth, are ably written on, and in such an easy and fluent style as to render the perusal rather a pleasure than a task.

Lives of the most eminent Foreign Statesmen. Vol. I. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Part XLVI.

The eminent foreign statesmen whose biography is contained in the present volume are the most distinguished individuals who flourished during the latter end of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. They belong to history, where their names make a conspicuous figure, and their lives, which have been distinctly written, or the events of which are to be found in the annals of the respective countries where they flourished, throw great light upon the character of their times, and disclose not only the political but the moral causes of many important transactions that would otherwise have been involved in obscurity. Mr. Crowe has performed his task with great industry and judgment; the scattered contents of volumes are here brought together and interwoven into a tissue of pleasing and instructive narrative. We here behold in one gallery the portraits of the men who, without concert or plan with each other, swayed the destinies of Europe together, and, unconsciously to themselves, prepared the way for that stupendous reformation which altered the course and changed the face of the civilized world. What has Leo the Tenth to do in such company? surely he belongs to another and a very distinct class of biography than that assigned him in these pages. We shall be happy to greet this work in its progress. We wish well to the undertaking, which has been conducted hitherto with that ability on the part of the writers, and liberality on the part of the publishers, which entitle it to universal patronage.

LITERARY REPORT.

A new work, by Miss Montgomery, author of "Lights and Shadows of German Life," will appear shortly.

Preparing for publication, "Trevelyan." By the Author of "A Marriage in High Life."

Lieutenant Breton, R.N., has in the press, in 1 vol. 8vo., a Narrative of his Recent Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land.

A new and faithful translation of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," under the title of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," appears as the present volume of Mr. Bentley's Standard Novels and Romances.

Just ready, "Naval Adventures during 35 years Service in various Parts of the World." By Lieutenant Bowers, R.N.

The Third Volume, for the year 1834, of "Cruikshank's Facetiæ; a collection of Comic Tales, with Humorous Illustrations."

"The Opera; a Poetical Illustration of the Principal Musical Performers, during the late season, &c."

"A Life of Petrarca," from the original papers of the late Archdeacon Coxe. Edited by John Thurgar, Esq.

"Principles of Political Economy, deduced from the Natural Laws of Social Welfare, and applied to the present State of Britain." By G. Poulett Scrope, M.P., F.R.S., &c. &c.

"Traits and Traditions of Portugal," by Miss Pardoe, is announced for publication in the course of October.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XLVI.: Eminent Foreign Statesmen. By E. E. Crowe. Vol. I. 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.

Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, Vol. I. Part I. Royal 4to. 16*s.*; coloured, 19*s.*

Colburn's Modern Novelists for Sept., containing the celebrated Stories of Mr. Grattan, entitled "High-Ways and By-Ways." 4*s.* per vol., bound.

The Byron Gallery. Royal 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* handsomely bound in morocco; ditto, half-bound, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Irish National Tales and Romances. By Lady Morgan, J. Banim, Esq., and E. E. Crowe, Esq. In 19 vols. Post 8vo. Price 4*s.* per vol., bound.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

THE *Barber of Seville* has been the piece chosen at this theatre for the introduction of a new vocalist. Miss Eliza Paton in this piece made her appearance as Rosina, and appears to have gained the golden opinions of the public, as, since her first attempt, she has appeared as Polly, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and taken also other leading characters. In personal appearance,—both in physiognomy and figure,—this lady strikingly resembles her sister, Mrs. Wood. Her powers as an actress are very inferior, but as a singer she bids fair to take the palm from the best. There is a very considerable compass in her voice, her articulation is distinct, and her execution very superior. It is, however, apparent that she sings with prodigious effort,—a constant gasping and straining of the voice proclaim it. There is also in her acting a great degree of awkwardness; indeed, it is so bad, that, accustomed as we are to find singers without the common sense and tact to become decent actors, were she not a lady, and youthful withal, we should feel inclined to say something particularly severe. In the *Barber of Seville*, Mr. Webster plays Figaro; we wonder he should,—he is perfectly incompetent. Count Almaviva by Mr. Vining was made the part of a walking gentleman. Mr. Strickland, as Doctor Bartolo, performed with his usual excellent taste.

A piece called *Swamp Hall*, or *the Friend of the Family*, in one act, has been produced, and has failed. It is by Mr. Jerrold, the clever author of the *Housekeeper*, and some fifty more successful pieces. The success of *Swamp Hall* could scarcely have been expected.

My Wife's Mother, *Nicholas Flam*, *The Housekeeper*, and some other stock pieces, continue to draw, even at this dull season, a large and respectable audience,—a high compliment to the excellence of the management.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

The performance of *Richard the Third*, Mr. Ward taking the part of Richard, has been the most attractive novelty at this theatre. There was a little boldness in this attempt, the public only recently having seen so great an actor as Kean in the character, and bearing fresh in their minds his overpowering energy and bright points. Mr. Ward has certainly placed himself in ungracious comparison. In some

parts of the play he, however, showed himself no unworthy competitor of the illustrious deceased. His interview with Lady Anne was of that description, although the sneering devil that played about the mouth of Kean was evidently wanting. But in that deference, that affectation of humility, that assumption of penitence produced by love, Mr. Ward was, perhaps, equal to either of his great predecessors, Young or Kean. His "so much for Buckingham," was hailed with loud cheering from the galleries, but, with all due deference to the *vox populi*, it sounded unto us even as bad as a rant. The expression of his delight at the capture of his quondam friend in villany, and of proud satisfaction at summarily dismissing the trouble and vexation he had caused by ordering him instantly for execution, was by far too busy and bustling. Richard viewed his enemies as gnats that stung him, and that scarcely at any time needed the exercise of his giant-powers to crush. They moved his testiness, not his rage; and Buckingham was sent to the block on the principle that Richard avows before his battle with Richmond, viz., that he would reign king through fear. The double traitor Buckingham was by far too insignificant to raise the wrath of Richard; he provoked only his intense scorn, and Mr. Ward, instead of appearing agitated with delight at his capture, and revelling in all the extacy of indulged malice at sending him to the block, should have displayed concentrated contempt and reckless triumph. Richard rejoices; but it is the elation of a man who thought nothing could conquer him or his fortunes, and who looked upon Buckingham being in his power as another of those instances which seemed to himself and proclaimed to the world that no obstacle, however formidable, could maintain a front against the overwhelming omnipotence of his daring will. The combat with Richmond was excellently managed; it partook of all the features of mortal strife, and was sustained with a deadly sincerity perfectly edifying. Miss Lee, as Lady Anne, looked pretty, and appeared just the lady that would have yielded to the worshipping kind of flattery so inimitably practised by Richard. Mrs. Egerton, as Queen Elizabeth, was tolerably effective, though melodrame, and not tragedy, is decidedly the *forte* of this lady. There is a fixedness of attitude, and a dwelling in effective positions that is unnecessary in tragedy, however well it may occasionally tell in the dumb show and picturesque grouping of a melo-drame, —in the former, it is beneath the dignity of the character; in the latter, if not in accordance with nature, it is allowable to the extended license of that kind of performance which is considered to be so much sustained by striking effects. None other of the actors require comment.

The pantomime of *Don Juan* has also attracted very considerable attention, and has been received with well deserved applause. Madame Rosier, as the gallant Don, played her part to perfection. There is an easy dignity and effective grace, a boldness, and yet an elegance, in the manner of this lady, that is admirably assumed for the performance of the character of the adventurous, reckless, and enamoured Don. Her dress is sweetly correct, and displays her slight, but well-formed figure to advantage, and she looks to the very life the gay and fascinating hero of the Spanish tale. In the different combats she is elegant, daring, and energetic, and there is a humour in some of the dumb show that would only have been spoiled by speech. Without the somewhat unpleasing effects of the masculine acting of Mademoiselle Celeste, Rosier possesses all her knowledge of pantomime, and is altogether a more aërial creature. Her performance in this part is as good of its kind as anything we ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Mr. Paulo, as Leporello, is unexceptionable.

Harlequin Yorkshireman, or the Fairy Gift, is but a moderate pantomime.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The Court Masque, or *Richmond in the Olden Time*, a play transformed from the French of Lepré aux Clercs, by Mr. Planché, has been brought out at this theatre with considerable success. As a pageant it was gorgeous, as a dramatic effort perfectly worthless. Insipidity of dialogue, stale jokes, when jokes there were, and dulness of incident, are but ill atoned for by correctness of costume and beauty of scenic effects. As far as such things might be atoned for, they were, certainly; we never remember on the stage any instance of a piece in a small theatre got up with such historical accuracy of costume, and altogether such splendid accessories. The story of the piece derives its interest from the attempts of Reginald de la Pole, a nephew of the famous Catholic cardinal, endeavouring, by haunting the Court at Richmond, to procure an interview with the lady of his love, Mrs. Waylett, who is in the train of Anna Boleyn. In these efforts he is opposed by a bully

suitor of the lady's, one Sir Mark Goring (Mr. O. Smith), Captain of the Yeoman Guard, who fights, kills, and almost eats, every presumptuous courtier who dares to oppose his will. The most redeeming part of the performance was the singing of Mrs. Waylett, who, although scarcely convalescent from her illness, sang with great beauty and sweetness the lovely ballads that interspersed the monotony of the piece. Miss Murray, as Anna Boleyn, played the character of a very frivolous Queen with much doll-like prettiness, free from all dignity, and guiltless of Queen-like deportment. The piece was successful, which we attribute to the scenic excellencies, and not to the merit of this worst production of Mr. Planché's pen.

The Mummy, and some other popular pieces, in which the humour of Mr. John Reeve has had full play, have generally been the after-pieces. On Saturday the theatre closed, when Mr. Serle delivered the following address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am deputed by the proprietor to offer you, on this, the last night of his season, his sincere thanks for the patronage with which you have honoured this establishment during a period of calamity and general depression almost unparalleled in theatrical history. He has desired me, at the same time, to state, that many unforeseen difficuties have hitherto prevented the building of the new English Opera House, but that those vexatious impediments have been gradually removed by unremitting perseverance; and there is now every reason to hope that a very few months will enable him to welcome his friends and the public in a theatre worthy of them and of the purpose for which it will be erected—namely, the advancement of dramatic music in this country. The proprietor feels confident that he will then be enabled to redeem his pledge of restoring the English Opera at least to that degree of credit which it had acquired for some years before the disastrous event that drove him to an asylum where all his energies have been cramped, and his main object defeated. Ladies and Gentlemen, in this hope, and in his name, as well as in that of my brother and sister performers, I bid you, for the present, most respectfully and sincerely farewell."

Madame Vestris opens her theatre on the 30th of this month, as do also Messrs. Matthews and Yates the Adelphi. Both theatres appear to have a most effective company.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture. Edited by T. K. Hervey.

Although we by no means agree with the editor of this work, in considering that the taste for sculpture, with few exceptions, is rather on the decline in this country, and although, on the contrary, we have reason to know that a feeling for this sublime art is slowly and steadily, and, consequently, lastingly taking root, we, however, give Mr. Hervey credit for his intention to attract the great mass of the public to this elevated art, and, if possible, anticipate its certain triumph in this, one of the greatest of modern states. Yet, we would not, by any means, be understood as complaining of the hitherto protracted advance of our taste for sculpture; but merely as a portion of the press, encouraged and sustained by the public for such purposes, performing our devoir by arousing the attention of the generality of our countrymen, whose thoughts are otherwise employed, to a sense of the duty they owe themselves and their country, to cultivate one of the purest, highest, and most dignified of all the various constituents and characteristics of the civilization and refinement of a flourishing nation, namely, the art of sculpture.

The fine arts, to progress on a solid basis in any country, must, in some degree, be understood by the generality of the people. This once achieved, their severe and scrutinizing observance will be intently and knowingly fixed on the selection of, and awards to, professors by the government, the committees of taste, &c. and thus the only imperative and effective check can be put on the shameless jobbing with the public money and patronage, so glaringly characterized by such uncouth abortions as that in the Park, miscalled a "palace"—by the disgusting combination of a National Gallery and Royal Academy of Arts with a barrack and a workhouse! occurring in defiance of the reflecting portion of the community on a handful of ground scarcely sufficient to serve the necessary purposes of either one

or the other portion of this heterogeneous association *. It is to prevent the recurrence of the above-named abominable abuses of the public confidence, and to direct the stream of public favour from pretending quacks and impudent impostors into the broad and unobtrusive course of modesty and merit, that we wish a taste for all things appertaining to art to be more commonly understood among the people, so that, by their uplifting a unanimous and decided voice against such ignorant and dishonest practices, at once present an effective barrier to a recurrence of the abuses of the powers in matters of taste with which they necessarily invest a few individuals.

Among the most alluring and effective instructors and improvers in this universal feeling for art, we have always held the "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," a third number of which is now before us, and which, much to the credit of its spirited editor and proprietors, fully equals, if not surpasses, the former numbers. It contains three exquisite engravings of selections from the chief works of Carew, the divine Flaxman, and Canova. The first, "Arethusa," a statue in marble by Carew, is a most charming production from the *burin* of Mr. Dyer, who is, we believe, deaf and dumb, and an *élève* of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and who has lately returned from a long sojourn in Paris. It possesses all the grace and chastity of the original, and, with the exception of a want of foreshortening in one of the thighs, and a little indistinctness about the ear of the dog and the hair of the nymph, which may possibly not be the fault of the engraver, we think it one of the most successful efforts of the kind that has been done. His Venus, after Canova, is, we think, not quite so successful; it is rather too attenuated, and the parts are not sufficiently simple or free from petty undulations, and the extremities are too large; but whether these discrepancies are referrible to the engraver or to the draughtsman we cannot say;—it is, notwithstanding, executed with all that care and attention to delicate minutiæ and drawing in individual parts, which are some of the pleasing and certain characteristics of excellence in the engraver's laborious and pleasing art. Mr. Thompson has rendered the other, after the divine Flaxman, with great clearness, decision, and effect. The subject is Michael overcoming Satan, a group in marble, executed for, and in possession of, that munificent patron of art, the Earl of Egremont. This plate, with the exception of the back of Satan, which is hard, and appearing as if it were *paved* with muscles, is the finest of the dot kind, as applied to sculpture, that we remember ever to have seen—the angel is a perfect gem in art. Equally happy in the poetical illustrations is Mr. T. K. Hervey: his poetry accords deliciously with his subjects, and is chaste and harmonious, like the distant chiming of a silver bell, lending an additional charm and interest even to the most exquisite production of her sister art. Although our space is limited, we

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* We learn from the public prints that Mr. Wilkins is really taking the preliminary steps to the actual perpetration of this gross outrage upon taste, judgment, feeling, and fitness—this outrage upon the public, whose voice, one and all, has been lifted loudly against it. Truly excellent *excitements* to contemplation and study (the sole objects of the building) to both visiter and student are

"——— the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The *spirit-stirring* drum, the *ear-piercing* fife,—
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;"

and the tasteful reconciliation of the barbarous and demoralizing arts of war and one of its wretched results,

"The parish poorhouse and its wealth of woe,"

with the

"Palm and olive branch of peaceful arts."

We must indeed confess that this arrangement has *novelty* at least to recommend it, and we can imagine how the great Fum Nash, the mighty-minded architect of the Chinese Pavilion, of the no less renowned and meritorious association of stones at Buckingham Gate, must envy Mr. Wilkins the delectable task of realizing it, especially as, by lopping off a slice of the view of St. Martin's Portico, "*its effect is to be improved*," and thereby correcting that error committed even by the great Fum Nash, namely, the injudicious removal of the old houses in front of the church, which, of course, according to Mr. Wilkins, *perfected* its effect by *completely* screening it from public view. To be serious, it is really lamentable, after so much just and continued outcry raised by men of taste against the gloomy confinement of our metropolitan public buildings,—after so much professional and technical clamour on the subject among architects, that one of the latter body should be found to lend a hand, nay, propose to block up from our sight one of the finest of our churches, and this, too, after the obstructions to its view and proper appreciation had been so recently, and, with much difficulty and expense, so fortunately removed. Had it been even the Buckingham workhouse, *alias* "Palace"—the ponderous portico and obstructed entrance to the new Law Society in Chancery-lane,—had it been Langham Church, or even the London University, or St. George's Hospital,—had it been, we repeat, either of the above public buildings, even their exclusion from public view would scarcely be justifiable. We will not trust ourselves to say more at present on the subject of this new national *job*.

cannot refrain from closing our reference to this beautiful work with a quotation from his illustration to the Arethusa.

"We hear them, yet!—their low and lulling song
Yet haunts the dreamer, when the soul is still,
In spirit mirth the waterfall among,
In spirit sighing from the distant hill!
Their sweet, wild whispers, in the hush of noon
Steal dimly upward from the river cells,
Or float beneath the melancholy moon,
Where night and silence ring the lily bells!
Their ancient tones make musical the air,
In the deep pauses of the summer-breeze,
And Dryad-voices wander everywhere,
In dreamy talk amid the solemn trees!—
O'er the bright meadows—near the haunted fount—
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars,—
'Mid the pine-temples on the moonlit mount,
Where stillness sits, to listen to the stars,—
In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove,—
Through the lone valley,—by the rushing rill,—
Where'er, of old, the nymphs were wont to rove,
The heart may hear their steps and voices still!"

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VARIETIES.

Greenwich Observatory.—There has been recently erected on the highest turret of the Observatory at Greenwich, an apparatus by which naval captains, taking their departure from the Thames, and also the chronometer-makers along its banks, and in all parts of London within sight of the apparatus, may know the instant of noon, or when the sun passes the meridian of Greenwich. This desirable knowledge is communicated or obtained by the erection of a pole or mast, on which slides a large ball or globe, six or eight feet in diameter (consequently visible at a great distance), and at the top of this pole a large cross is fixed. When the purposed intelligence is to be given, the ball is drawn up close to the cross, about ten minutes before mid-day, and at the instant of noon (or twelve) the ball falls. Thus, by a telegraphic signal, the instant of noon at the British Observatory is made known to all whom it may concern. The value of this knowledge must be evident to those who are conversant in nautical astronomy or geography, and are aware that the meridian of Greenwich is the point from which longitudes are calculated east or west of that place in all English scientific books and naval charts. A somewhat similar plan has been followed for many years by the government observatory at Copenhagen, where a flag is hauled down when the sun has attained its meridian altitude; but the use of a ball or globe of large diameter, as now adopted at Greenwich, is far preferable, as it will be alike visible on all sides and at all times, whether the wind blows light or strong.

"The preceding," observes the 'Literary Gazette,' "is correct as to the description and design of the apparatus on the roof of Greenwich Observatory, which, however, is not placed on, but by the side of one of the turrets; neither is it yet brought into action, but will be so when the present ball (which is temporary, merely hoops covered with canvass) is superseded by a globe of iron constructed for the purpose. The plan, which is excellent, will be duly appreciated by nautical men and astronomers within the sphere of vision, which, owing to the elevated site of the Observatory, extends to a considerable distance."

In the year 1732 the revenue of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was about 6000*l.*, the number of its members 460, and the issue of its publications about 16,000*l.* In the year 1832 the revenue of the Society amounted to 66,000*l.*, the number of its members to 15,000, and its publications to nearly a million and three-quarters. Thus in the course of a century its operations have increased a hundred fold.

Profits of the Bank of England.—It appears from a Parliamentary return, that "The Bank of England notes which have not been paid into the Bank so late as Nov. 2d, 1831, and which were issued, from its foundation in 1697 to the year 1734,

are as follows: Of 10*l.* 2418; of 15*l.* 892; of 20*l.* 11,803; of 25*l.* 3968; of 30*l.* 3816; of 40*l.* 2549; of 50*l.* 8872; of 100*l.* 9632; of 200*l.* 2444; of 300*l.* 1023; of 500*l.* 3400; of 1000*l. nil.*" As the whole of these notes were issued 70 years since, and many of them nearly 140 years ago, the chances against any of them ever finding their way to Threadneedle-street are at least five hundred to one. Therefore the profits which the Bank of England has derived upon notes of ten pounds and upwards, which have been "lost or mislaid," amounts to 4,391,760*l.* sterling. From another return recently made to the House we find that "the amount of 1*l.* and 2*l.* notes, dated March 2, 1797, and Feb. 17, 1826, issued by the Bank, and which were not paid on Nov. 1, 1831, was 301,340." Most of these are probably "lost or mislaid."

Publicans.—The number of publicans in England and Wales convicted for permitting disorderly conduct in their houses, or for keeping them open at unlawful times, from the 1st of April 1832, to the 1st of April, 1833, was 1775. The number of beer-house keepers convicted for like offences during the same period was 3559.

Corn.—From the account of the quantities of corn, grain, and meal, imported during the month ending the 5th August, 1833, it appears that 45,691 quarters of various descriptions of foreign grain had arrived at the port of London, and that duties had been paid on 12,336 quarters for home consumption. The quantity of grain remaining in bond on the 5th of August was 839,934 quarters.

Stamps.—In the bill "for preventing the selling and uttering of forged stamps," it is provided that the Commissioners of Stamps may license persons to sell stamps, (not being Distributors of stamps, nor Sub-distributors,) upon entering into bonds of 100*l.* And it is also provided that, upon oath being made, that there is reason to suspect that any seller of stamps has forged stamps in his possession, constables may be authorized to search the premises of such persons. The bill repeals the stamp duty on artificial mineral water. The nineteenth clause provides that money shall be given for cancelled stamps. The bill comes into operation on the 11th of October.

Unstamped Publications.—A return has been presented to the House of Commons of the number of persons committed by magistrates in the metropolis and the country for selling unstamped publications, from the 26th of July, 1832, to the 27th of February, 1833; also of the number of persons now in prison under such committals. By this return it appears that the number of committals during this period amounted to 224, and that the number of persons now in prison is only seven. With one exception, all these committals took place in the metropolis, there having been but one person committed in other parts of the country, namely at Newark.

British Navy in 1833.—According to a parliamentary return, his Majesty's ships and vessels in commission, at the commencement of the present year, consisted of five first-rates, whose joint complements amounted to 2910 men; two second rates, 844 men; four third rates, 2358 men; five fourth rates, 2255 men; ten fifth rates, 2799 men; fourteen sixth rates, 2409 men; thirty-five sloops, 3685 men; thirty-three yachts, surveying vessels, brig-sloops, &c. 1593 men; thirteen steam-vessels, 464 men; and twenty-six packets, 754 men. The total amount of wages for the officers and men employed, 22,500 in number, including 12 flag-officers, one commodore, 99 secretaries, servants, &c. and 2321 men for reliefs, was 687,375*l.* Pay of able seamen, 1*l.* 14*s.* per lunar month.

British Army in 1833.—At the same period the military forces stationed in our colonies were as follows:—Cape of Good Hope, 1725 officers and men; Gibraltar, 2875; Malta, 2366; Ionian Islands, 2889; Canadas, 2417; Western Africa, 255; Nova Scotia and Bermuda, 3222; Windward and Leeward Colonies, 4432; Jamaica, Bahamas, and Honduras, 3122; Mauritius, 1445; Ceylon, 3547; New South Wales and its dependencies, 2539. Total 30,855. In Great Britain there were 5731 cavalry; 4452 foot guards; and 18,569 infantry. Total 28,772. In Ireland, 2626 cavalry; 745 foot guards; and 19,428 infantry. Total, 22,799. In the East Indies, 2663 cavalry; and 15,701 infantry, making a grand total of 100,790.

Half-pay Officers.—Forty-five military gentlemen are employed as barrack-masters at home, and thirteen abroad, whose half-pay amounts to 5381*l.* and salaries to 10,424*l.* Forty-one as police constables in Ireland, half-pay 3129*l.* and salaries 5945*l.* Eleven in military departments at home, and nine abroad, half-pay 2724*l.*

salaries 5259*l.* Twenty-eight under the revenue at home, and five abroad, half-pay 2783*l.* salaries 5418*l.* Forty-five held colonial, and twenty-one miscellaneous appointments, half-pay 7688*l.* salaries 11,219*l.* The total number holding civil employments at home and abroad, in our own service and under foreign governments, is 291, whose half-pay retired allowances and civil salaries amount to 74,075*l.* per annum.

The expenses of the commissioners for building additional churches, for the year ending the 25th of March, 1833, was 3859*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The secretary and surveyor enjoy salaries of 700*l.* per annum each, besides travelling expenses.

The greatest number of prisoners confined at one time during the year 1832, at the gaols in the metropolis, are as follows:—Coldbath-fields, 1340; Horsemonger-lane, 210; Bridewell, 108; Newgate, 610; Penitentiary, 587; Giltspur-street, 160; Tothill-fields, 194; Brixton, 285.

The declared value of bones imported into Great Britain during the year 1832 was 91,755*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.* The total quantity of British exported from the United Kingdom during the year ended the 5th of July, 1833, was 342,769 cwt., being a decrease, as compared with 1832, of 250,644 cwt.

The number of methodist preachers in England this year is 900; in Ireland, 143; of members in England, 279,170; in Ireland, 24,403; on various missionary stations there are 195 preachers, and 45,786 members. The total number of preachers in the world is 3504, an increase of 199 since last year; of members, 914,131, an increase of 65,434.

The number of day-rules granted for the last seven years to prisoners in the custody of the Marshal of the Court of King's Bench is stated to be as follows:—1826, 7051; 1827, 4811; 1828, 3751; 1829, 3759; 1830, 2961; 1831, 2797; 1832, 2193.

During the session of 1833, petitions for 212 private bills were presented to the House of Commons, of which number 46 were not proceeded with, and 166 received the royal assent.

The number of imperial gallons of British and Irish spirits which paid the home-consumption duty in the year 1832 was 20,778,558, being a decrease on the preceding year of 1,066,850 gallons.

The amount of duty received from sea-policies from the 5th of January, 1832, to the 5th of January, 1833, was 212,585*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* Of this sum, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company paid 3480*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*; London Assurance, 15,739*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*; Alliance Assurance, 11,925*l.*—The amount of duty received for sea-policies during the above period, for Ireland, was 2357*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Kertsch, in the Crimea, Feb. 1833.—Last year, on opening the barrows (*kurgan*) in this neighbourhood, two fine tombs were discovered; one of them in what is called the Golden Hill (Solotoi Kurgan), which is remarkable for its extraordinary size; the other for its fine fresco paintings. From time immemorial, a belief, which seemed to be confirmed by numerous traditions, prevailed among the inhabitants of Kertsch, that immense treasures of antiquity were buried in the Golden Hill; and this conjecture was strengthened by the fact that, in the first quarter of this century, several tombs were discovered near that place, which contained a great quantity of utensils of gold. This kurgan, which is about four wersts from the town, is distinguished by its magnitude. It crowns the summit of an eminence which slopes from Mount Mithridates on the west, resembling the cupola of an immense building. The whole kurgan was formerly surrounded with a gigantic wall, the colossal stones of which were put together without mortar (a real Cyclopean work); but only a small part now remains; the rest was destroyed during the conquest of the Crimea. The diameter of the hill at the bottom is forty fathoms; its height, which has been rather diminished by preceding excavations, is about ten fathoms. It consists entirely of rubbish, and broken stones, on which account the design of opening it proceeded very slowly. After some labour the workmen came to the entrance of the tomb, which was nine fathoms long, one and a half broad,

and about four high, and half choked up with earth. The upper part was supported by strong beams, most of them quite decayed through age. At the end of this entrance was the tomb—a kind of circular hall, with a vaulted conical roof. The interior is three fathoms in diameter; the height to the vaulted roof a fathom and a half, and six fathoms with the roof, which is covered with a resinous substance of a dark-violet colour. Fragments of coffins, bones scattered about, &c., show that the tomb had been opened before. A copper coin of Mithridates III. was the only thing found in the entrance to this great tomb. Besides the Golden Hill, there is, near to Mount Mithridates, another, remarkable for its size and regular conical form. The north and east sides consist of great pieces of rock; the others are buried under rubbish. After digging about two fathoms, fragments of vases were found, then jars of a peculiar shape; these were one arsheen high, well closed, and contained funereal ashes, small gold crowns, sacrificing utensils, and other things. The scarcely visible Greek inscriptions indicated the names of the deceased whose ashes were contained in the jars. After examining the hill on one part, the workmen proceeded to dig on the south-west side, where a very evident elevation promised a more valuable discovery. In fact, they soon found two tables of soft stone, with human figures, and the following inscription: ΕΡΜΙΣ ΦΑΝΝΑ ΧΑΙΡΕ, *i. e.* Ermis Phanna, rejoice thou! and ΦΙΛΟΤΑΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΙΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΗΛΗΣ ΧΑΙΡΕΤΕ, *i. e.* Philotaës and Philoële's son, rejoice thou!—Soon afterwards they came to a tomb with an entrance or vestibule. Unhappily, it had been previously explored, and even the floor damaged. It is one fathom and a half long, one broad, and one fathom and three-quarters of an arsheen high: it is built of a soft stone. Over the door is a male figure with a basket of flowers in his hand, beautifully designed; and on the opposite wall two peacocks drinking out of a vase. Rather lower, the combat of the pigmies and the cranes is represented. On the side walls are birds sitting on the branches of trees; and over them arabesques and wreaths of flowers. All the rest is covered with rustic-work. The greater part of the paintings are preserved; only some portions have fallen down with the stucco.

We learn, from the "Annals of Agriculture," that in the year 1785, the quantity of hemp exported from St. Petersburgh to England alone, amounted to 353,900 cwt.; and assuming that it requires five acres of ground to produce a ton of hemp, the whole space of ground requisite for raising the above quantity would amount to 88,475 acres. Since that period it has been much more extensively grown in Russia. We find that in 1799, about 600,000 cwt. were exported in British ships from St. Petersburgh.

In America there are 56 religious papers; one of them has 28,000 subscribers, another 10,000, and several of them upwards of 3000.

Suicides.—During the year 1831, there were 285 bodies exposed at the Morgue in Paris, of which 197 were recognized; in 1832, there were 344 exposed, and all but 32 recognized.

The mackerel fishery on the coast of Normandy has been most productive during the last season. Twenty-three boats, of 1280 tons register, and their crews amounting to 440 men and boys, have taken 1,378,000 fish, which have produced a sum of 193,710 francs.

There are annually consumed, at Paris, 75,000 oxen, 8000 cows, 76,000 calves, 80,000 pigs, and 370,000 sheep; the sale of poultry and game amounts to 8,000,000 francs, fish 4,000,000, oysters 1,000,000, fresh water fish 600,000 francs.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Crimson Clover.—The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the Code of Agriculture, p. 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated only in our gardens, as a curious and rather pretty looking annual:—"It is a subject of astonishment that this valuable plant (the *Trifolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes and other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucerne, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent

crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry." If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed merchants in this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that this is an annual plant, and therefore should only be employed in partial husbandry.

To prevent Beer from becoming acetous.—There is a way of preventing beer from getting acetous, or what is called hard, which is as simple as it is efficacious. Reasoning on the plain principles of chemical science, we were led to try it, and have this summer found its truth and advantage. It is nothing more than to suspend a knob of marble by a piece of tape from the bung-hole to near the bottom of the barrel, upon which, being pure carbonate of lime, the acid quality of the beer acts on its incipient formation; it consequently becomes neutralised, and thus is kept from turning hard or sour. In our experiment the marble was considerably eaten away, except where the tape encircled it, and the beer remained sound and fresh to the last drop. We mention this discovery as being a point of some consequence to householders, and especially to farmers and their labourers in harvest time; for it is more likely that weak beer should become sour than strong; it is much more healthy to drink it fresh than ever so little turned, and, in the way of economy, many barrels might be saved, which are every year thrown into the hog-tub from becoming undrinkable. It will do good, however, to every species of beer, and, we expect, to any kind of home-made or even foreign wines in cask, which have or are likely to become tart or sour.—Oxford Journal.

Sir Robert Kerr Porter, our Consul at Caraccas, has forwarded to this country a small supply of the Victoria wheat, so much extolled by Humboldt for its productiveness and for the short period required for its growth. According to Humboldt, the produce of this wheat at La Victoria, in South America, (whence it takes its name,) is from 2160, to 2560 lbs. per English acre, while in France the produce of wheat from an equal space does not exceed 800 to 960 lbs. Should it retain the property of early maturity, for which it is remarkable in the other hemisphere, a crop of Victoria wheat, sown on the 15th of February, would be ready for the sickle on the 1st of May, and if thrashed and resown on the 15th of May, a second crop might be reaped on the 29th of July.

Improved Garden Pots.—We have seen some garden pots of an improved construction, and on a principle susceptible of extensive application in the artificial cultivation of plants. They are made of porous earth, which admits of a perfect and rapid absorption of air and water to every part of the root,—essentials so necessary to the growth and maturity of plants, and which give to these an obvious superiority over garden pots of ordinary construction. In these pots the plants are found to thrive better, and come to greater perfection even than under circumstances of cultivation. The principle might probably be successfully applied for the growth of pines and other plants which require the most absorbent earth to bring them to maturity. The outsides of these pots are, we understand, not fouled by the growth of moss.

NEW PATENTS

Granted by his Majesty for Inventions, Sealed 1833.

W. Gratrix, of Salford, silk dyer, for his invention of an improved method of imparting to various woven fabrics, or to the yarns or threads of which the same are intended to be composed, the colour necessary to form the required patterns thereon.

J. Reynolds, of Oakwood, Glamorganshire, iron-master, for his invention of an improved engine and apparatus, to be worked by steam and other motive power.

W. T. Shallcross, of Holt Town, near Manchester, mechanic, for his invention of certain improvements in looms or machines for weaving cotton, linen, silk, wollen, and other fibrous cloths and substances.

S. Hall, of Basford, Nottinghamshire, cotton-manufacturer, for his invention of an improved method of lubricating the pistons, piston-rods, and valves or cocks of steam-engines, and of condensing the steam of such engines as are worked by a vacuum produced by condensation, &c.

J. Gibbs, of the Kent-road, Surrey, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the processes of dressing or preparing hemp, flax, and other vegetable fibrous substances to

render them fit for spinning, paper-making, &c.

T. M. Evans, of Birmingham, merchant, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner, for improvements in machinery for preparing and dressing flax, hemp, and other fibrous materials.

S. Parker, of Argyle-str., London, bronzist, for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for making extracts from coffee and other substances.

W. Harrold, of Birmingham, merchant, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner, of an improvement or improvements in machinery for making paper.

W. Hancock, of Stratford, Essex, engineer, for his invention of an improvement or improvements upon steam-boilers.

A. Clarke, of Bagille, Flintshire, N. Wales, for his invention of certain improvements in blowing-machines.

R. W. Sievier, of Southampton-row, gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the making or manufacturing of elastic goods or fabrics, applicable to various useful purposes.

T. Affleck, of Dumfries, Scotland, for his invention of certain improvements in the means and machinery for deepening and excavating the beds of rivers, removing sand-banks, bars, and other obstructions to navigation.

J. Macdonald, of the University Club-house, Pall-mall East, gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of bridges made of iron or other materials, communicated to him by a foreigner.

J. Reedhead, of Henry-street, Vauxhall, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of coaches, waggons, or other carriages.

J. M'Curdy, of Southampton-row, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for acquiring power in rivers and currents, partly communicated by a foreigner.

L. Hebert, of Paternoster-row, civil-engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in machines or apparatus for, and in the process of, manufacturing bread from grain, and the application of other products, or another product, thereof to certain useful purposes.

J. Warner, the younger, of the Crescent, Jewin-street, brass-founder, for his invention of certain improved processes in giving a metallic coating to various articles of commerce.

R. Stephenson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the locomotive steam-engines now in use, for the quick conveyance of passengers and goods upon edge railways.

W. North, of Stangate Wharf, Lambeth, slater, for his invention of an improvement in roofing or covering of houses or other buildings.

J. S. Dawes, of Badford Works, Staffordshire, iron-master, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron.

R. Butler, of Austin Friars, merchant, for his improvements in manufacturing, obtaining, or producing oil from certain substances; and in extracting, producing, or obtaining gas from the same, &c.

E. Appleby, of Doncaster, iron founder, for his invention of certain improvements in steam engines.

J. Reehead, of Henry-street, Vauxhall, Esq. for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of coaches, waggons, or other carriages.

J. Linton, of Selby, Yorkshire, brazier, for his invention of an improved construction of steam-boilers.

J. J. Guest, of Dowlais Iron Works, Merthyr Tydvil, Esq., for an improvement in the process used for producing from iron ore, and other materials containing iron, what is called in the iron trade, finers.

J. Lutton, of Dean-street, Soho, chair-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in easy-chairs.

J. Dickson and J. Ikin, of Holland-street, Blackfriars-road, engineers, for their invention of improvements in the process of making gas from coal or other substances.

W. Crofts, late of Lenton, of Radford, Nottinghamshire, mechanic, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing bobbin-net lace; also another for his invention of an improved mode of combining together, and actuating certain parts of machinery already known and used for making bobbin-net.

E. Lucas, of Edward-street, Birmingham, engineer, for his invention of a self-acting force and lift pump.

J. Brown, of Margaret-street, Commercial-road, rigger, for his invention of certain improvements in capstans, and apparatus to be used therewith.

W. Rhodes, of the Grange, Leyton, Essex, brick-maker, for his invention of an improved manufacture of bricks for building purposes.

T. R. Williams, Esq., late of Norfolk-street, Strand, for his invention of a new combination of fibrous materials, forming, by means of machinery, artificial skins, which may be applied for the purposes for which skins, leather, vellum, and parchment, are now used.

L. Hebert and J. Don, of Lower James-street, Golden-square, for their invention of certain improvements in engines and other machinery employed in the construction of steam-vessels and steam-carriages, part of which improvement was communicated by a foreigner.

T. Hills, the younger, of Saint Michael's Alley, Cornhill, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in furnaces for steam-boilers, and other useful purposes.

A. Gordon, of the Strand, engineer for certain improvements in the boilers or generators of steam or vapour, and in condensing such steam or vapour, being a communication made to him by a foreigner.

R. Hicks, of Wimpole-street, Esq., for his invention of an improved method of, and apparatus for, baking bread.

J. Thompson, of Newhall-street, Birmingham, Esq., for his invention of improvements in the steam-engine,

BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUGUST 27, 1833, TO SEPTEMBER 24, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 27.—T. I. DIMSDALE, Trinity-square, Tower Hamlets, corn-factor. J. JACKSON, Old City Chambers, Bishopsgate-within, jeweller. W. WRIGHT, Heathfield, Sussex, dealer. H. ROBERTS, Chirk, Denbighshire, draper. J. PATCHETT, Liverpool, saddler. A. E. FOWLER, Liverpool, merchant. J. THOMPSON, Liverpool, grocer. T. ROBERTS, Liverpool, and J. ROBERTS, Holywell, Flintshire, ironmongers. M. GATELEY, Birmingham, victualler. T. DEAN, Manchester, publican. M. and J. HEATHCOTE, Manchester, merchants. J. PATCH, Exeter, hop-merchant.

Aug. 30.—W. BALLANTYNE, Battle, Sussex, bookseller. J. MANHERINGS, Chatham, builder. J. WAKEFIELD, Manchester, silk-hat-manufacturer. R. CLARK, Newark-upon-Trent, linen-draper. J. ELLIOTT, Devonport, grocer. J. LUCAS, City-road, timber-merchant. W. BLOFIELD, Hosier-lane, Smithfield, carpenter. G. PEACOCK, Catterick, Yorkshire, draper. R. PHENEY, Fleet-street, law-bookseller. R. K. SNAPE, Manchester, victualler.

Sept. 3.—W. CORP, Tower-street, carpenter. G. PRICE, Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, twist-net-manufacturer. G. WIGHTMAN, Manchester, victualler. B. SHAW, Harlsethorpe, Derbyshire, candlewick-manufacturer. W. GILBURD, Brighton, wine-merchant.

Sept. 6.—J. JOHNSON and J. GIBBS, Warwick, linen-drapers. T. RICHARDSON and W. CLARKE, High Holborn, printers. R. ARMISTEAD, Liverpool, straw-hat-manufacturer. J. HOWARD, St. Mary at Hill, victualler. T. HEMMINGS, Great George-street, Bermondsey, bacon-drier. H. CARTWRIGHT, Shrewsbury, victualler. G. ROUNDTHWAITE, Leicester-square, victualler. W. W. YOULTON, Devonport, Devonshire, tailor. W. B. CHARD, Clutton Inn, Somersetshire, innkeeper.

Sept. 10.—J. BELL, Exmouth, coal-factor and wine and spirit-merchant. F. FURNISS, Longstone, Derbyshire, seedsman. S. HAMPSON, Pilkington, Lancashire, dyer. W. WILKINSON, Handsworth, Staffordshire, tailor and draper.

Sept. 13.—G. WARD, Clare-street, Clare-market, hatter. W. MOON, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, clothier. G. HOLDEN, Salford, Lancashire, print-finisher. J. SPEARS, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. G. WILSON, Brompton, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. T. GROOM, Welch Pool, Montgomeryshire, wharfinger. A. B. HOPKINS and P. BURGESS, Commercial-place, City-road, tobacconists.

Sept. 17.—J. BRYANT, Watlington, Sussex, draper. G. TRENT, North-street, Lisson-grove, dealer. W. SHORT, Henrietta-st. and Compton-street, Brunswick-square, and South Crescent-mews, Burton-crescent, cabinet-maker. H. C. ENSELL, Winchester, glass-dealer. J. BERENBURGH, Bloomfield-street, London-wall, tobacconist. R. BRAGG, Southmolton, Devonshire, wine-merchant. J. HODGSON, Liverpool, merchant. T. MOORE, Dursley, Gloucestershire, ironmonger. S. COOK, Weston, Somersetshire, gardener. T. FLETCHER, W. S. ROSCOE, R. ROBERTS, J. TARLETON, and F. FLETCHER, Liverpool, bankers. J. LINDEGREN, Portsmouth, merchant. C. CHAMBERS, Duxford, Cambridgeshire, grocer. D. WILBY, Nottingham, currier. J. HARRISON, Birmingham, auctioneer.

Sept. 20.—G. SOUTHALL & W. MILNES, Pedlar's-acre Wharf, Lambeth, coal-merchants. G. OWLES, Great Yarmouth, grocer. J. S. GADD, Woolwich, linen-draper. R. L. LAWS, jun., South-street, Greenwich, master-mariner. P. WRIGHT, High-street, St. Giles, bookseller. T. TINGLE, Sheffield, ironfounder. G. GOULDEN, Liverpool, wine and spirit-dealer. J. STORER, Manchester, grocer.

Sept. 24.—C. HAMOND, Great Surrey-str., Blackfriars-road, Italian-warehouseman. J. CORNES, jun., Nantwich, Cheshire, timber-merchant. E. EMERSON and B. FENWICK, Stella, Durham, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironfounders. T. DODD, Coventry, riband-manufacturer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE manufactories of all our great staple articles of commerce and internal trade continue to be animated by a spirit of healthful activity; although, in the metropolis, the dealers in the fancy productions of Manchester and Norwich feel the periodical depression which characterizes the interval of transit from the costume of summer to that of winter.

In Colonial and Foreign produce, the tendency to speculation, so useful when restrained within certain limits—so destructive when it degenerates into mere gambling, has happily been arrested at the time when serious apprehensions began to be entertained lest it should lead to excesses fraught with similar mischief to that which marked the disastrous period of 1825. The general opinion seems to be, that although the prices of various commodities of that class have been raised beyond what the continental markets, either in their present or their prospective state, will warrant the continuance of, still that the advance is not of that extravagant character that will induce a

reaction, sudden in its operation or violent in its effects. The firmness with which holders of colonial produce stood out for the advanced quotations, and the reluctance with which the dealers, anticipating a decline in prices, made their purchases, have kept the market in a very inanimate state for some time past. The late extensive arrivals have decided the question against the holders of Sugar, and a reduction of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. has consequently taken place in Muscovades, Mauritius, and East India descriptions.

In Foreign Sugar, where sales have been effected, a similar reduction has been submitted to; but of the parcels which have been offered by public sale, a very considerable portion has been taken in.

Of 2148 chests of Havannah Sugar offered by public sale on the 24th, 1400 chests of yellow were bought in at 25*s.* 6*d.* to 27*s.*, and the remainder, white, at 33*s.* 6*d.* to 36*s.*; a small quantity of strong middling white sold for 33*s.* 6*d.*

The Refined Market is still in a very depressed state; the holders require 35*s.* for fine Crushed, but the offers are generally limited to 34*s.* and 34*s.* 6*d.*, at which latter price some sales have been made, as well as of low Crushed at 31*s.* The purchases made by the wholesale grocers are strictly confined to their immediate wants; and in the low qualities for exportation there is nothing doing.

The stock of West India Sugar is now about 50,000 hhds. and trs., being an excess of 5400 beyond that of last year at this period; the stock of Mauritius is about 96,000 bags, exceeding that of last year by 46,500 bags.

The last average price of Sugar is 1*l.* 15*s.* 6¼*d.* per cwt.

There is a similar absence of animation in the Coffee Market; prices of British Plantation remain unaltered, but purchasers stand aloof, and the transactions are, for the present, on a very limited scale. A floating cargo of St. Domingo, at Cowes, has been sold at 66*s.*, deliverable at Hamburgh, the buyers paying the trade dues. Of 1000 bags, also St. Domingo, offered by public sale, the whole of the sound was bought in at 66*s.* 6*d.* Good ordinary Brazil has realized 65*s*; and Sumatra 55*s.* to 57*s.*

In Cocoa little doing; a parcel of Brazil has been taken, by private contract, at 27*s.*

The transactions in Rum are very inconsiderable, but the quotations are not lower, notwithstanding the late large arrivals. Brandy maintains its price firmly; in Arrack there is some improvement; 487 cases of Batavia, six over proof, brought 2*s.* 6*d.* per gallon. Geneva is without alteration.

In Spices, the only article in which there is any briskness is Pepper, on which an advance of ½*d.* to ¼*d.* per lb. has taken place. A decline, to the same extent, has occurred in Pimento. Nutmegs are quoted at 7*s.* 3*d.*, but there are no transactions to note.

The Cotton Market has been less firm lately; the sales during the last week have been inconsiderable, and at a reduction of ¼*d.* to ⅜*d.* per lb. A very large importation from the United States is expected, which would place the speculative purchasers for a rise under the necessity of investing a considerable additional capital.

The Silk Market continues to improve steadily, as well in Raw as in Thrown, and a still further advance is expected.

Indigo and Cochineal maintain their prices, with a regular demand.

The favourable accounts from the Davis Straits Fishery, have caused a decline of from 3*l.* to 2*l.* per tun in all common descriptions of Oil; Linseed Oil is still much in request, and fully maintains former quotations.

The supplies of Wheat and Flour at Mark-Lane during the month have been ample, and the qualities generally good; upon these, however, a decline of 1*s.* to 2*s.* per quarter may be noted, and a still further depression in secondary qualities. In Barley and Oats the supplies are large, and none but the first qualities meet with ready sale.

The Money Market, in so far as British securities are concerned, has been invariably dull throughout the month, and the fluctuations small; the lowest closing price of Consols for the Account has been 88¼, and the highest 88¾. The usual dividend of 4 per cent. for the half-year ending Oct. 10th, has been declared at the Bank. Bank Stock is still shut; it closed at 211¼ to 212¼, but private bargains have been since made at 213 to 214. Exchequer Bills have advanced 8*s.* since the close of last month. In the Foreign Market, the chief subject of speculation is Portuguese Stock, which has undergone rapid fluctuations, but not to so great an extent as during the preceding month; it has been gradually declining during the last few days. The closing prices of the principal securities, on the 24th, are annexed:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols; ditto for the Account, 88 one-fourth, three-eighths.—Three per Cent. Reduced; Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, shut.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 96 one-fourth, three-eighths.—Four per Cent. (1826,) shut.—India Stock, 242 one-half, 3 one-half.—Bank Stock, shut.—Exchequer Bills, 47, 48.—India Bonds, 31, 33.—Long-Annuities, shut.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 94 one-half, 95.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 69 one-half, 70.—Chilian, 25, 26.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 23 one-half, 24.—Danish Three per Cent. 74 one-half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 48, three-fourths, 49.—Dutch Five per Cent. 94, three-fourths, seven-eighths.—Greek Five per Cent. 38, 40.—Mexican Six per Cent. 35, 36.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 76 one-fourth, one-half.—Portuguese New Loan, 20, one-fourth, pm.—Russian Five per Cent. 101 three-fourths, 2. one-fourth.—Spanish Five per Cent. 21 three-fourths, 22.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 11 10, 12 10.—United ditto, 12 15, 13 5.—Colombian Mines, 12 10, 13 10.—Del Monte, 58, 59.—Brazil, 58, 59.—Bolanos, 125, 13.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

August 19.—On the presentation of the report of the Colonial Slavery Abolition Bill, considerable discussion ensued. Several new clauses were proposed, but no material alteration of the Bill was carried. Lord Wynford proposed a clause whose effect was to prohibit the importation of sugar or coffee, &c., the produce of any slave labour. Earl Grey, and other Members of the Government, resisted it as a measure quite inconsistent with the Bill, however just the measure itself might be, and however worthy of legislation hereafter. Even if the House would adopt it, the House of Commons would reject it, of course, as wholly inconsistent with the usages of Parliament, and as being in no way within the intent and meaning of the Bill. Lord Ellenborough contended that the clause was calculated to promote the objects of the Bill; and the Duke of Wellington defended its principle. The house divided on it, and it was negatived on a division; the ayes being 17, and the noes, 38; majority against it, 21. The report was then agreed to.

August 20.—The Slavery Abolition Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 22.—The Lord Chancellor laid upon the table a bill for the establishment and the regulation of the affairs of municipal corporations, which was read a first time and ordered to be printed. The Chancellor shortly developed the leading features of the bill, which he justly characterized as one of very great importance.

August 23.—The Bank Charter Bill led to considerable debate. The prohibitory clause, on which so much discussion had already taken place, was again the most prominent feature. It runs thus:—"That it shall not be lawful for any body, politic or corporate, whatsoever, created, or to be created, other than the Bank of England, or for other persons whatsoever united, or to be united, in partnership or covenants, exceeding the number of six persons, in that part of Great Britain called England, to borrow or owe, or to take up any sum or sums of money, on their bills or notes, payable on demand, or at any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof." Lord Wynford, the Duke of Wellington, and other Peers opposed the Bill, as an interference with the currency, the effect of which was likely to prove injurious. And with regard to this particular clause, they deprecated any interference on the part of the Legislature, at least without the opinion of the Judges as to its interpretation. The Lord Chancellor and other Noble Lords vindicated the conduct of the Government through the whole transaction, and justified the interpretation given by the Law-officers of the Crown to the clause that had produced so much difference of opinion amongst lawyers.

August 26.—The Bank Charter Bill was read a third time and passed, after an ineffectual effort on the part of Lord Wynford to get the clause expunged recognising the legality of banks of deposit of more than six partners within sixty-five miles of London. The Duke of Wellington expressed the opinion that the tender ought to be extended to 10*l.*—a proposition that was negatived.

The Factories' Bill was read a third time and passed.

The Earl of Warwick entered into a vindication of his conduct as Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, declaring that with respect to the alleged interference in the election for Warwick, he knew no more about those proceedings than any of their lordships. His lordship added, that he was on the Continent when these charges were first made, and that he had deemed it to be his duty to the peerage, as well as to himself, forthwith to return to England, and to deny all knowledge of the charges that had been preferred.

August 27.—On the presentation of the committee's report of the Tithes' Arrears (1,000,000*l.*), Ireland, Bill, Lord Melbourne moved an amendment to the effect that all persons claiming relief under this bill should do so for all that might be due for the whole period of the three years, and not for a part of the dues that accrued within such time. This amendment, together with the report of the bill, was agreed to.

The adoption of the Commons' amendments to the Court of Chancery Regulation

Bill having been moved, the Lord Chancellor expressed his dissent to that amendment which proposes wholly to repeal the payment of the Clerks of the Registrar and the Clerks of the Masters by fees; he had wished that they should be paid in part by fees, as he considered that such course would stimulate them to a more rigorous and more vigorous discharge of their duties. Next session, he would again call their lordships' attention to this subject. The Commons' amendments were then adopted.

August 29.—His Majesty having signified his intention to prorogue the Parliament in person, the usual preparations were made. His Majesty entered the House a few minutes after two o'clock, when a message was sent, desiring the attendance of the House of Commons; soon after which the Speaker, accompanied by a considerable number of members, attended at the bar. The Speaker, in presenting the Appropriation Bill (the supplies of the session), and praying his Majesty's assent thereto, delivered the speech usual on such occasions, taking notice of the prominent acts of the session. His Majesty then addressed both Houses as follows:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

In opening the present Parliament I stated that never at any time had subjects of greater interest and magnitude called for your attention.

The manner in which you have discharged the duties thus committed to you now demands my warmest acknowledgments, and enables me to close a session not more remarkable for its extended duration, than for the patient and persevering industry which you have displayed in many laborious inquiries, and in perfecting the various legislative measures which have been brought under your consideration.

I continue to receive from my Allies, and from all Foreign Powers, assurances of their friendly disposition.

I regret that I cannot yet announce to you the conclusion of a definitive arrangement between Holland and Belgium. But the Convention which, in conjunction with the King of the French, I concluded in May last with the King of the Netherlands, prevents a renewal of hostilities in the Low Countries, and thus affords a fresh security for the general continuance of peace.

Events which have lately taken place in Portugal have induced me to renew my diplomatic relations with that kingdom, and I have accredited a Minister to the Court of Her Most Faithful Majesty at Lisbon.

You may rest assured that I look with the greatest anxiety to the moment when the Portuguese monarchy, so long united with this country by the ties of alliance and the closest bonds of interest, may be restored to a state of peace, and may regain its former prosperity.

The hostilities which had disturbed the peace of Turkey have been terminated, and you may be assured that my attention will be carefully directed to any events which may affect the present state or the future independence of that empire.

An investigation, carefully prosecuted during the last session, has enabled you to renew the charter of the Bank of England, on terms which appear to be well calculated to sustain public credit, and to secure the usefulness of that important establishment.

The laborious inquiries carried on by committees of both Houses of Parliament for several successive sessions have also enabled you to bring the affairs of the East India Company to a satisfactory adjustment. I have the most confident expectation that the system of government thus established will prove to have been wisely framed for the improvement and happiness of the natives of India: whilst, by the opening of the China trade, a new field has been afforded for the activity and enterprise of British commerce.

The state of slavery in my colonial possessions has necessarily occupied a portion of your time and your attention commensurate with the magnitude, and the difficulty of the subject; whilst your deliberations have been guided by the paramount considerations of justice and humanity, the interests of the colonial proprietors have not been overlooked. I trust that the future proceedings of the Assemblies, and the conduct of all classes in my colonies, may be such as to give full effect to the benevolent intentions of the Legislature, and to satisfy the just expectations of my people.

I observe with satisfaction that the amendment of the law has continued to occupy your attention, and that several important measures have been adopted, by some of which the titles to property have been rendered more secure, and the conveyance of it more easy: while by others the proceedings in courts, both of law and equity, have been made more expeditious and less costly. The establishment of the Court of Privy Council is another improvement, which, while it materially assists suitors at home, will, I trust, afford substantial relief to those in my foreign possessions.

You may rest assured that there is no part of your labours which I regard with a deeper interest than that which tends, by well-considered amendments of the law, to make justice easily accessible to all of my subjects.

With this view I have caused a commission to be issued for digesting into one body the enactments of the criminal law, and for inquiring how far, and by what means, a similar process may be extended to the other branches of our jurisprudence. I have also directed commissions

to be issued for investigating the state of the municipal corporations throughout the United Kingdom.

The result of their inquiries will enable you to mature those means which may seem best fitted to place the internal government of corporate cities and towns upon a solid foundation, in respect of their finances, their judicature, and their police. In the mean time, two important acts have been passed for giving constitutions, upon sound principles, to the Royal and Parliamentary burghs of Scotland; and your attention will hereafter be called to the expediency of extending similar advantages to the unincorporated towns in England which have now acquired the right of returning members to Parliament.

It was with the greatest pain that I felt myself compelled to call upon you for additional powers to control and punish the disturbers of the public peace in Ireland.

This call was answered, as I confidently expected, by your loyalty and firmness.

I have not found it necessary, except in a very limited degree, to use the powers thus confided to me, and I have now the satisfaction of informing you that the spirit of insubordination and violence which had prevailed to so alarming an extent, has been in a great measure subdued.

I look forward with anxiety to the time when the painful necessity of continuing this measure of great but unavoidable severity may cease; and I have given my assent with unqualified satisfaction to the various salutary and remedial measures which, during the course of the present session, have been proposed to me for my acceptance.

The act which, in pursuance of my recommendation, you have passed with respect to the temporalities of that branch of the united church which is established in Ireland, and for the immediate and total abolition of vestry assessments, and the acts for the better regulation of juries, both as to their civil and criminal functions, afford the best proof that full reliance may be placed in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, for the introduction of such beneficial improvements as may insure the welfare of all classes of my subjects: thus effectually cementing that legislative union which, with your support, it is my determination to maintain inviolate.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year. The estimates proposed to you by my direction were considerably lower than those of former Sessions, and you have wisely applied the savings which have thus been effected to a diminution of the public burdens. In this course of judicious economy, combined with a due regard to the exigencies of the State, I am persuaded that you will persevere, and thus confirm the title which you have acquired to the general confidence, as the faithful guardians of the honour of the Crown and of the true interests of the people.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

In returning to your respective counties you will carry with you the gratifying reflection that your labours have been assiduously employed for the benefit of your fellow-subjects.

During the recess your attention will be equally directed to the same important object. And in this useful and honourable discharge both of your public and private duties, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I confidently rely for the encouragement and support of my people in that love of liberty and order, that spirit of industry and obedience to the laws, and that moral worth, which constitute the safety and happiness of nations.

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Thursday the 31st day of October next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 31st day of October next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

August 19.—On the motion for the third reading of the Bank Charter Bill having been put, Mr. Cobbett opposed it, chiefly in consequence of that provision which went to make bank notes a legal tender.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied in strong terms the position that to make bank notes a legal tender would depreciate the currency. He maintained that the calamities of 1825 might have been avoided. The bank ought not to have increased its issues when it was ascertained that the exchanges were against us. The present Bill could not depreciate the currency. His Lordship defended the opinions of the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, respecting banks of deposit. He himself had gone through all the Acts of Parliament on the subject, assisted by the Solicitor-General, before he came to a conclusion, and his decided impression now was, that in this Bill there was no infraction whatever of any privilege which the bank had possessed before.—Much discussion followed, in the course of which Mr. Hume objected to the Bill on three grounds, as a bad bargain, a debaser of the currency, and a measure brought forward in too thin a house to afford anything like the sense of the country upon its merits.—Mr. G. Wood and Mr. Warburton also submitted propositions respecting

the establishment of branch banks, and the rejection of the legal tender clause—propositions that were negatived on divisions.

August 21.—The Tithes Arrears (Ireland) Bill, sanctioning the issue of 1,000,000*l.* by way of loan, to pay arrears of tithes, was resisted by Mr. Hume, who moved as an amendment, that the third reading be postponed for six months.—Mr. O'Connell supported the Bill, declaring that it reflected great credit on the Government, that it purchased peace in Ireland, and that it was right to make those pay for a Protestant Establishment in Ireland who wished to continue it as part of the State. —The Bill, however, was eventually read a third time and passed, after the House had *negatived*, in a division, a clause proposed by Mr. Hume, by way of *rider*, to the effect, "that if the sum to be granted and advanced under the provisions of the Act be not paid from the sources provided, and within the time specified, any balance remaining due to the public shall become chargeable *on the funds of the temporalities of the Church of Ireland*, and shall be placed at the disposal of the Commissioners under the Temporalities (Ireland) Bill; to be annually paid to the public, until the principal and interest have been satisfied."

August 22.—On moving the third reading of the Chancery Offices Bill, the Solicitor-General made a statement of the reforms and reductions which the Lord Chancellor has, in spite of the obstacles that have been opposed to him, effected in his court. The saving effected was to be disposed of in the following manner:—9000*l.* to the suitors; they were to be relieved from fees to that amount; 2834*l.* were to be paid to the Suitors' Fund, and he congratulated the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the fact, that 9736*l.* would be paid to the account of the consolidated fund. Now, it was to be remembered, that all these offices were in the gift of the Chancellor, and former Chancellors had given them to their relatives; that they had even been made the subject of marriage settlements. Two of the offices (the Clerk of the Patents and the Registrar of Affidavits) were held by the brother of the Lord Chancellor, and were to be abolished instantly. (Cheers.) The others were to be abolished as they fell in. The next branch of the Bill applied to the Masters, who, upon an average, received 3900*l.* from fees, &c.; they were now to be paid a fixed sum of 2500*l*, a-year each, and as there were ten of them, the saving would be 14,000*l.* per annum.

August 28.—Lord Palmerston, in answer to a series of questions from Mr. T. Attwood, made various replies on the subject of foreign affairs:—1. He was not aware, officially, of any treaty between the United States and Holland having been recently concluded. 2. When the Porte applied to this country in the autumn of last year for maritime assistance, the government was under the necessity of having fleets in the North and off the Tagus; therefore, without an application to Parliament, which was not then sitting, it was impossible to comply efficiently with the sultan's request, and to have a fleet in the Mediterranean that would have comported with the naval dignity of this country. The decision of the government was not in any way the result of threat on the part of Russia. 3. As to any application from the Pacha of Egypt, England being in alliance with the Porte, nothing of the kind could be received. 4. With respect to Lord Durham's mission, it was of a general character, and to supply the place of the previous ambassador, who had quitted on account of ill health. That mission was perfectly successful, and had given satisfaction to the government and to his Majesty. 5. Count Orloff had not been sent to this country on any mission—his mission was to the Hague—he came to England only as a distinguished traveller.

August 29.—Sir R. Inglis addressed the House, on bringing up the 41st report of the committee on public petitions. The hon. baronet took that opportunity of calling the attention of the House to the duration of its sittings during the present session, and those of preceding sessions of Parliament. It appeared from a statement, which had been prepared with great care, that the House, during the present session, had sat more than twice the number of days, and nearly three times the number of hours, that were occupied in the session of 1826; during which the House sat 64 days, or 457 hours. Even the great reform session of 1831 sat only 98 days or 918 hours; while in the present session the House had, up to yesterday, sat 142 days, or 1,270 hours. (Hear, hear.) The session of 1806, it appeared, had occupied 125 days, or 645 hours, giving an average proportion of 5 hours each day; the session of 1807, 86 days, or 434 hours, giving also an average proportion of 5 hours each day. In 1811, the Parliament sat 135 days, or 588 hours, which gave

an average of only 4 hours each day; and in 1814 the sittings occupied 127 days, or 476 hours, which was not 4 hours each day. It was a cruel mockery to compare factory labour with the labours of the House; for, from these statements, it would be seen that, during the whole session, the House had been occupied 9 hours a-day on the average; and for the much larger portion of the session, namely, since Easter, very considerably more than 12 hours a-day. The hon. baronet concluded by moving that the report be printed.—The Speaker, attended by all the members present, then proceeded to the House of Lords. After an absence of about half an hour, the Speaker returned, and, standing at the table, read to the House the speech which had been delivered from the throne.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

The intelligence from the West Indies continues to be more favourable than we had anticipated to the prospects of the successful operation of the plan for the abolition of slavery. In Barbadoes the legislature have unanimously resolved to adopt the resolution of the British parliament, claiming only to be heard as to the suggested scheme for the distribution of the twenty millions. In Demerara there appears to be a certainty of an unqualified approval of the plan on the part of the colonists. It is everywhere acknowledged that parliament, as towards the collective body of the colonists, has acted with fairness and liberality; the only difficulties which remain will be in the adjudication between the several colonies as claimants on the fund provided for them.

From Jamaica there are similar accounts. The only fault found is the long duration of the apprenticeship, twelve years. On this point the Antigua Herald observes, "We have conversed pretty generally on the subject, and can say, without hesitation, that masters, in this island at least, think that the freedom had better be early, simple, and unrestricted, and feel convinced that everything will soon find its level."

At a numerous meeting of planters, merchants, and other inhabitants of Berbice, held on the 27th July, an address was presented to the governor, Sir J. C. Smith, in which, after thanking him for having so promptly communicated to them the circular despatch of Mr. Stanley, accompanied by the resolutions of the House of Commons for the abolition of slavery, they state that they are convinced that the momentous changes about to take place in the colonial system are inevitable, that their property and very existence as a civilized society depend upon the successful issue of them, and that they will most cordially concur and co-operate by every means in their power with the governor in giving effect to all measures (in pursuance of the resolutions of the House of Commons) for the preservation of the public tranquillity, confidently relying on the justice of his Majesty's government, and of their fellow-subjects in the mother-country, should all their efforts to meet their wishes fail of success, to award them full and just compensation for all the losses they would in such event sustain.

The amount advanced out of the vote of last session of one million for the assistance of certain West India proprietors was—for Jamaica, 79,200*l.*; St. Vincent's, 38,400*l.* The commissioners have also granted loans on further applications, the securities for which are not yet completed—to Jamaica, twenty-three applications, amounting to 119,000*l.*; Barbadoes, fifty-two, amounting to 109,250*l.*; St. Vincent's, twenty-two, amounting to 76,700*l.*; St. Lucia, twenty-two, amounting to 20,000*l.*

Head-Money for Captured Negroes.—The head-money, or pecuniary gratuity awarded for captured slaves, during 1827, was 61,548*l.* 10*s.*; 1828, 29,273*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*; 1829, 66,047*l.* 10*s.*; 1830, 74,239*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*; 1831, 17,683*l.* 15*s.*; 1832, 20,242*l.* 10*s.*; and 5th of January to the 5th of July, 1833, 5,837*l.* 10*s.*; making a total of 274,973*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*

The number of imperial gallons of Colonial spirits which paid the home-consumption duty in 1832 was 3,513,965, being a decrease, as compared with 1831, of 110,632 gallons. The total number of gallons charged with the home-consumption

duty for 1832 was 25,982,494, and the net amount of the duty 8,413,552*l.*, showing a decrease in consumption, as compared with 1832, of 775,832 gallons, and an increase of revenue amounting to 161,830*l.*, accounted for by the increased demand for foreign spirits.

CANADA.

The population of Upper Canada for the year ending June last was 296,544 persons, being an increase of 35,652 over the preceding year.

FOREIGN STATES.

RUSSIA.

The Russian Cabinet has put forth a long manifesto, in reply to the statements and arguments of Lord Palmerston, on the debate on Mr. C. Ferguson's motion. In this manifesto it is maintained, that as the Polish constitution of 1815 was not guaranteed by any power, that none has a right to insist on its being maintained. That constitution, it argues, was annihilated by the insurrection—the revolutionary Government acting in direct violation of the treaty of Vienna. Having thus deprived themselves of the protection that treaty afforded them, the Emperor contends that *he* was the only judge whether the charter of 1815 should be restored. In opposition to the advocates of the Poles, Nicholas, however, affirms, that the constitution now given to that people, by which they obtain a separate administration and a popular representative system, is in perfect accordance with the principles promulgated at Vienna. He also denies the right of any foreign power to interfere with his administration of the affairs of Poland—any more than with the conduct of Austria or Prussia, in the government of that portion of the ancient Polish territory, which is now under their jurisdiction.

PORTUGAL.

The struggle in Portugal still continues. Donna Maria has been "acknowledged" by the courts of London and Paris, and more recently by the King of Sweden; and has lately departed for Lisbon.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At the Royal Hospital, Dublin, Lieutenant-Colonel Arbuthnot, eldest son of the Rt. Hon. C. Arbuthnot, to Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart. Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

At Killowen, Ireland, W. Hunter, Esq. of Londonderry, to Margaret, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin.

At Greaseley, Lieut.-Colonel Hancox, of Woodborough Hall, Notts, to Caroline, daughter of Launcelot Rolleston, Esq., of Watmall Hall, same county.

At Grendon, Sir J. Hanmer, Bart. M.P., to Georgiana, daughter of Sir C. Chetwynd, Bart.

At Iwerne Minster, Dorset, H. Corbet Singleton, Esq., of Aclare, Meath, to Jane, daughter of the late General and the Lady E. Loftus.

At Narborough, Norfolk, the Rev. J. J. Holroyd, rector of Abberton, Essex, son of the late Sir G. Holroyd, to Sophia, daughter of S. Tyssent, Esq. of Narborough Hall.

At St. James's, the Rev. H. Stevens, Vicar of Wilmington, to Mary, daughter of Colonel Bingham, R.A.

Died.]—In Pentonville, Esther, wife of Professor Hurwitz of the London University.

In Plymouth, Mrs. Jenner, widow of the celebrated Dr. Jenner.

Mr. Thomas Williams, Editor of the "Cottage Bible."

At Whitley, Essex, T. Walford, Esq. F.A.S.

In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Lady Ann Ludlow, first daughter of Peter, Earl Ludlow, aged 73.

In Barbadoes, M. Coulthurst, Esq., King's Advocate, and Judge Advocate General in that island.

In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel Leith Hay, M.P.

M. Dupire, formerly member of the Council of Five Hundred, and lately Deputy-Mayor of Valenciennes.

In Duke-street, Westminster, J. Farquhar, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, many years M.P. for Aberdeen.

Dudley, fourth and eldest surviving son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Thomson, G.C.B., of Wembury House, in the county of Devon, aged 17.

In Fitzroy-square, Mary Dowager Viscountess Dillon.

Lately, at Strasbourg, aged 73, M. Simon Cohen of Estetz, grand Jewish Rabbi of the Upper Rhine.

At Argyle House, the Countess of Aberdeen.

At the Vicarage, Elizabeth, wife of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Aston, Vicar of Tardebigg, Worcestershire.

At Cheltenham, the Hon. Catherine Newcomen, daughter of the late Viscountess Newcomen.

At Brithwood, Humphry Denholm, Esq., of Brithwood, aged 77.

At Portobello, N.B., Lieut.-Colonel Peat, late of the 25th regiment.

At the Hazles, Lancashire, aged 78 years, Sir Joseph Birch, Bart.

At Cheltenham, Major-General Blackwell, late governor of Tobago.

At Rolleston, Staffordshire, Penelope, daughter of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart. M.P.

On board the steam-boat Quorra, in the river Niger, T. Briggs, Esq., M.D., senior medical officer of the African expedition under Lander.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The total number of votes now registered in the respective parishes for the City and Liberties of London, in respect of 10*l.* houses, is 8,041.

St. James's Park.—The exterior of the new guard-house, facing the old Birdcage-walk, has been finished, and presents a very handsome building, in every particular suitable for the purposes for which it is intended. The whole of the new railing enclosing the handsome avenue leading from Pimlico-gate to Storey's-gate is nearly erected, and the great improvements at that side of St. James's Park do much credit to the taste by which it was directed. At the opposite side, the Green Park, as far as Hyde Park Corner, has a very naked and desolate appearance compared to the adjacent improvements, and will remain, it is said, in its present state, until the Palace is finished, when it will be ornamented with shrubs, which, from the irregularity of the ground, can be planted to great advantage; and, with serpentine gravel walks, this Park may be rendered a place of pleasant rural recreation for the public.

Upon arranging the suicides according to the months in which they occurred during the aggregate of years, Mr. Higgs found that, contrary to the generally-received opinion, November was actually the month of all the year in which the least number of suicides took place.

Thus June and July, each	53 — 106
January	48
March	46
February	41
December	39
April	38
May	37
October	35
September	34
August	33
November	32
	489

The temperate months comprising the least number, it would appear that extreme heat or cold may affect the constitution, and render persons predisposed to insanity more liable to sudden attacks of that disease.

The Medical Board has announced to the proper departments of Government the disappearance of the cholera from the metropolis since the occurrence of the late high winds. That disease, it is thought, will in future annually appear in a more or less severe degree with the autumnal disorder of a kindred nature, on which account it will henceforth be included in the published list of maladies. It will also be from this time named as *Cholera epidemica* in the bills of health, of which a new form with that addition is about to be circulated. We understand that the Medical Board will still maintain a mitigated attention to and superintendence of this afflictive disease, that no announcements or measures of precaution may be prevented, which circumstances may render necessary or desirable.

A Circular has been issued from the Horse Guards, abolishing, at the command of the King, the infliction of corporal punishment in the army, except for mutiny,

insubordination, or violence to their officers, drunkenness on duty, selling their accoutrements, or stealing from their comrades.

Suicides in Westminster.—The following statements of the number of suicides which have occurred in Westminster for each year from 1812 to 1831, inclusive, has been drawn up from official documents by Mr. Higgs, the Deputy Coroner, and presents some results of a novel and interesting character. The total number of suicides during that period is 489, and includes eight cases of *felo de se*—seven men and one woman. The number of men destroying themselves to women is nearly as three to one, as appears from the returns, there being 359 men to only 130 women. In very many cases Mr. Higgs observes the insanity which led to suicide was decidedly brought on by intoxication. The following is the return for each year:—

1812	24	1823	32
1813	26	1824	21
1814	23	1825	24
1815	30	1826	31
1816	26	1827	26
1817	17	1828	32
1818	18	1829	30
1819	26	1830	28
1820	19	1831	28
1821	20		
1822	18	Total	489

From the Parliamentary returns it appears that the population of Westminster, in 1811, was 160,801; in 1821, 181,444; and in 1831, 202,891.

Leicester-square.—This square has been recently greatly improved in the centre. The trees and shrubs which had been much neglected, and appeared like a wilderness, and almost entirely hid from the public view the equestrian statue of Geo. II., have been pruned, and the statue, which was also much neglected, has just been bronzed, and is now seen to great advantage. The walks enclosed by the iron railing have been gravelled and improved.

Compression of Water.—An apparatus is exhibiting in Adelaide-street, London, which, by hydrostatic pressure, compresses water to an extent equal to a fourteenth part of its volume. The force employed is equivalent to a pressure of 30,000 lbs. to the square inch, and is applicable to other liquids. In most of our works on natural philosophy, water is treated as incompressible and not elastic; by this apparatus the opposite of these two propositions is clearly shown.

John Traill, Esq., has been appointed to fill the vacancy at Union-hall, in the room of R. J. Chambers, Esq., now one of the magistrates of Marlborough-street.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Land Allotments.—The greater part of the land in the parish of Cholesbury, Bucks, has, we are informed, been purchased by a society established in the metropolis, for the purpose of allotting it in small portions to the labouring poor of that distressed district. The situation of the above parish is described as the most destitute that can be imagined, the whole of the land lying waste and uncultivated, the occupiers having abandoned it in consequence of the poor-rates absorbing the whole of the rent and profit; not a cow, a pig, or even a fowl is to be seen. The labourers are said to be entirely dependent on the poor-rates for support, the last being reported last year to have amounted to 32*s.* in the pound, at a rack-rent. No funds being to be raised on the spot, they were maintained by precarious rates in aid from adjoining parishes. These allotments will, it is expected, restore them to a state of comfort, and render them independent of parish relief.—*Monthly Miscellany of the Labourer's Friend Society.*

LANCASHIRE.

Locomotive Engines.—The daily performances of the engines on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway testify the perfection which has been there attained in the conveyance of light goods and passengers, the ordinary rate of travelling being from 20 to 30 miles an hour, but they seemed to be excelled by those in the neighbourhood of Glasgow in another very important application of the power of locomotive engines, namely, the transmission of heavy goods, in which so great speed is not of such importance as the diminishing the expense of conveyance by increasing the

quantity conveyed. The other day one of the engines on the Garnkirk and Glasgow Railway hauled a train of seventy loaded waggons from Gartgill colliery to the depôt at Glasgow, a distance of 8 miles, in one hour and five minutes. The gross weight of the waggons was 287½ tons, and of the engine and tender 14 tons 7 cwt. making a total weight of 301 tons 17 cwt. A great proportion of the distance is quite level. The ordinary resistance on a level line is 9 pounds per ton, so that the engine must have been exerting a power of about 2718 pounds. The diameter of the cylinder is 12½ inches, the length of stroke 22, and the pressure at 55 pounds per square inch. The train extended over a distance of upwards of 270 yards, and presented to view a grand and interesting spectacle, while it afforded a most wonderful exhibition of locomotive power to those who take an interest in the important national question of the improvement of our internal means of communication.

Lieutenants Denham and Robinson, deputed by the Board of Admiralty to make a survey of the river Mersey, have ascertained the existence of a new half-tide channel, at once affording invaluable and increased facility of navigation in the approach to Liverpool. The advantages of this discovery are these—that a maritime intercourse may be pursued at all hours, and that a channel to seaward is progressively forming, which affords at present twelve feet water at two hours' flood, and seventeen at half-tide; that a ship coming in with an easterly wind can stand up the Crosby channel, approaching from the northward, at as early a period of the tide as the Rock channel affords.

MIDDLESEX.

The Commissioners of the Metropolitan Roads have in agitation a plan by which the narrow and dangerous passage through Brentford, on the great Western Road, will be avoided, by turning it through the gardens at the back of the town. Want of the funds necessary to purchase the property is the only impediment to the immediate execution of this most desirable improvement.

SOMERSET.

Communication between the Bristol and British Channels.—It is contemplated to form a branch from the Bideford and Barnstaple rail-road to Newton-Tracey, and from Exeter to Crediton and Bow, by which the desirable opening from the Bristol Channel to the British Channel may be accomplished, avoiding the long circuitous voyage by the Land's End, and the transit from London by steam-vessels to Exeter, and thence by a rail-road to Barnstaple, will be performed in twenty-four hours. To effect this line, it is suggested that the head and main trunk of the project extend from Bideford to Winkleigh, 18 miles; of the extremities, one branch to Exeter, 15—to Oakhampton and Bridstowe, 16; of the upper parts, a branch to Barnstaple, 6; and any future collateral branches to Ilfracombe or Southmolton, &c. Bideford to Exeter will not exceed 38 miles; Barnstaple to Exeter (by a junction at Newton Tracey, 6 miles) will be 40.

From a Parliamentary paper, recently printed, of the amount of poor-rates levied in England and Wales, in 1832, it appears that in the county of Somerset the total sum levied was 224,482*l.*; payments thereout for other purposes than the relief of the poor, 29,088*l.*; sum expended for the relief of the poor, 191,687*l.* 11*s.*; total expended, 220,775*l.* 11*s.* Increase, 8 per cent. Select vestries, 71; assistant overseers, 116; number of persons employed in the repair of roads, 961; amount paid from the poor-rates for such labour in 1832, 3397*l.* 18*s.*; number of persons employed in other parish work, 428; amount paid from the poor-rates for such work during the year, 1605*l.* 4*s.*

SUSSEX.

Rail-Road.—The first division of the original project, devised some years ago, for establishing rail-roads through Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, is about to be carried into effect, by making the Brighton and Shoreham line in the first instance. This is the most direct route from London to Paris; and, by the prospectus of the proposed company, we see that a carriage may travel from London to Paris in eighteen hours, by the way of Dieppe, it being agreed by the French Government to continue the rail-road from Dieppe to Paris.

The Brighton Athenæum, built of cast-iron, and weighing between four or five hundred tons, fell down on the 29th of August. The crush was tremendous. This building was intended for an horticultural exhibition. The dome was larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome by eight thousand feet; the glazing of it would

have covered two acres. The planting has been commenced some time, and the choicest plants had been collected. The building promised to stand a monument of architectural beauty: its destruction was occasioned by its immense weight of iron at top, which, unsupported by the scaffolding, folded in. Previous to its fall, a crackling noise admonished the workmen of approaching danger, and happily no life was lost.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The shareholders of the Birmingham Bank, at their first annual meeting, divided a profit of 10 per cent., leaving, after this and all expenses, more than 5000*l.* to carry over.

YORKSHIRE.

In 1831 and 1832, the British and Foreign trade of the port of Hull, entered inwards, is thus stated:—1831, British ships, 974, 187, 361 tons; Foreign ships, 725, 73,547 tons; 1832, British ships, 762, 140,788 tons; Foreign ships, 454, 43,481 tons.

SCOTLAND.

The foundation stone of the bridge of seven arches, erecting across the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Lauriestown, has been laid, with masonic honours, by the Hon. James Ewing, LL.D., F.R.S., Lord Provost, in presence of the Magistrates, the Grand Lodge of Scotland, &c.

IRELAND.

The sums paid for stamp duty and advertisement duty by the following Irish newspapers, for the quarter ending the 5th of July, 1833, are thus stated:—

	Stamp Duty.	Adv. Duty.
Dublin Evening Mail	£656 5 0	£248 10 0
—— Evening Post	247 18 4	158 2 6
—— Evening Packet	484 17 11	162 7 6
Freeman's Journal	401 0 10	106 2 6
Morning Register	415 12 6	141 10 0
Saunders' News Letter	743 15 0	965 17 6
Stewart's Despatch	281 5 6	208 10 0
COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.		
Belfast News Letter	226 0 10	114 12 6
—— Commercial Chronicle	224 11 7	131 17 6
Cork Southern Reporter	386 9 2	167 15 0
—— Constitution	262 10 0	164 10 0
Limerick Chronicle	288 15 0	73 7 6
—— Herald	138 10 10	34 17 6

The number of bushels of malt which were made and charged with duty in Ireland, from the 10th of October, 1832, to 5th of April, 1833, was 1,565,300 bushels; of this quantity 42,736 bushels have been exported and 435,254 used by distillers.

The total present annual expenditure of Ireland, including debt, army, pensions, and all disbursements payable out of the public revenue, is 2,910,808*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.*

The amount of registered tonnage of the Irish ports in 1832, was 108,128 tons.

The Marquis Wellesley has been appointed Viceroy of Ireland, in the room of the Marquis of Anglesey, who retires from ill health, and at the earnest recommendation of his physicians passes the winter in the South of Europe. The party journals in Ireland had anticipated the appointment, with various comments; but his Lordship's former administration (in 1822) of the same office is the standing commentary from which impartial people will be able to judge more correctly than from any speculations. The Marquis was Governor-General of India in 1795, and Ambassador to Spain in 1809. He is now 73 years of age.

Curious Cave.—The facts of the curious cave discovered between Cahir and Mitchelstown, in the county of Tipperary, in May last, are fully corroborated by recent explorers. The entrance is through an aperture not three feet wide, whence there is a descent of about twenty feet, and thence by a ladder to a further depth of fourteen feet. Passing through a narrow cliff, the spectator enters the Grand Hall, which is about one hundred feet across and twenty-one feet high, and of irregular form. This cave, like all the others, is of limestone, apparently supported by several crystallized pillars. There are several other caves of various sizes and dimensions; that called the Long Cave is two hundred yards in length and twenty

feet high; the roof, like Gothic arches, springing from several handsome pillars with broad bases, some of which are thirty feet in circumference, and above these the pillars are about ten feet high and one foot in diameter; they are all through white, shining, and transparent, like the crystal. In another cave is a stone table, covered with mimic drapery like a cloth, and surmounted by three lesser pillars like candlesticks. There are numerous handsome draperies of the same transparent substance through the several caves and passages; and at one place a petrifaction resembling a statue, the legs and drapery of which very closely approach to the labour of the chisel; the people of the neighbourhood call its Lot's Wife, because somewhat resembling a pillar of salt. Some of the caves are small, and entirely covered with the white transparent substance from the droppings from the roof, some of which form pillars and some very beautiful draperies and curtains, drawn up in the centre and flowing down at the sides most gracefully. When struck with a stone these crystallizations sound like bell-metal. At the end of one of the caves is a deep and clear stream of water. The several passages are very crooked and narrow; in many places the visiter is forced to crawl on his hands and feet, and sometimes quite flat on his face. Some of the floors are like crystallized snow, but for the most part they are strong and covered with yellow clay. In some places two or three pillars rise from one base, the effect of which is handsome. There are also several crystallizations like beehives. The floor of the Water Hall resembles a honeycomb, and is about nineteen feet in circumference at the base, forming a sort of irregular cone at the top; the pillars are solid at the bottom, but hollow in the centre. The material of the petrifications is crystallized stalactite of carbonate of lime, and polished both within and without by the attraction of the water. The Gothic Gallery is entered through a sort of crystal curtain suspended apparently on small Doric pillars, which, when touched with a cane, produced sounds like a number of bells of various sizes. This gallery is about twelve feet wide, and resembles the aisle or entrance to an ancient cathedral. The Upper or Garret Cave is about thirty feet square and twenty high, formed like the others, but surrounded with more fanciful drapery. The entrance to the Lower or Cellar Cave is difficult and dangerous; the visiter creeps through a long avenne on all-fours until at the edge of a precipice, when the sound of a rivulet arrests his progress about twenty feet distant; hitherto no person has had sufficient hardihood to explore this Stygian river—whence it flows or where it vanishes. There is another called the Sand Hall, and another Kingsborough Hall, so called after the noble lord of that name, eldest son of Earl Kingston, on whose property it is situated, and who discovered it by breaking through a narrow partition of spar which intercepted his passage. In this hall there are springs, wells, and cataracts in miniature, which run through tubular spars, and at a distance make a very agreeable murmuring noise. The visiter feels no effluvia nor inconvenience, the first caves being apparently well ventilated, and the air perfectly wholesome. The whole is called "Kingston Cave."

[The following are the thirty boroughs to which charters of incorporation are proposed to be given under the Lord Chancellor's Bill:—Birmingham, Blackburn, Bolton, Bradford, Brighton, Bury, Chatham, Cheltenham, Devonport, Dudley, Frome, Gateshead, Halifax, Huddersfield, Manchester, Merthyr Tydvil, Oldham, Rochdale, Salford, Sheffield, South Shields, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stroud, Sunderland, Tynemouth, Wakefield, Warrington, Whitby, Whitehaven, and Wolverhampton.]

[The Committee appointed to inquire into the state of agriculture have reported, as their opinion, that "the result of their careful observation is, that, during the last ten years especially, the tenants have become gradually more and more distressed, their live and dead stocks have been reduced lower and lower, their capital has been diminishing, and the land has been so rapidly deteriorating, that soils of inferior description have been taken out of cultivation altogether."]